## **Between Words**

Between words, our silences pool in shallow fragments of sky under the liquid fingers of evergreen trees after the summer *serein*. The sky drips endlessly from the branches, and the drops fall wordless from the drenched green voices of the leaves.

What else is left for ourselves after the blue rain of this evening is gone? Between your words and mine, our silences pool—and they are as much mine as they are yours.

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