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**Bridge**  
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BRIDGE

Black tar, bones. It must have been the last of a great line, the beast that dragged itself here to collapse. No one knows when, or why. Birds which long ago picked its rib cage clean fly south over it, disappear. An old woman still tends a fire in one of the many temples built in its honor. Oh, long ago, before we were born, when its wails could still be heard over the hiss of traffic on Congress, and the soft dulcet tones of its sighs crept sweetly, like a child's song, into one's heart.