

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.