

Lost Sister

by Michael J. Solender

She takes on form and shape and comes into focus. She looks exactly like my sister, though I do not have a sister. Combing through my unwashed hair, the slenderness of her fingers on my scalp, we are transported to the Alhambra where we lose ourselves in the *Generalife* amidst the fountains and Tiger flies, the morning flashes of sun showing through her skirt.

She is my sister.

We eat sweet lemon and bitter orange and don't speak a word, silence strengthening our filial bond.

I don't have a sister.

