

Manhattan Bridge Dream

By Daniel Lang

I turned around to see
the Manhattan Bridge covered
in blooms of white headlights
every lane bound away
exodus
war evacuation
the cars were not moving
but yellow glares shone
it was snowing
Six lanes meant six lines
of human being traffic
each bridge had six more
legions of havoc
stuck above water
No one honked their horn
blew disaster
or wondered at the colors
of the Empire State
lit up yellow violet
like it did not give a fuck
about the political
situation here
We all sat there
picturing pictures
clouds in Winter
I couldn't take my eyes away
It was beautiful to look at
the time-lapse of a flower's life
folding and unfolding