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# Numbers

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# Numbers

— Tyler Mullen

My mother gives me a 7 as a son,  
says I have plenty of time to be a ten, not quite  
there yet,  
My father gave me a 8 as an athlete, didn't quite meet  
his expectations.  
My brother gives me a 9 as a friend,  
I wonder what I'd get as a brother?  
Some friends give me a 10, say I can always make  
them laugh  
Some say I'm like their brother.  
Some lie, I think a few want to give me a 5  
Five fingered salute clinched tightly, across the face  
My teachers vary,  
Some give me 8's, others 6, I haven't got a 4 yet,  
maybe I'm doing something right  
The absence of fear to tell me what they think, I strive  
to be 1 one day.  
My lover gives me a 9.5 as a lover, doesn't believe  
in perfect  
Nothing really is.  
My lover gives me a 9.5 as her best friend  
and a 7 for annoying her when we're mad.  
I am her number 2, after her sister  
As she is mine after my brother.  
Maybe one day I'll get that ten from my mother.

