I

Ritt Momney

I'm sleeping
My fingers stay conscious and weeping
They fall on the keys then they seep in

They tell me their stories
They sound like a forest before trees
They sound like my bedroom before me

I knew her
But just as the tree grows the tumor
And someone else lived in my room first

I'm asking you gently
Why her and all my friends left me
Now they're just emails I don't read

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