

march 16, 2024



"I'm really tired, D."

"I know, Noam. Hold my hand."

Noam's cuticle-bitten fingers interlaced with D's strong, sturdy ones. They reminded her of little Lincoln Logs she used to build tiny cabins with in her aunt's basement alongside her sister. She missed the way her sister laughed. They hadn't spoken to each other in over three years.

"Noam." Noam looked up. D was looking at her. Noam liked D looking at her.

"Don't think anymore. Just hold my hand. I'll take you home."

Tears fell onto Noam's cheeks and lazily traversed down the curves of her face. Water didn't think. Water just moved. Noam wished to be as lazy, as unthinking, as all-knowing as water.

"Okay." She moved and kept moving until there was bed just bed and tears and water and D.

