

# 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.

