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# Overhead

by Linda Shay

There was a girl who once lived  
overhead. She had a husband and a  
stationary bicycle beside her bed.

After dinner, she would pedal,  
and create a steady roar.  
Sometime after midnight she would  
moan and ask for more.

At the time, I had no boyfriend  
and her life sounds made me wince,  
but she moved with her husband and  
her bicycle, and I've had two sweethearts  
since.