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Doe River Gorge

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DOE RIVER GORGE

ELIZABETH ELLIOTT

The rotted remains of the trestle reach across the water on crumbling stone abutments, as I sit on the river's bank, watching the old bridge fail to meet the tunnel, blasted into the mountain where there is coal and damp things growing on the shale, wetted by secret springs, and the tweetsie of the engine echoes through, as if it were coming still.