

DREW COOK

bridge jumping

beneath billings, the yellowstone widens,
and the trout turn back, toward wyoming.
even a high, august sun cannot win
purchase against its cold.

we stopped, leaving

the old, red suburban at a pull-in
where a high, one-lane bridge bisected deep,
swift water. easy athleticism
and casual grace were ours: seventeen.

we walked the center of the narrow span,
stopping above the river's main, deep trough.
you leapt,

your young body framed by mountains,
sky, & endless prairie. so

lovely this our

world. a trick of time held you, suspended,
green, dying.

i'd have told you so much had
i known

i'd outlive you and your brother,
had i reckoned the living live on luck.



ABOUT DREW COOK



Drew Cook studied English at Hendrix College in Conway, Arkansas, before finding himself caught in the fin-de-siècle dot-com boom of the late nineties. He currently works in Information Technology while, in his free time, he finalizes “Ashley and Other Disasters,” a series of poems about a man who attempts, unsuccessfully, to help a woman in trouble.

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