

## **"Comfort"**

by Missy Nash

Facing the bridge of a nightmare,  
dread builds. Pounding chest.  
Heart palpitating.

Do I cross the bridge?  
Face the nightmare. I could  
always find a different route.

The bridge is nearly ten years old now.  
It shouldn't be too difficult to cross.  
I've moved on, found other paths.

Ok, so I'll cross. Why not?  
Trying to stay focused, visions grab me.  
Reminding me.

Why does it matter?  
It's been ten years. I am happy.  
Happy with the person I am today.

Now that I've crossed the bridge,  
I wonder what is next. Will  
the visions resurface, gaining momentum?

Or, will I now realize that the  
other side of the bridge is just a place.  
Another place – taking only what I am willing to give.