

# The bridge

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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.

