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71 Words

UNTIL NEXT TIME
BY MELODI CODA LAINE

Pain. Is being ripped apart from you at 10pm—the separation of two souls just finally sewn. Stitch by stitch the memories of today overridden by the terror of now. My vision blurred, your face fuzzy, I bundle the weaker, however resilient, thread. It will remain in my possession—and the needle, yours—until we can come together next. The uncertain time in between is all I can think about as you pull away.