

# Notice

by Marissa Thornberry

**Undue** undulations underneath your breath  
**give** way to certain notions hid in mine—  
**notions** that in this exchange of words  
**there's** More—more than a conversation.

**Your** mind and mine  
**intertwine** betwixt the  
**mixing** parts of us, which  
**mingle**—take their time—and  
**slowly** uncover what we never knew  
**was** there.

Can there be  
a better way  
of becoming  
the same?

Our naked intellects, words stripped bare,  
stare  
each into the other  
and swear:  
This is what it means  
to be seen.