The Bridge

To build this bridge between us
I uprooted the language tree of my parents,
the old lemon tree that grew caressed
by the Mediterranean sun.

To build this bridge between us
I uprooted the language tree of your parents,
the old umbrella tree that grew protective
in the centre of your homestead.

I cut and peeled off the strongest branches,
tied them up with ropes made from their bark
and crossed it over
and crossed it back
to stand half way to see the clouds coming.

Under the long-awaited rain
green sprouts are springing
from its beams and piers.

Miguel Saporta