

# Bridging the Gap

RCLAS Co-operative Poem, National Poetry Month, April 2022

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Compiled by Janet Kvammen

The crow and bridge, a surreal ferris wheel  
inside a rainbow dream, feathers brushing steel.

Candice James

To a bird, a bridge is a place to alight,  
merely a perch for a creature that soars in flight.

Kathy Figueroa

The crow flirts with steel and rivers of sky,  
weaving her filigreed path over the span.

Jude Neale

Raven struts along a streetlamp's bowing neck, while  
below, cars echo off asphalt, steel, an always murky river.

Angela Rebrec

My father's fishing rod waits, loose in his hands,  
oblivious to traffic and crows overhead.

Tamara Gorin

Serenity's past, weighted with oppression, soars on blacken'd wing  
Secrets reveal'd for healing, compassionate voices blending sing.

Jerena Tobiasen

Curious crows and ravens angle their heads  
to better catch the bridge's wind-strummed music.

KB Nelson

Crow, a bridge between human and wild geographies  
may we caw our stories through urban biographies.

Celeste Snowber

Bridges are always a relief after contrary tides.  
Crows mock the barbed wire fences between us.

Angela Kenyon

Draw that bowstring, put your back into it, aim—  
the mind of a crow can fly only so far.

Alan Girling

Humans create boundaries, build bridges and fences.  
Yet, the ancient spirits of this land still fly, liberated.

Glenn Wootton

Crow watches, looking into forever; vision bridges the distance between  
mortal and Great Spirit; eternal guardians of humanity.

Deborah L. Kelly

Skeletal corvid wings; the pectoral girdle bones that  
grant the gift of flight, a bridge between sky & earth.

Warren Dean Fulton

On the bridge, the raven reads its inscription,  
Disregards it; he is wise and above proscription.

Isabella Mori

Hate is a fence keeping us nowhere  
Love is a bridge to somewhere.

Stephen Karr

You break things down, we build them up;  
Your cup half empty, we fill it up.

H.W. Bryce

A crow perches, watching the river flow  
It's plaintive cry reminds me you are gone.

W. Ruth Kozak

Remember this, a bridge is nothing  
until softened by feathers and bird song.

Carol Johnson

Bridges curving to tomorrow from today  
A crow flies, singing on its way.

Julia Schoennagel

Bridge ribs, interim wings, shift mass in energy lines  
to the banks unfolding forever weight of this land.

Jessica Lee McMillan

This bridge, humpbacked antique, calcified stitch between communities  
will be built again; a concrete, iron, suture of possibility.

Alan Hill

Corvid sentinel —this stoic messenger *bridging the gap* between  
past and future, we forge ahead into a new world.

Janet Kvammen

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## 22 contributing poets in order of appearance:



Candice James | Kathy Figueroa |  
Jude Neale | Angela Rebrec |  
Tamara Gorin | Jerena Tobiasen |  
KB Nelson | Celeste Snowber |  
Angela Kenyon | Alan Girling |  
Glenn Wootton | Deborah L. Kelly |  
Warren Dean Fulton | Isabella Mori |  
Stephen Karr | H.W. Bryce |  
W. Ruth Kozak | Carol Johnson |  
Julia Schoennagel | Jessica Lee McMillan |  
Alan Hill | Janet Kvammen |

## Acknowledgements

### Ekphrastic Writing Prompt:

"Bridging the Gap" artography collage by Janet Kvammen