

## a day, doubled

*with screen · without*

i wake to a brightness  
that doesn't know my name—  
    notifications like moths  
    hitting the same glass  
    *again, again.*

someone i don't love  
has posted a sunset.  
    i double-tap it  
    before i've looked  
    out my own window.

the coffee cools  
while i scroll through war.  
    i feel something  
    shaped like grief  
    then keep moving.

noon: my face  
in the dark mirror of sleep mode.  
    i look tired  
    in a way that has  
    no translation.

i text you  
    thinking of you  
and mean it, mostly,  
the way you mean  
    *fine*  
when someone asks.

night: the algorithm

i wake to a brightness  
    that has no opinion—  
    just the window doing  
    what windows do:  
    *letting things through.*

the sky is doing  
something orange and private.  
    i watch it  
    the way you watch someone sleep—  
    without wanting anything.

the coffee is  
the whole event.  
    i feel something  
    shaped like a Tuesday  
    and call it enough.

noon: my shadow  
on the kitchen floor, faithful.  
    i look like someone  
    who has been here  
    the whole time.

i think of you  
    without a reason,  
the way a room holds  
the smell of bread  
    long after.

night: i am  
the loneliest thing

knows i'm lonely  
before i do.  
it gives me a video  
of a woman laughing  
and i watch it four times.

i fall asleep  
holding the light  
like a hand  
i forgot  
*how to let go of.*

in the house—  
a distinction  
I've learned to wear  
like a good coat.

i fall asleep  
in the dark  
like a stone  
sinking into  
*what it always was.*