

# The Burned Bridge

by McKenna Piper

My mother always taught me to never burn bridges  
it's always easier to rebuild than to start a new,  
rebuild  
rebuild  
rebuild.

Her words were ingrained into my bones long before I ever met you.  
Taking turns with our apologies and quick fixes  
never truly ever listening  
our twisted fate was sealed the moment we met.

When the flashbacks start to hit  
I get a nostalgic regret.  
Us sitting on her mid-modern-day carpet.  
You grabbed me in your arms  
the wave came over me,  
I swear you could hear my thoughts.  
I did not want to let go.  
I did not want to have to rebuild.

But even those moments,  
those good moments,  
filled with purity and innocence  
we're twisted with your calculated and cruel words.

And when I was faced with my choices  
my regrets and mistakes  
I knew what needed to be done  
I grabbed the match.  
I lit the flame.

I burned down our bridge.

Yes, I did what you could never do

I burned the bridge.

And in retrospect, my mother probably never could have ever imagined a  
“snake” like you coming into my life.

And though our old cobblestones are gone,

floating in the river of my tears

I can't help but ask about all the years

wasted and tossed to the side.

You play it all so nonchalantly.

And this bridge that once was a place where we grew and shined

is now a place of smoking ash and broken rocks.

Now time flies by, and I'm doing better than I ever thought I could be

but I can't help but ask,

did it hurt you as much as it did me?

Do you miss our old bridge?