

## Supercoiled

We are two people walking a double helix path—  
separate, but destined to cross.

This is how we talked: a single word,  
cutting through the sound waves of the car radio,

early January turning our breath to frost. Then this  
is how we loved: a couple of beers and

long walks in familiar places, pauses suggesting  
what we didn't know how to say.

Fingers brushing, a shock of static—  
we could close our eyes and pretend

nothing else mattered. When our lips eventually met  
a wall crumbled, brick by brick, but

for us, there was always another time,  
another day to find an answer inside a frosted car.

If not a car, then a walk. If not a walk, then a dream.  
For the time is not new, and we'll have been there before.

Which is to say: this is how we talked—  
in unspoken thoughts. Which is to say:

this is how we loved—  
a path turned into a web.

**Siana Emery**

