

Silver Links and Rainbow Cords

By Lucy Bonanno

There's a bridge across the Burdekin River. The locals call it "The Silver Link." A piece of pride and symbol of belonging for the community. A connection between north and south, and to a past where people imagine things were better and more prosperous. In harder times it is a reminder of this past prosperity and becomes a way to re-imagine. "Paint it pink," they said. It'll bring in the pink dollar. I'm not sure they realised the "pink" lot might not want to spend their dollar here. Anyway, then it wouldn't be "The Silver Link." A link that spans an eons-old course that nonetheless is made new each year. A waterway that over millennia snakes up and down the coast undulating and fanning in different directions. Moving glacially. But sometimes raging. Sometimes taking those we love from us. Always someone's child.

When my mother died it felt as if a bridge had burned that I did not set alight. In a fire that I could not stop. A bridge I could only watch and mourn and wish I had crossed so many more times. The link between our bodies now spans dimensions. I knew she was boundless now. Better than before. Unrestrained by the labour of life and costumery and pain. But I stopped talking to her when my ego stepped in and told me I was



talking to myself. An unreal vision of her. A made-up ghost. Recently I have come to realise I was wrong. Someone told me that I should see it as a gift to have her now in her perfect way, cosmically whole and greater than she ever was. That I should cultivate my connection to her again. This brought a rainbow to me.

There is a baby in me. It swims around in maternal waters, kicking, feeding, loving, and being loved. There is a bridge between us. A cord

that we will cut but never sever. People used to burn umbilical cords. I wonder if I should—a ceremonial fire to honour my witchy ma. When I think of this inevitable parting I am reminded that my mother also carried my child within her. A link between us three. And mothers eternal. Some bridges are burned through loss, some through love. These fires send embers up into the sky where motes and ashes mingle amongst the starlight. She is here refracting infinite rainbows and linking me to eternal realms through love and light and life.

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