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The Women Below Me

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The Women Below Me

The women below me are leaving.
I was so glad when they moved
into the apartment,
so glad it wasn't a man
or a family with noisy children.
I hoped we would share recipes
and coffee and the complaints
of bad days at work.
But they were private women.
Oh, I enjoyed seeing them
whenever I could.
They laughed so much together,
and their thoughts often overlapped
so that one could finish what the other
had begun to say.
They were good friends, good women.

But now the women below me are leaving.
One has just moved out.
Her sister picked her up.
I watched them pack the car
and I watched her hold her sister tightly
in the street below.
I thought I saw the sister
wipe a tear off the woman's face.
I don't know when the other woman
will leave, but I should think
she will miss her friend.
I know I shall miss the
soft sounds of their laughter
and their overlapping thoughts,
and I shall miss imagining what they are doing
in the quiet rooms beneath me.