

BLACK BRIDGE

by Lynn Job

- a winter carol -

a fictional tale inspired by 18th - 19th Century European Gothic tragedies

text

Pale, the moon;
Black, the water;
Steep, the frozen shore and bay.
White, the roses lay -
strewn upon Silver Pond,
at the break of day.

Winter starlight still retreating
long hence ended both hearts beating;
Cold, the fair-skinned maiden;
Dead, the blue-eyed lad.

No one speaks their name
where ice and snow can hear.
Fox and hare and raven
never more come near.

Stillness holds this bridge now,
strong, in its embrace.
Dark, the winter graveside;
Deep, the hope of grace.

Other selected reading - *Song of Solomon* 8:7

"Many waters cannot quench love,

Nor will rivers overflow it;

If a man were to give all the riches of his house for love,

It would be utterly despised." (NAS)