

The Bridge

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There's this bridge I've got to cross I feel alone. A child down to each side and I can't carry both. The bridge is long we could fall down through holes, water all around; wind, wet and cold. One child insecure displays the confidence he doesn't own, another child, uncertain, looks around and cries for home. My bridge is too unstable and the insecurity is letting go. There's no holding to a crumbling bridge. When all the time is gone in between it tumbles. Time to move along... I toss and turn over and over, trying to dream out anxiety, easy answers to my problems. Keeping a grip on sanity until the sun comes up and my mind's fresh and clean.