

# THE BRIDGE

Look at me. Do not look down. Looking back shall belong to the past, for our urge to jump into the future has never been this strong. If our now cannot provide more than yesterday did, we may just be floating for some time within the sweet smell of memory, within the prime of our existence in time.

So do not look down and please, I want you to seize my hand. I sense others about us, standing and staring, awake but not aware. I guess they will never comprehend.

Watch us leave. Keep on passing by. We will fall like rain before raising high. Will you remain and live off your dependence on life? Remaining will only prevent you from knowing what will not be if you never dare to question.

Everything was fine for most of the time. I would have stayed if only I could recover the smallest remainders of invaluable beliefs in a world filled with thieves. Daily life circles above us like an eagle in the sky. It picks on the weak ones who then die.... An all-encompassing trap waiting for the naive to leave mother's nest... Always out to feed the demand of its greed.

Still, no. Impermanence will not be overcome before the last man leaves. His name? No-one. I'm quite sure about that.

Maybe the pain of parting that torments my soul from time to time will give birth to something new, something wonderful.

Indeed.

Standing here looking down, Heaven seems closer than Mother Earth. And she will surely not deny me access through the open gates of paradise.

We will see. Will our friends understand? Will they forgive us or reprehend? Will they follow us in the end?

I am surprised how each and every breath tastes like life itself and enraptures me terrifically. With the end approaching the meaning of life is revived.

But wait. Something is pressing between my terminal decision and the suspicious self-preserving morals that forbid and deny forgiveness.

I'm wasting time on second thoughts. I should not, for I behold the gate to eternal youth just one step in front of me.

It's time to cross the threshold: What do you think? Let us leave, let us move toward future memory. And memories are all that will remain with the riddance of our bodily remnants.

Are we just bodies or do we have a body? Our dream may come true after all, we take what we want to. We take what belongs to us.

We take our lives. Hand in hand.

Goodbye world. We float away upon a blood-red carpet - higher and higher into the depth of infinity....

Newspaper clipping from the following day:

AUTUMN AGAIN

- the suicide-season takes its toll -

During the afternoon of Sunday, a group of sightseers discovered two dead bodies on the shore below the Golden Gate Bridge. Both were mutilated and bloated to a high degree, apparently self-afflicted injuries caused from jumping down the Bridge. Truly, the Bridge is living up to its unofficial name: The Suicide Monument.

The deceased were teenagers - their human remnants hard to be named - from an adjacent suburb, police reported. There were no farewell-letters found on the bodies or in their former homes. The parents released a brief but grief-stricken press statement, citing their children's exposure to peers of ill-repute as the reason for the suicides.

Remarkable is the fact that both young people had looks of complete contentment frozen on their faces where they lay, half-buried in the San Francisco Bay mud bank.