

Sisters

by Gary Percesepe

What Did We Fight Over?

Makeup and clothes, boys sometimes.
The car, the prom, the right to—
But clothes, mostly.

What Were Our Names?

Vanessa and Amelia,
Charbe and Rhonda,
Karen and Beth,
Gabriella and Lisa.

Where Are We Now?

Rome and Amsterdam,
New York and Nairobi.
Ohio. Might as well be Jersey.

What Do We Do?

Stare at bridges
And planes that bank
Overhead. Signal turns,
Leave vapor trails. At
Jobs clerking, counting, typing,
Phoning, joking, drinking,
Eating, undressing, texting.
Zumba in the half light of
Vacant winter nights.

What Do We Hope For?

The swift turnover of
Days, the weekend music
The baby's breath soft in the

Crib by our nighttime
Lips, moist with hope.

Why Did We Do It?

The soft rain told us otherwise
But we went on chirping,
Oblivious. The layered
Days concealed a lot.
We thought the kingdom of
Lies far from us. Husbandry
We thought we had mastered.

What Did Our Mothers Tell Us?

That we'd be happy, sober, sorry,
Broke, miserable, too far away,
Too close, lousy with money,
Prettier in pink, better with
Bangs, without. Small breasted but
Kind. And to call, mostly.

What Do We Resolve?

To be understood. To sleep.
Keep more in mind by tomorrow.
To stop wearing toy wristwatches.
To smooth the
Wrinkles of days that pass
Like silent trains through
Backyards we meant to tend.

