

LONELINESS THEORY

LESLEY JENIKE

In space they are mirroring us; my ugly faces in mom's full-length
did stick, but not they way she thought. Somewhere in the next galaxy
someone sits down at a computer and gathers printed emails

to her chest, the ones that never say: Love you, Babe, walks home
from work alone down a street in mimicry. The same sun burns her white,
white skin. Our alien other-halves lather themselves in SPF 15 and make,

with us in unison, solo entrances to office patio parties, cleave
their shared bodies past more shared bodies. We eclipse each other
sometimes, me and my-Self. Our bowls of ice cream melt sadly, but together.