



Sister

by Sarah Hill

I

We are bad copies of one another.
We were dropped into similar sacks;
we ride in the same bones.
Our eyes slant in one fine line.
Our lips curl into mirrored sneers.
We are each other's first person
singular.

II

We have been wedged apart—
driven into angry circlings
like two starving cats (which we are).
We fatten our skinny guts on the same prey
and fight for the rotting carcass.
We guard our narrow alleyways with ease.
They lie opposite one another
on the same street.

III

Let me move you into a softer light.
Let me hide the flaws of your face
by setting you in a dark and quiet frame.
I want to study you in the dark,
to learn your look in the unfamiliar
contour of shadow.