

Intuitive

I feel the energy buzzing off of her
as if reaching out for my own
creating a charge of positive and negative.

Our synapses snap in sync
As we join together
in the beautiful dance only two souls with ADHD could.
We tango and foxtrot
Finding the beat as the music changes on a dime.

She fires an idea
and I respond in turn.
Building upon the Jenga tower our words have created.

We speak a mile a minute.
Her hand twitching the pen.
My leg shaking the table.

Thoughts don't have to be fully formed
before the other catches on and finishes it.

It's beautiful
It's exhausting
It's two minds with ADHD.

