

+45° 32' 15.91", -122° 40' 54.85"

by Chad Smith

I realized at that moment
I had been crying
Wiped my eyes with the back of my hand
Stumbled a bit
May have twisted my ankle
Heading down to the river
The Fremont was over my shoulder
A bridge not satisfied with just crossing the river
It slashed through the sky, crashed through nature
Creating a new nature, a double-decker
The early morning commute added to the constant roar
Sounded like the ocean
The spin of millions of tires it's waves breaking
Cars and trucks flew high above
The warehouses and buildings below
The massive pillars, were the mountains that held it up
As the freeway branched out from it
In every direction
Men were capable of so much
What was it like before this?
It was cold that morning
Fog rolled down the river and up into the hills
Hiding the city
A mist in the air
An awkward cold, my hands still shook
The river pulsed by steady, green and murky brown
I unwrapped the piece of torn shirt
The steel glistened from inside
As the gray light caught sight of it

I tried for the middle
Leaned back and then threw it as far as I could
Rocks slipped out from under me
I went down to a knee and then sat
A dull splash appeared not far out
I noticed drops on my sweatshirt
So I took it off and plunged it in the river
I wrung my hands out in the dirty water
Ribbons of cloudy red floated downstream and vanished
I stared into the fog that had gotten thicker
So long Jimmy

