

Untitled

By Zoe Wyman, Rochester

I wanted to say it a long time ago, just three words that mean so very much and yet could bring ruin. I tried once to just blurt it out, but my tongue would not cooperate and became dry and fat in my mouth. I tried another time to write it down in Minecraft on a server we play on together, leave it as a note with some things in a chest. I ended up erasing it all and just saying "a gift for you". There have been times since where jokes have been made. "You know it," and the like. Times when I could never fully affirm myself, fully admit I long to hear it said more than anything, but I fear I might have to be the first. The first to tear open the box of possibilities, ones that include a beginning, a middle, or a very definitive end. I want nothing more than to know the future, how these words would affect our current game. Daning around the topic, hinting and skirting the subject, it has never been fully addressed and yet the desire to hear it, to speak it, to feel it is building a pressure in me. I am ready to burst. All these years of hopeful signs, of looking up to the stars in the desire for an answer to my only question for you. "Do you love me as I have already loved you?" The answer is right there. Please, I love you.