

The bridge

by Sara Fitzpatrick Comito

I'll walk your
rickety tree house bridge to the moon.
The frayed jute rails are comforting in the roughness
against the give and sway,
gives some form to fear.

But I can never get Florida to work
and as long as you have some snacks up there
I can be brave. The old oaks here have seen
so much. Do they see it all in time lapse?
Is 150 years a flash? Such storms, their
brothers cut down for lots.

