

Woman Crossing the Bridge at Kent Falls

by Joyce Carile

She walks like a tree
covered from head to toe
with flowers and lace.
A table set for company.

Cane slowly taps across the boards.
Gloved hands find rest
on the bridge rail.
Five miles of river travel by.

So alone
the solitude can be sliced
like a hard piece of cheese.



Editor's Note: This poem received honorable mention in the First Annual Poetry Writing Contest of the Torrington, Connecticut Library; this poem was published in the July/August edition of *the Bookworm Newsletter* and on the Library's website.