Oakland Bay Bridge

Kenn Hartmann
College of DuPage

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Oakland Bay Bridge

Kern Hartmann

Bridgett sits on the window sill, crosses her legs, & tilts her toes toward the ceiling. She wraps herself in clear cellophane from her thighs to her breasts, & presses against the greasy glass pane, which shatters, & she somersaults out the window.

I scream & stagger & fall against the sparkling glass slivers on the sill; the exhilarating breath of fresh air sweeps the room.

The curtains, ripped & crooked on the rod, a bloody tapestry through which I can see the Bay Bridge & twilight shroud of land & sea, of church towers, bells & sirens, such is my eighth floor stronghold.

I hear the stern voices & urgent rap on door panels, the thin splinters, the demand for an explanation, "What is the meaning of the cellophane?"

Should I say she thought it was fashionable, artsy, she thought she was a piece of meat?

I don't know what she thought. Yesterday, she was melting crayons on the hotplate & smearing circles on her cheeks.

Bridgett took the plunge today, what else can a man say?