

Twin

Weather patterns keep us connected, late spring. The South. Were you aware I met your monsoon? Were you aware—the blue the rain and a typed response—I thought it varied. The response. But the letters were frozen. Or the freeze was lettered. We tend to speak quickly: outline all passed and planned, embellish, re-plot my coordinates: maybe I lament a little of me and less of you, maybe the difference is distance, waking in shifts—