

## Palmetto Park Road

by Sarah Licht

The walk to your house  
has never been this monotonous,  
trees giving way to a pavement  
scarred by our falling bodies.  
At least our youth was permanent,  
a moment fixed in asphalt amber.

I wonder if you ever painted  
your walls the color of forests,  
evergreen. You once asked  
how long forever lasts. As  
long as you have paint to spare,  
you can extend it, color the nothingness.

We used to be fractals  
blooming as one, our company  
growing complexity. I wonder  
when I started to prefer numbness,  
simplicity dulled at the edges,  
a silent grey to pierce through myself.