

## TWINS

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*Michael Pfeifer*

Two worlds are at work here; one only partially true, the  
other obscured in rain and sleep everyday.  
Two fingers are at work here; one works at the knot while  
the other is numb and quiet.  
Two books lie open; one has nothing but blank pages, the  
other is written in a language no one speaks.  
Two cats sit in the window; one has its eyes open, the  
other never sleeps.  
Two women walk in the door; neither can hear you.  
Two men walk in; neither will answer.