

## Sister

### Sister

When you were drugged everyone except you ate spaghetti and meatballs, at home on Sundays. You said you had no gas money to get down the highway. And when you asked me for some cash I gave you some of the little I had. You told me you needed to buy a camera, but when I asked you to see the pictures you could not show me any. Later I found out you never needed a camera, and that there was no camera; there was nothing you could show me or anyone else, even though so many kept on looking and asking for something they could recognize as that girl who once climbed trees and played with worms. You claimed and still do that that girl never did exist, that every cartwheel you ever did through the grass was criticized. Sister, look at your daughter and realize that you were her once, that you scribbled on paper with crayons and were happy and had no notion of genius to screw with your head. Weather you are under the ground or in the sky, the New Hampshire winter will always be too cold and you will wish you were somewhere else. Stop thinking about spring in January, suck in the cold and feel nourished. Sister, genius eats you at 11 at night after three drinks and a little weed; it is this thing you think one day you can hold. I have never held it, though perhaps now I do? Alone it doesn't matter if what I did today was good or bad, the beer will see me through. You are lucky you are a painter and not a poet, everyone sees what you do, so perhaps I am the lucky one? I look in the mirror at my long hair and I think what a loser I am how this has been done before and did not work. What does work? Mom and dad always tried to tell us, and we did not listen. Maybe we should have become business people or teachers in public schools, where we barely got by cause the sunshine was always more important to us and we rather sit on the beach with a blank mind than to sit at stiff desks while information was stuffed into our brains. Sister, I am hovering, I am between everything, I have no profession, I do a little of this and a little of that and I am not so young anymore. Though most of the time I laugh at my predicament and have a laid back Rastafarian way, I doubt myself daily and am constantly trying to live up to something vague. I prefer to present myself in a flannel, as appose to a fleece jacket. I am cooking my own different recipe everyday.

Sister

Itinerant Satisfaction

Please move in

I have changed my style

Over and over

Again the space between

My thoughts

Is untranslatable

I am begging

In my white t-shirt

Trying to seem agreeable

Yet still have an opinion

Maybe about a recipe

For mac n cheese

I slightly altered

To make my own

Have Kraft

See if I care

Eat wet orange sawdust

Feel nostalgic

Remember dad

Sister

Drinking beer

Before going out with mom

The babysitter was nice

Became a doctor

There is no way I could be a doctor

America says anyone could be a doctor

I don't believe it

It took me 33 years to think this

Jesus died when he was 33

Jesus has nothing to do with any of this

Any of this

Bores me

Makes me yearn

For inclement weather

In the wilderness

On a peak somewhere

Where death is a possibility

If I don't do something soon

Death will still be a possibility

It usually doesn't seem that way

Hovering on caffeinated hope

Resting on an alcoholic pillow

Talk radio fills my empty holes

## Sister

On the way to work  
And sometimes on the way back  
I listen to the reggae music  
That makes me feel righteous  
Like when I was 23 years old  
And thought Babylon was falling  
Babylon is falling  
Just not as drastic as I imagined  
No fire and brimstone  
Just starving people I never have to meet  
Makes things easy  
No problem  
Growing a beard  
No problem  
Wearing the same pants  
Three days in a row

Bus Stop

This Tuesday evening I saw  
the grey ladies returning  
from hours with Bingo cards  
their faces pale with lost hope.  
They carried canvas bags  
full of colorful ink blotters  
and cartons of discount cigarettes  
and talked about how they almost  
got it, and the next time.  
It is May and unseasonably cool  
not letting me forget winter  
yet the lilacs have bloomed  
and their fragrance can almost be grasped.  
I am alone at a bus stop,  
wondering if I have missed it,  
kind of hoping that I have  
on my way to a party  
I am most likely underdressed for.  
One of the ladies  
drops out of the pack  
stops in front of me  
and asks me if I am okay.  
I say I am fine  
yet wonder why she asked.  
I have been thinking about war  
and if I could ever be a soldier  
and how I hate war, but not the soldier  
but if all the soldiers chose not to fight  
there would be no war  
but these are idealistic bullshit thoughts  
and I say bye to the lady  
and tell her have a nice day  
it is spring and isn't that lovely.

Sister

Sonnet

Desperate for a, you're doing all right  
it is to be expected, getting drunk  
in America Friday  
dusk comes with the wind howling  
Wood Guthrie on the electronic juke box in a dive bar  
beneath the cloudy sky where mother cheered  
the green headed mallard begs for crackers  
in little league I struck out everyone  
snow still stacked high in June  
pretty parties under rental tents end sooner  
under-interested in the prime of my life  
then later the tree burning in the stove  
only slugs beneath the eaves escape  
the rest shrivel in the sun rejoicing.

Sister

### Synthetic Impulses

The sequel to the abundance of the elephant sunset was never found in school beneath fluorescent lights, stapled to chairs in rows; only a ballerina can find bliss in breaking toes, pondering seldom loathsome experiences without becoming dismayed, I bathed in visions of youthful sporting glories, while I rubbed my aching knee, altering my synthetic mood, clicking through five songs a minute on the computer acknowledging the sameness of every impulse I act on and do not act on.