

The Bridge  
by Siena Romney

The biggest regret  
One will ever have  
Is being too scared.  
Held back constantly by the  
“What ifs?”  
“Whys?” and  
“Hows?”

You don't cross the bridge,  
Because you're too scared to fall  
You forget to enjoy the view  
And the beauty that comes from it all

You don't feel the rush as the wind gusts through your hair,  
Or how your skin feels cool and damp in the misty air,  
Or how the trees dance  
To music that only they can hear

So to all who read this poem,  
Please do me one favor:

Hold their hand.  
Send that text.  
Start that band.  
Take your shoes off and dance!  
Forget about what comes next  
And just take that chance

Because all that matters,  
Is crossing that bridge  
And not being the chains  
That hold you down in the end