

Hi, I'm Charlie's Sister

I got kicked off the short bus in 2nd grade,
its not a joke
I used to take it home with my brother every day.
Try being the girl that hit the guy with cerebral palsy cause he sexually harassed her, its awkward.

Hi, Im charlie's sister

I grew up with my best friend,
not the one you borrow clothes from the kind of best friend
thats like your twin and you child
all at the same time.

The one that shares the same chest plate and rib cage
and reminds you
your heart beats 66 beats per page

the one that shows you embarrassment and pity pickled into pain.. but when my brothers happy,
spring comes early
and buds open on plants that never had flowers in the first place.

Hi, I'm charlie's sister and if I wrote a book
that'd be the title cause everything i have known
all these working limbs
and unrecognizable ability is unidentifiable without him.

Years of
why is he so slow
what does he have
ya'll don't look nothing a like each other.

Baby charlie,
my father's only son
your beauty penetrated their insides
teach them how to be uncomfortable cause they know nothing about your smile,

it doesn't just light up the day it breaks glass in my chest

like someone left my heart in the rain,
snow ball fisted it
and let it melt in the summer time in Minneapolis.

The local newspaper romanticized your ways but ya'll don't know my brother
he isn't happiness and all teddy bears..
he's rude,

he'll ball you on the court
he remembers everyone's birthday
just so he can count down to his
he only eats three turkey sausages in the morning
and if you could just put your shoes in his sisters life for one day your blood pressure would sky
rocket
and you'd be forced to self forgive in a totally different way.

The other day I saw him dancing with his girlfriend
as she turned to him to say
'I love you so much'
and my heart poured all over my mom's living room floor my knees got weak
like moses had parted the sea and someone whispered 'there is room for all of us'.

From glittery face paints
to sticking legos in each others noses
to throwing you in leaves
and arguing about who gets to watch their show on TV,
I wanted to scream
'Take care of my brother or I'll cut you'
and like you were a baby lion cub I watched you walk down a horizon line knowing how easily
I'd turn on these feet seventy miles per hour to bite the jugular out of anyone who even looks at
you funny.

I thought treat him like a gentleman, cause right now I'm losing a twin, maybe a child
but at least a best friend

and if he loves you you'll be filled completely no creases or loose edges
he is the cup
the liquid

and the filler too
and when I decided to become a midwife
I thought catching babies meant I could be closer to god
but I was given you charlie
and when you were born
god dusted your face
and painfully bled through our mothers eyes

just so she could realize something that takes everyone else life times hi,
I'm charlie's sister.

water and glue

...For grandma Nancy and her first child

women in my family always outlive their men

it is something my mother is preparing for sometimes they outlive patience
or outlive the time others wait for them to die but they
are like water and glue

in 3rd grade I realized that one had to combine 4 parts glue and 1 part water to get the
perfect consistency that can make something stick
nothing prepares you for when the glue gets brittle

when nothing can attach to it any longer and while my mother is the glue
between my grandmother and me
nothing prepares you for being forgotten

bless my mother

who can't help but see

one milestone at a time

lost

the brittle glue has made mom daily recognition of broken she walks heart heavy
witness her crack

as grandma pours water down her glued shut throat

I wish I had the biggest bandaid

the world could find

I'd cradle my mom's heart

mend all that broken

nurse her to memory

I'd use 4 parts glue and 1 part water

and together

we would make

a scrap book

while

grandma is crawling back to newborn

forgetting how to decipher her needs from her wants remind her of childhood

sew back all that memory

glue one year to the next

she will learn how to crawl again

picking up her knees to lift herself away from the earth she is venturing into all things tall

all things sky
she is searching for her sky

no longer glueing her feet to the earth grandma
wants back into the womb
back into the darkness where words mean nothing where we breath in water

grandma wants to be water
she wants her consistency
to coexist with everything she is ready to be only 90% us and I

