

*ERIC BAUS*

## Paused Doppel

The day dried when my double's eyes opened. My other rewound his head. It is slowing inside my brother's rain. He said, "Test the mist. Say *Moon*. Wait. Say *Moon* with my spit." The wet remnants of his phonemes rephased the scene. I did not die inside his delay. Our beeps released bees.