

UNDER THE SAINT PAUL ST. BRIDGE

By Terry Trowbridge

We were checking out the graffiti under Saint Paul Street's bridge
when she pulled the keystone out
and kissed me with it
while the overpass collapsed.

Stunned cars trickled down the rubble
not knowing that, trapped under the concrete skree,
jamming their wheels with axle-defying
jagged corrugations, I was also stunned.

I am using the words "jagged corrugations"
because if I say them out loud my mouth
makes the same arrhythmic bucking
as driving over the concrete chunks that replaced the beach
in Welland where she actually kissed me.

This time I was trying to figure out what hit me
and decided that the blood in my mouth
was from her using her teeth.

But it was a murder attempt that succeeded
in at least flattening the whole scene
into the two dimensions right here
on this page.

Bio

Terry Trowbridge is a PhD student in Socio-Legal Studies at York University, Toronto. His poems have appeared in journals in England, the USA, and Canada, including *The Journal of Humanistic Mathematics*, *The Canadian Journal of Family and Youth*, *The Mathematical Intelligencer*, *Carousel*, *subTerrain*, *paperplates*, *Untethered*, *American Mathematical Monthly*, *The Great Lakes Review*, *Studies in Social Justice*, *Studies in Arts and Humanities*, *Canadian Woman Studies*, *The Dalhousie Review*, *The New Quarterly*, *CV2*, and many others. He is one of the current organizers of the Art Bar Poetry Series.

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