

## Twin Suns | Sophia Centurion

Your hand hasn't left  
my temple, wisps of hair  
suspended on

your fingertips.  
You push it behind  
my ear, your pawn

forward. We play  
for the thrill of strategy,  
and choosing not to think

at all—squandered gifts,  
our downfall.  
The only way to stack cards

is managing not to fall,  
but we tend to occupy the same spaces. Knocking  
into the next,

our pieces over and under  
each other,  
making a mess all over

the living space. You don't  
finish my sentences,  
you race me to the words.

This solar system  
ain't big enough  
for the both of us.

We fucked up and I tried  
to walk away,  
as you took another piece.

How are we still losing?

We are two broken thumbs,  
neighboring houses  
burning

from the shared wall.  
One flipping coin  
always landing

one on top of the other.  
Get out of my head,  
I'm forgetting

this is the game. Stop hiding  
small kisses  
where I'll find them

much later.  
Stop making me laugh,  
and listening

and remembering.  
There is no technicality,  
time machine,

or moments for ourselves.  
But I'll keep your hand  
where it is

because you cannot fully leave  
without it.

Tap my knuckles with yours.  
Maybe the next game  
will be gentler.