Typing

black letters on a white background

extending to the right

and down

as muted taps sound

my fingers moving as quick as thought

sometimes stubmling as they try to keep up

tripping over each other in their haste

to get words out of my head

keys cold and slick under my fingers

as I move without thinking.

the little ridges under each forefinger

letting me know that I am home

* Emily Lucas