

the empty blue enters two

layers of cool densities
suspending time and mass

impulses carried away
reflexes drifting

there is space around this space
here in this reflective theatre
glimmering pastel shades

suspense broken by words
then the act that follows
this time taking it extra slow
their breathing moves time – slow and deep
drifting and extending under
surging arcs contracting and tumbling
they breathe in the corners and crevices that hold them together
between edges
their curiosity expands beyond these constraints

their voices go under
crying and pulsing
resurfacing closer before returning under
sound travels unfazed by distance

then to other sensations
manifesting pressures
passing them through
pushing sensation forward
one mass shooting under another

time finds them again
minutes begin to pulse

a song comes in as one hand connects to another
they hold, fold, unhold and unfold
one mass guiding the other
constantly shifting corners and crevices

all of this ends before it can flood