

Ring of Salt



KERRY BENNETT

Here in the high desert,
Water is hidden deep within the mountains, precious and scarce.
Only beads of sweat left on my face as I climb up.
Only a trace of tears left as I wish you goodbye.
I've already cried that river.
I've already finished that drink.
Wanting, not having.
Wishing, not getting.
Wandering, not finding.
Those tears are long gone, under the bridge.
London Bridge, Rainbow Bridge.
The Bridge of Sighs.
As the sun sets, I climb down, my shadow leading the way.
The tears and sweat have left their mark,
Like a ring of salt on the rim of an empty glass
And a slice of lime, a broken straw.