

III.

Beyond the last building
The underbrush thickens
And the asphalt path
Is cracked and broken.
It's pitch black --
A hot, humid night.
Indistinct shapes
Dart into the bushes
In front of us --
I take out
My Swiss Army Knife
All two inches of it
And flick it open
Just in case.
And, like that
We come upon
The other guard booth
Burnt out
And abandoned long ago.
I'm not feeling too good
But you grab my arm
And motion
To a string of lights
Rising above the trees
And I realize
It's the footbridge.
As we step onto it
We're almost swept away
By a wave of humanity
Swarming from Manhattan
Onto Randall's Island --
A never-ending procession
Of shopping bag ladies
Sneaker kids, junkies
And sodacan collectors --
And we the only two leaving
Tired and relieved
And even perhaps vaguely
In love with each other.