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.