

# 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.

