

Walls
by Laura C. Furster

A number of walls,
surely less than ten,
stand between us.
You live in your
compartment, and I
in mine, and we share,
in theory, the area in
between, the vicinity
around--this town is
ours, yours and mine,
but you and I move
through conflicting space,
negatively charged,
the particles vibrating
like trembling fingers.
We collide infrequently,
rarely with purpose.
When we do, we meet
like conductors. Your
energy leaps like a
spark trying to form
a current, but the
circuit remains slightly
detached, only sometimes
rattling closed with a
jolt, by accident.