

Someone

by Lindsey Keefer

Someone in another car in another lane moves their mouth to
the same song that plays on my radio.

Something up in the sky, beeping, blinking,
showers the simultaneous soundwaves upon us. We
do not appreciate the miracle of friendship
often enough, the body near and warm,
the thoughts nearer, warmer despite our separate chassis.

I do not think any satellite, flung upward and whirling
sky-deep, could ever source this contentment. We
are our own homing beacons, signals shivering
beneath our skin.