

TOGETHER

ALEXANDER NUCCIO

I cried.
She cried.
I cried in front of her. I didn't mind.
We cried together.
It was nagging her for a while now.
Crying. Frozen. Mumbling.
Hit with a shotgun shell.
Holding myself. My pain-riddled corpse.
We held each other.
Crying. And frozen. And mumbling.
Together.
For hours.
I didn't want to let go. So I didn't.
Sweaty. Smelly. Icy.
For hours.
A tangled ball together.