

Deception

by Adam Sifre

Distance.

There is no greater horror.

Yet you keep it, hoard it like gold,
until you are a pretty dot on the horizon,
refusing to disappear.

I run to, always I run to you,
screaming at the shimmer of you,
fooling myself, and thinking I finally draw closer.

But you are only promises. A mirage.
Even as I shout your name;
even as I reach out to you,
I am back on my island,
and you are so distant, I must imagine your smile.