am racking my brain on the best mixture of the two in the same room

i want to visit them both in their crafts in their castles in the sky
I want to be able to
squat on their dust of floor

and be told how to woman myself
how to woman how we woman
as grandma sits silent water
mom glues everything she can back to one another

we would be abundant
sprouting fruit in all different directions
re-pollinating each others stories
bees would translate our history to each other
take a small part of her and leave it inside a small part of me and the water would let the
glue connect perfectly
our stories would fall out our mouths and into younger ears like water

like water
alzheimer's coats your throat
swims through your brain
turns off your organs
but the roots are growing backwards toward the surface of earth

to remind me
but it also surfaces our junk too

they say cells capture memory
but no one prepares you for when they forget so glue all that keep sake
what waterfall we have discovered today what ocean tsunamis through our DNA

mom
Pay attention to her laugh

the story lines of her checks
the way that one tooth is crocked cause yours is too
watch her smile
who cares what she's smiling about be sunlight in her pool mom someday
I'll have to hydrate your heart pollinate your memories
and glue them to mine

I'll remind us
how our craftswomen need glue
to foster our children's stories
and we can swim all the lakes of Minnesota and you can breath
in water again mom
and visitors that come
will know our home is a hydrated one
that the bees pollinate here
the glue is abundant
and though forgotten
everything will be remembered
that here
we breathe water

For Anna Trigger Warning

**I read the New York Times today
did you know you can describe a rape in detail trigger warning
Anna, 18
regrets reporting
trigger warning
she was found
bent over a pool table
with a scared look on her face
67 witnesses videotaping and taking pictures**

**I wondered
if the article itself was a cry for help**

**passive aggressively making a point
devoted to survivors that regret reporting
I saw my little girl self tap the shoulder of my teenage girl self who shook my grown
woman's shoulder
and said
congratulations
it wouldn't of made a difference anyway**

**confirmed by the new york times
1 in 5 women will be raped on campus but how many actually count? trigger warning**

**imagine being forcibly penetrated
seamen from three men found in your underwear 2 found on your clothes
your rape kit
positive
then all three of your rapists cleared
their names never printed on national news coveted by football jerseys
trigger warning**

**is this our modern way of saying women should not get an education? I read the New York
Times today**

**and I can not stomach my coffee
to the president of Hobart and Williams Smith college,
Inadequate layers is not where to point the finger
when you work for entertainment
where players are animals kept in the ring
honorably discharged at all costs
to Anna's layer Inga L Parsons,**

Why do we blame women for not remembering when they are drugged? Ms. Parsons
why is rape not considered real if the penis is flaccid Ms. Parsons? a man's competence or
incompetence now depicts his ability to assault

our trigger warnings are the only thing captivating our empathy it will clearly not inhabit
the court system
so lets taint ourselves in this empathy
dye our skin in it

regurgitate it all over Anna's article and feed to our self
over and over again
let it not go to waste

empathy is a scarce concept

To the boys parents,
I wonder who you are
how you sleep
if you think of having more children trigger warning

if you have daughters
trigger warning
if you question your parenting
if you see the imagery of Anna and your sons will you remind me if I ever have a daughter
to never buy a gun
will you remind me

Anna
I hear they walk for you now
once a year men in high heels walk a mile on campus to spread awareness about sexual
assault

Anna I am sorry
that we are still that sick

that men in high heels is the only way a campus can fathom how to spread awareness
it must seem silly to you

I am sorry you regret reporting
your cells captured memory that stained the New York times today you have no idea how
many of us you have set free

Anna,
I bet as a child
you were taught to read and to write
and to speak

dear daughter,

I am sorry we do not pass girls into womanhood more gently that where we live is never
ours

where no doors reside
all open for the taking
with special free entrances and exits
preserved for celebrities

won't it be nice Anna
when we can live
in a world that doesn't hate women
read this poem
to a room full of people that all understand it

until then
remind me to not read the new york times on good days

till there are no trigger warnings left