

## Six Months

felt short; sounds long;  
but my pen just won't look back.  
the future really does seem bright,  
and my eyes are welcomed forward;  
not with sightless optimism,  
but with all hope and promise  
I bind myself to the only half  
that could make each half, each whole.

I think it odd, after all I've said, that my strongest voice  
is the one felt and seen but not heard.  
for the heart can be fragile and misunderstood  
and, once given voice, so incredibly shy  
that it dares only whisper and pray.

When the silence is loud  
and the darkness oppressive,  
the words can be lost  
and you don't always hear that I need you.

