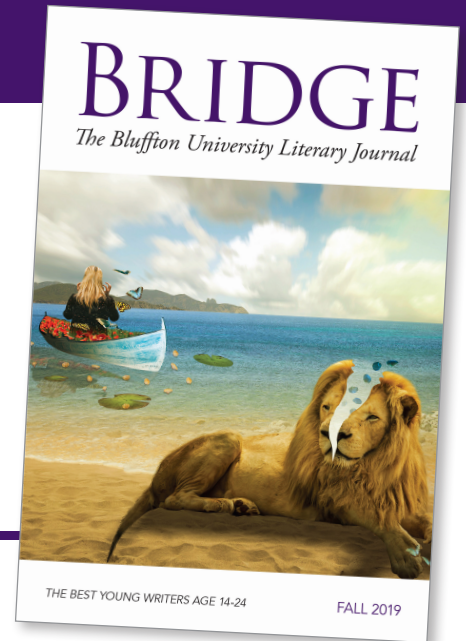


BRIDGE

The Bluffton University Literary Journal



TO A LOVER IN MY DREAMS

Mel Gross

dear XXXXXX,

have you ever seen a brushfire
burning hellishly across the horizon and
wondered if it was your cigarette
butt, tossed to the roadside that
became the coal in the dark,
lighting the first low-lying weeds?

if i am a brushfire then
you are the cigarette,
you are the coal on the roadside,
the red eye in the dark.

how does it feel to be a catalyst?
to start a fire that rain can't quiet?

if you are the careless beginning
then i am the barren ending,
i have been made into ashes on the wind,
ashes on your breath,
clinging to the end of your cigarette
and flaring, as your breath flares.



MEL GROSS is a junior who attends Appomattox Regional Governor's School for the Arts and Technology. She has been published multiple places and has received the Scholastic Silver Medal for Poetry. She describes herself as a high school junior with words to spare.