

Twined
by Tiffany A. Turbin

Twined
together like two strands
of cotton in a table cloth
indifferent to one another.
Yet side by side
weaving closer or farther
as the cloth runs along
stretching into time.
The happenstance of placement
inconsequential, seemingly
meaningless for one or the other.
Why here or there together,
joined in embrace,
then drawn away.
Like a thread,
I revisit you
hesitantly. But
the warp is altered now,
and I wind my own path.
Parallel strands frayed
in mismatched places
never to be rejoined.

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