

# The Bridge

by Joy Cowley

There are times in life  
when we are called to be bridges,  
not a great monument spanning a distance  
and carrying great loads of heavy traffic,  
but a simple bridge to help one person from here to there  
over some difficulty  
such as pain, fear, grief, loneliness,  
a bridge which opens the way  
for on-going journey.

When I become a bridge for another,  
I bring upon myself a blessing  
for I escape from the small prison of self  
and exist for a wider world,  
breaking out to be a larger being  
who can enter another's pain  
and rejoice in another's triumph.

I know of only one greater blessing  
in this life, and that is,  
to allow someone else  
to be a bridge for me.

<https://2restore.wordpress.com/2011/07/26/bridge-cowley/>