and i don't notice a thing

when she rinses her hands wrists arms in the water, for a brief moment before it washes away... well, if you weren't looking, you wouldn't see it. my voice pierces through for a brief moment hey, you good? from the couch. she sighs opens the door, sees me sitting on the couch looking at my phone waiting for her , two cans of cream soda sitting on the coffee table. ...um, give me a second... she wipes her hands wrists arms on the towel rolls down her sleeves hey! i got the, uh... the the sodas! while you were in there have i been pretending, or do i just not...? oh! that's good! she claps her hands together. i'll get the controllers plugged in and stuff care? know? pay attention? she settles in on the couch, next

to me

picks up a can of soda

and supposes i don't at all