

## View from the Jungfrauoch Railway Café

She lights another  
and orders a second *kaffee crème*  
because she's on holiday.

Outside, blond children flock  
to viewfinders; zoom in  
on the Eiger and the body

swinging like an uneven pendulum,  
metal clips glinting on his pack  
as he knocks and knocks against the rock.

*Maybe they'll bring him down  
in summer, says the waiter,  
when the winds aren't so bad.*

The woman stubs out her cigarette,  
walks outside and stops  
next to the kids.

She thinks about the moment  
his frostbitten fingers let go,  
his body plunging unseen,

his shout unheard by tourists  
sipping coffee, the Bernese Alps  
a furnace of gold in the afternoon sun.

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