

Golden Gate

Brian Cordell

When it comes to suffering, there is no right or wrong.
On my last day in San Francisco,
the day my marriage ended,
a woman jumped from the bridge.
The span was busy with commuters
and tourists leisurely crossing the walkway.
Not caring about the boxes of albums or clothes thrown
into the back seat, I left my car unlocked and running
while I took pictures of the bay,
a final look at the towers rising into the fog,
and fishermen on the pier casting against the wind,
their weighted lures struggling through air,
then plunging into the water.