

TWINS

Michael Pfeifer

Two worlds are at work here; one only partially true, the
other obscured in rain and sleep everyday.
Two fingers are at work here; one works at the knot while
the other is numb and quiet.
Two books lie open; one has nothing but blank pages, the
other is written in a language no one speaks.
Two cats sit in the window; one has its eyes open, the
other never sleeps.
Two women walk in the door; neither can hear you.
Two men walk in; neither will answer.