

# 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.

