The Wrong Place for a Long Time

When I ask if she wants to start running at the farthest fir tree, she guesses, hedges her bets, she asks what? and means yes.

Another number adds one to itself and we call it an accumulation of tenderness: She will need me and I will need her to need me and not the other way around, resembling nothing much more than love, even now. Nothing much that I can tell. Not an alcoholic and not not an alcoholic, we spend every Sunday discussing what each of us meant by what we said to the other, forever getting ready to be able to begin to say what neither of us will let just yet. Not a lot unlike building a bridge in a cartoon: nailing the one plank, then stepping out to nail the next, dividing the good bye from the by god, the big if from the bullheaded but, always leaving and always about to leave: lervous, by which I mean a little nervous and she will understand.