

# The Wholly True, Fictitious Chronology of Myself

## Splashing, Age Four

She was sitting, cross legged  
In the shallow waters of the pool.  
She let the gentle waves wash over her  
And lightly rock her small body backward  
When they got big.

Her sister was taller, and swam straight to her  
With a crease in her forehead  
When their mother's phone rang.  
She sat herself behind her, and on her sister she leaned  
When the waves got to be too strong.

Their mother spoke in hushed tones,  
Urgently hissing in a loud whisper  
So that the children at least couldn't hear the words.  
She had her hand over her eyes  
As if the words were an ugly sight she could avoid.

But her daughter just kept watching the birds  
Skimming the water in the opposite end—  
Unencumbered by warning signs of the water's depth.  
She couldn't look at the news until her mother  
Told her where to point her eyes,

So she just stayed in the water.  
And the birds kept on splashing.

## Seaside, Age 18

He took us to the beach  
So that we could laugh and play in the sand,  
Before we had to know he was leaving that night.

She took me to the beach  
So that I could kiss and hold her hand,  
Before I found out that she didn't think I was right.

So when you asked me recently to whisk me  
Away to where the sun shines too brightly  
And the shore crashes up too close,  
I said I'd never been.  
That I wasn't one for sand.

And you smiled and suggested we go  
Someplace snowy instead.

## Distracted, Age 25

I cannot focus before my way to work.  
When they ask me why my eyes are filled  
With dreams and wonder when I am supposed  
To keep my head down and rush rush rush,  
What do I tell them?

Do I tell them you walk with me on my way?  
Should I say that my hands used to be sure  
But now they're still buzzing  
From being held in yours?  
They don't notice I don't wear my own jackets anymore.

Maybe now I'll make you my only business.  
Yours are the only words I hear now anyway—  
Which may not be the best thing.  
Because before you, I was found.  
I knew what I was doing.

Maybe I'll choose myself instead.

## Paradox, Age 26

That voice...the booming, gentle words you choose so carefully.

The brisk, considered way in which you walk towards me after I haven't seen you.

(I'm pretending that I'm consistently in the arms of someone new,

Pretending that I don't wish it was still you.)

And the resentful, elated way I pray and pray that you notice how nice I look in this dress today.

That voice of yours is unaware of my fondness for you yet,

It skillfully melts away my reason and makes me smile at you after it all--

After so much time and not all that much has happened.

You are stately and rumpled

And mild and passionate

And so breathtakingly unassuming

And my favoring of you is the worst thing about me.

## For My Sister, Our Whole Lives

May I please be there-?

In accordance to your wishes, considering nothing else but

The crinkle in your nose and the laugh lines on your eyes,

And my personal insurance of their presence regardless of any silly fight or serious life change.

If my support will that accomplish,

My eyes would nothing more appreciate than to be seared with the magnificent sight

Of the inevitable time that shall arrive

When the rain stops blinding your wondrous eyes.

And I wouldn't mind being there

When you are able to recognize my reverence for you,

Not for the ground on which you tread, but rather

The strength with which you do so.

Because you always have been strong, even now. . .

And even then.

For when that moment arrives in all its bliss,

I hope that you'll finally learn that my eyes would be as a sky with unrelenting fog,

Without excitement or motivation, if not for your gaze guiding my direction,

And moving with me infinitely in unwavering support.

If I were true and spoke justly always,  
I'd have admitted a thousand times that I'd have no idea what I am  
Or how I'd cope  
Unless you were there to inspire me.

It is because of this,  
That I clutch my hopes ever so tightly, that the handle on our umbrella  
Won't have to be so worn  
One Day.

On that day,  
The light behind your smile will brighten once again  
And will subsequently blind the sun,  
And I can look up to you as I've always done.  
And we won't have to worry about the security of tomorrow--

But it would be unwise to spend my days waiting for a clear sky  
When the storm isn't so awful, really.  
And I'd rather not weather it  
With anyone but you.

Because I'd certainly prefer a hell in our Home,  
Than a heaven in the house of a Stranger.