"The Bridge Waiting" by Diana J. Radomski – Awarded Honorable Mention

Photo - Bridge

I am the bridge waiting,
Clad of iron and steel.
For the old people to cross,
And the young ones, too.
I hear babies crying,
From over the hill.
They're waiting to cross,
The night is so still.
Just drop your toll as you go by.
And I will lift my gate aside.

On the other side you will see, a little glimpse
Of eternity.
Green hills and valleys deep,
A place for a poor soul to sleep.
And hundreds of immigrants have passed this way.
To dream of tomorrow, and a better day.
Bow your head as you pass by,
For I am the bridge, waiting.