

Sixes and Nines

by Adam Sifre

"I understand."

But of course I didn't. We never do.

Your heart is a minefield.

How do I capture it again without killing myself?

I reach out.

Withdraw.

Reach out.

Terrified to move.

If I tell you "I love you," will my reward be
a smile or pain?

A kiss or tears?

How can I risk that?

How can I not?

If I reach out to hold you will
you embrace me and let me breathe?
Or will you hesitate, pull slightly away,
and destroy me?

I am lost, drowning, so far gone that
sometimes I forget you are lost too.

So I just stand here and hope.

Hope that we find each other again.

