



Drawing: Cécile Wadlow

## Bridges

Ondra Lysohorsky

On bridges are stated the limits in tons  
of the loads they can bear.

But I've never yet found one that can bear more  
than we do,  
although we are not made of roman freestone,  
nor of steel, nor of concrete.

It's the twentieth century we bear  
across the chasms of the universe,  
each one of us  
a small, narrow bridge  
on which the heaviest weight is yet to fall:  
the future evolving from this era  
in which the greatest evil flourishes:  
the lie of power and the power of the lie  
in the quagmire of meanness  
in the high Alps of arrogance,  
in the ocean of blind folly.

And the computer calculates perfectly  
In the shadow of the nuclear reactor.

For Hugh McKinley, translated from Lachian by David Gill