No Good

There are no

“good mornings” here.

No

“how are you”

or

“can I make you coffee?”

It’s every person for themselves.

There are no

“goodbyes” here.

No

“I love you,

be right back.”

Just

out the door — check my location.

When did you

stop talking

to me?

Are there too many

conversations in your head

to pause

and have one

with me?

Even if I say,

“What did you say?

I didn’t catch that,”

your frustrated reply:

“I wasn’t talking to you.”

Cough.

Slam.

Eyeroll.

It’s not all silence here.