

Glued by separation

Towers of separateness surround the showers of people who laugh and cry and dance. Their lives—a mixture of feelings—are impeccably separate. Somebody's mother was late on her journey to visit their own mother, and somebody's subway left without them. Despair climbs into their bones, and they feel it relentlessly. Between spaces, there's room to grow. Momentous greens sprout out of the earth in hopes that they'll be seen, but they're plowed for cement to mask itself as growth. Real life is paused for a winding door, and it revolves ever so slightly for new showers of people whose bones are infiltrated. The cement inches closer and closer to another cement, and they glue together. The mother who met with her mother became glued to the one who missed their subway on a dinner date. The grass that was plowed was planted in front of the cement, and it glued itself to the other side of the road—full of other greens. The showers of people entered through the same winding door, and they realized that they were never separate. They were always one.