

idly, we draw lines between us
lines to connect and lines to divide us
lines on the desks and across the linoleum
ten thousand tiles to cross like a pawn.

we reach between the bars in silence
bridging the distance with arms in silence
slipping our notes between our outposts
prisoners that plot a grand escape.

we meet after the interruptions
make a sign and skip the introductions
share our brown paper bag love stories
making space to build our church.

idly we draw lines amongst them
lines to circle and lines to stop them
lines on the paper and across the ceiling
ten thousand tiles to count in isolation.