

First Love, Second Window

Lleyton Kane

We called it seeing each other,
though mostly it was glass—
the reflection of your room
folding into mine, a dim collage
of lamps and shoulders.

Some nights you'd freeze mid-sentence,
pixel-smooth, almost tranquil,
the way a harbor holds a ship
that has forgotten to move.

I kept talking anyway,
as though sound could travel farther
than its image. The silence
felt practical, like weather—
something both of us endured.

When you leaned close,
the lens opened wider,
but never enough to touch.
Each of us glowing faintly,
a matched illusion of light.

I learned the word latency—
the distance between two
almost simultaneous mercies.
Even now, I measure time
by what doesn't quite arrive,
nor ever did.