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Sister

Joslynn Howard
University of the Pacific

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Sister

Joslynn Howard

Tearing at her bumblebee wings
to prick and pick them to a spinning web;
tangled in all of that
Eternity.

It's going to be okay, I tell her
but she cannot hear me,
or maybe it is not enough.

she suffocates in her sadness;
the honeycomb buzz
of shell-shocked tinnitus
sends her into a dizzying dance
that only a bomb dropping could stop
and she
is the bomb.

on lucky days,
I defuse her, but
most days I sit on the un-mopped floor
of her apartment; clutching the wreckage
of her body and soul,
weak with the exhaustion
of everyday living,
to my aching chest.
we are intimate siblings
sharing tears for the loss of
her will to live.

with each passing day, she
becomes less of the person she
once was. Sister, I tell her,

we will get through this
together, but she does not hear me
or maybe it is not enough.

she hides from me;
I sit eyes wide, waiting for the
singing telephone trap
of shared words
there is silence in that mindless trill
because when she repeats
my words back to me –
her thick tongue loses its meaning
what happened to our twin talk?
I must have let it die
and blame is a bitter kick to my side;

I continue to inflict it upon myself.
one night, she stole one too many
flecks of dark matter under her tongue;
it made her go rogue.

I still wonder about a note;
if she wrote one or if
the words refused to lay flat
on the paper.

she reminds me of the girl
that I once was; of
internal decay.
every time I attempt to open
her eyes, she slams them shut
and she screams that she sees best in the dark.

Sister, that is Depression,
I tell her, but she never hears me
because it is never enough.

Sister, I am sorry that as I
was getting better, you
were getting worse.

Sister, I love you.

I could rip off my wings
and give them to her
with the hope that she may fly again.

I will stitch them into her brittle bones,
but when she tells me that her biggest
fear in life is staying alive, I tell her,
Sister, I do not think I can do this alone.