

Shared Leaves

By Brooke Eibensteiner

As I sit here in the dark,
I know for certain the
crickets are speaking
to each other.
I imagine they discuss
all Matters of Import.
The plants with their
cracked lips.
The cars that swallow the
road without chewing.
The warm stirring of tender
air beneath shared leaves and
how wonderful it is
to rub one's legs together.
Sometimes I think
I might be the loneliest person
in the universe.