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Sand and Bones

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Bridge of Glass

Alyssa Woodruff

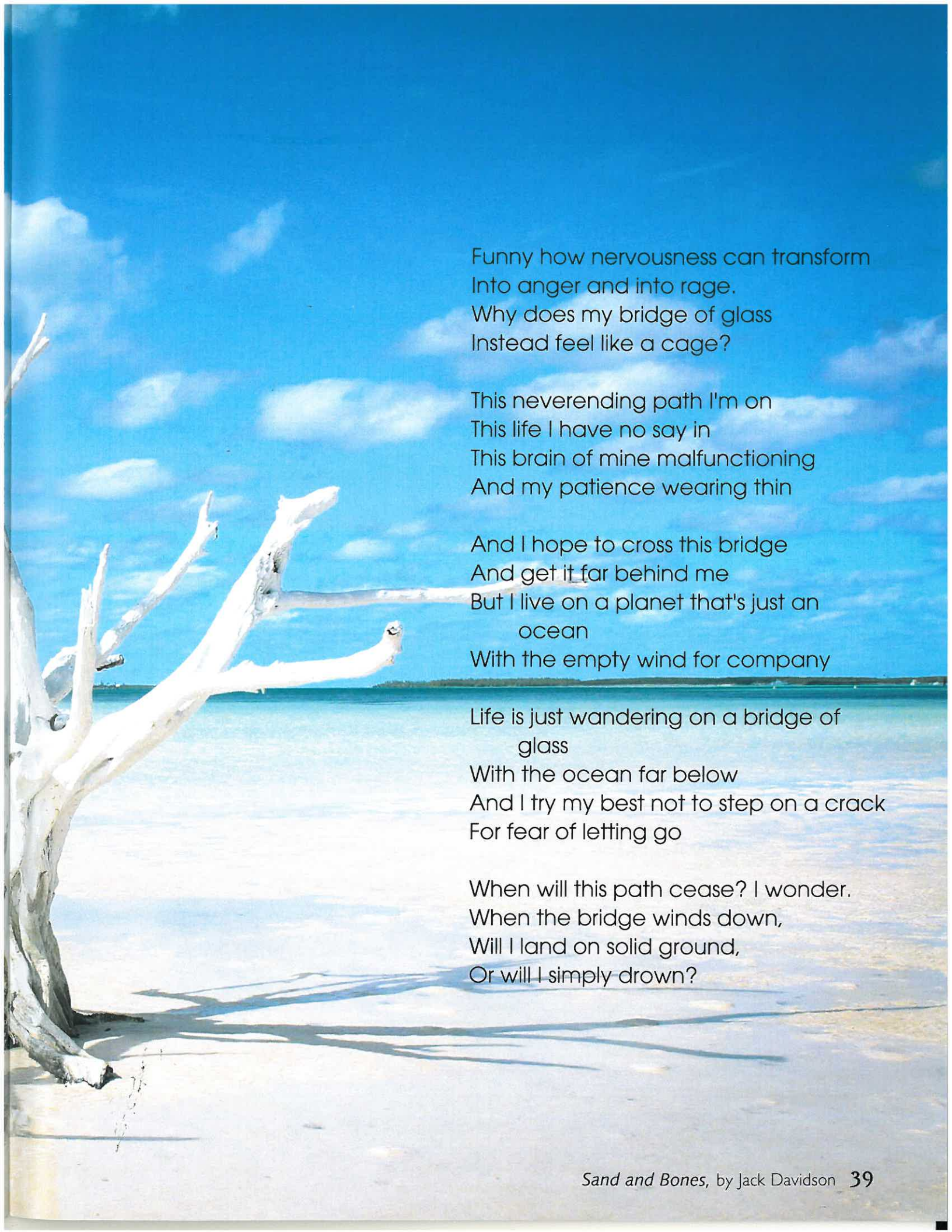
I'm walking on a bridge of glass
With the ocean far below
It's not so bad when you don't look down
And don't think--I would know

Life is easier when I'm falling
Than when I'm floating
"These feelings," they tell me. "They will
pass;
Keep walking on that bridge of broken
glass"

I spent my life in a quiet world
Where simplicity reigned
But now there are people analyzing me
And cracking open my brain

Life is easier when you believe in what
you say
This paranoia choking me is getting in the
way
Suddenly my assurances collapse
Like a bridge made out of glass

I'm still learning how to swim
From the last time I fell in
My body shakes with the cold strong wind
And the water dripping down my skin



Funny how nervousness can transform
Into anger and into rage.
Why does my bridge of glass
Instead feel like a cage?

This neverending path I'm on
This life I have no say in
This brain of mine malfunctioning
And my patience wearing thin

And I hope to cross this bridge
And get it far behind me
But I live on a planet that's just an
ocean
With the empty wind for company

Life is just wandering on a bridge of
glass
With the ocean far below
And I try my best not to step on a crack
For fear of letting go

When will this path cease? I wonder.
When the bridge winds down,
Will I land on solid ground,
Or will I simply drown?