

Returning

Do you ever walk across bridges?
Worn wood and moss and lichen,
Ragged corners and rusty nails and rotting logs,
Bushes creeping on each side,
Their branches so overgrown that the bridge almost
Disappears.

The sun comes down in spots,
Like freckles on the wood.
Do you remember
Do you remember when they came and put those planks down?
Did they know what the bridge would become?

I wonder sometimes
If you are exiled.
I've decided instead that you're
Returning.

I'll cross with you.
But you can't come back.
No, you can't come back.