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Mixed Signals

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Mixed Signals

Kelly Reichelderfer

They pass each other, Wanting to know What the other is thinking, Where the other is going, And why.

Mixed signals

They assume the other Knows What the other is thinking, Where the other is going, Automatically and telepathically. Why?

Mixed signals

The first plans to slow its pace but Continues going on a straight path Without others' influences. Ignorance

The second plans to veer to the left To reach its destination or goal, Failing to acknowledge that Others are present and should be informed. Arrogance

Mixed signals

They read the other's signals wrong. It turns out they do not know And end up colliding in a horrible accident Since they did not give notice Of thought or direction. Why not?

Mixed signals

Pride of self-control, Assumptions building up, Maybe even something to hide.

Mixed Signals Mixed signals

Mother and daughter.
Husband and wife.
Ever differing nations.
Two strangers driving,
Passing on the street,
Not thinking like they should
About where the future will go.

Mixed signals

Since they cannot pass or avoid each other They decide to communicate:
Share what they are thinking,
Where they are going,
To avoid confusion and pain.

Fewer mixed signals; proceed with caution.

Never Saw It Coming

Claire Shipman

There is never time to think about the banality of evil or the evil that men do

Just enough time to get a second cup of expired coffee and check the fax before Mr. Wrong glides

by wearing new

aftershave which trails along behind
him and then settles on me

Meanwhile my hard drive's humming

again and the sticky notes have begun to overlap themselves obscuring my monitor

I know nothing of what is past, or passing, or to come

I know nothing but fluorescent lighting and orange gum that in no way takes away desire for nicotine or anything else except maybe orange gum

What could possibly be more invasive than this phone which rings even when I'm on it?