## Steve Myers

## "Zen Drumbridge": Morning of Small Jade Rain

The graceful though radically exaggerated

bend first draws you

to the photograph, suggesting horseshoe. Only after, the explanatory caption:

A steep wooden drumbridge...represents the difficult path between this world

and paradise—nothing there to bear

or Buddha you through the mindfields of the West but the perfect symmetry of the bridge itself, the seduced eye sliding up to the apex, then tracking the curvature

down the other side, the abstract *horseshoe* hardening to the rusted one you once nailed to a springtime Japanese maple, the ringed seasons slowly overcoming it, till, fifty years later, it's half-way gone.

Bend to the open page, then listen: hear the iron strike the fine-planed planking, the cantering bass notes ringing, swirling in the grain,

deepening & curling back to you through the tea-green hollow of air at the center, then down the stream, to the unceasing river.