

Indoor Dance

She keeps her words small to save leftover
air. Not much needs saying now. Many days
are passing in few rooms. They're together—
in love but low on talk. The time turns pale.
So little games get invented. When decks
of cards count out forty-two, lots of rules
are left behind. Their last mirrors reflect
shadows—heart-shaped, tear shaped—that just refuse
to leave notes beside a shiny sink. Now
is what's left when there's nowhere to go. How
they pace down short halls. How to discover
new corners in narrow rooms? It's their test.
No one's sick here, so they can't recover.
A day is constant movement, constant rest.

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~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

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