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Kate Schapira
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*Y*ou're hitting yourself on the forehead again and my not enough is not enough. Light streams and burns and flutters and flares. Traveling from what sent you to what will receive you, the force of your glance sparks what I can't know. The season for sisters is coming again, enters air to fall from it as dazzle gives when you poke it and the dew point becomes a matter of concern. Season of lumpy, awkward fruits, stems augmented with twine, come again, your sound a cocktail of rubber, pavement and pressure.

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You're my sister

Confidential openness of a morning. Serenity as if sprayed on. Girl like a sail through the hum of machinery. Voices divorce from their timbres, not tangent but radiant: the sister in my office, eating onions.

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The bird-amoeba named and seen shutter the sky for itself on purpose, for us accidentally, I point it out, it registers, your cells move on. There's no relief and no arrival. When I think you're fine, you're sobbing some distance away. When I'm worrying, you're in Boston playing kissing games. Your methods find me in a kind of moral slum, treeless, shouting at yellow windows each with its case history and its dependency. The standard of sickness driven into the earth sways bravely in place: cracked black walnut shell, its finished innards gleaming, balanced on a leafstalk propped in a wormhole, wrinkly, half-eaten, heavy-headed, surrounded by others of its kind. I made the garden while we talked; I walked by later to pick up a bad sandwich and some were still standing and some had fallen.

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You're my sister

*Y*ou call to ask if I think your idea is good or if you're crazy. I say a couple of things to show I understand it. Reality is something to succumb to; time curves from part to silver surface; duty is clumsy; touch is in profile. Erratic, redundant ... Trying to be comparable to too many things at once, attend to your pivot, once-crooked foot, and what you can reach. Look over at me, mold in your throat. Overlook me, I can't tell you.

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Kate Schapira
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Here we go marching, rattly bang. Cracked incisor, molars that never came: normal is so possible and the smell of decay so strong. We face each other at the rim of anticlimax, willing it. I'd be your bounty if that were what bounty meant. Misguided sibling, throwing myself in the path of your reality: it's symbolic of my struggle with fiction. We who let narrative strip our compassion can't help but share. We feel everything. Fear, foul-mouthed meaning, loosens our teeth.