

... from *Macaroni and Cheese Manifesto* (Third Edition)  
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## The Bridge

I begin where the past ends and end where the future begins:  
My dead were incapable of imagining me;  
My beneficiaries incapable of imagining without me.

I am pure improbability,  
An amazing alloy of unpromising elements—  
Broken glass and sulfur, tinseltrash and sand.

I soar skywards from the swirling rush,  
Stretch outward from the barren rock,  
A self-made synapse, a sacrificial span.

I am will made manifest,  
A mountain-shaped erection—  
A dizzying achievement, an unnerving insurrection.

Fathered by my brothers, terrifying in success,  
I have taken my impressive place  
And taken your reluctant breath.

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I end where the future begins and begin where the past ends:  
My beneficiaries take me for granted;  
My dead overtake me.

I strain towards a future I can imagine but not reach,  
Reach for dreams I am not part of,  
Promise lands I will not see.

I am a beacon and a touchstone, a compass and a cross,  
My users are my living breath,  
My future and my loss.

I sway before the ocean  
And bow beneath the stars,  
An isolated drama, my plea the only part.

Measured by my service,  
My present is your path,  
“Remember me ‘till thousands thee...” my will and epitaph.

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