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## Sand and Bones

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# Bridge of Glass

Alyssa Woodruff

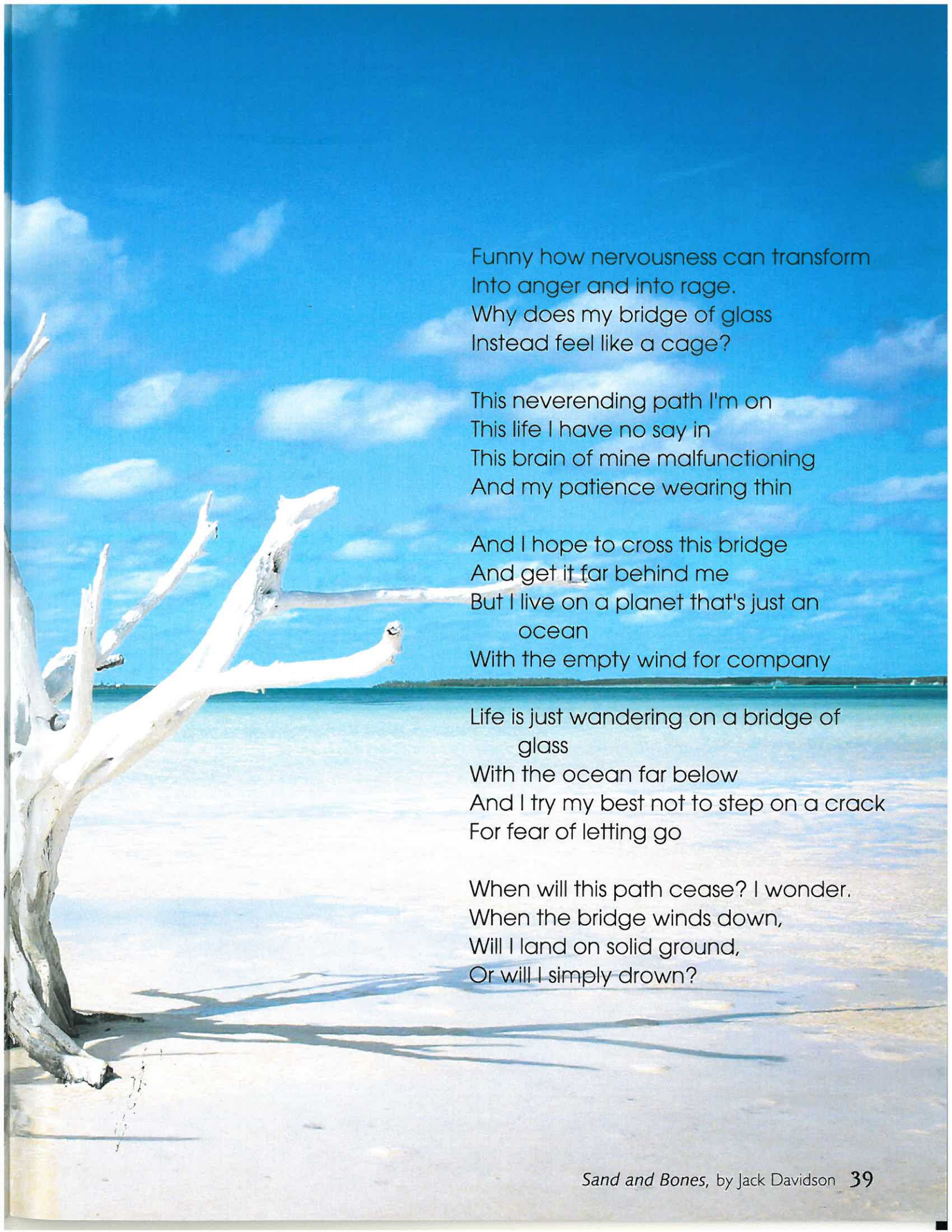
I'm walking on a bridge of glass  
With the ocean far below  
It's not so bad when you don't look down  
And don't think--I would know

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?