

Sisters

Two girls stare at me from a dusty frame,
sharing a bath they've often shared.
One sandy-haired, the other chestnut,
their skin glistening with beads of water,
legs twined like the braids they wear.
No separating this pair.
They smile knowingly at each other.

Toys and dolls set aside now,
time to grow with the restless clock.
No longer the children in that old enamel tub,
but two girls giggling about the boys,
and women gossiping over the phone.

Now they stand together at the altar,
one in white, the other in black
mourning the wedding.

--Trina Hall

His eyes tugged at his head
Til he turned to behold the broken
Blades of grass
Beneath his footsteps.

They must have been
Willing to make the sacrifice
For him
Because they too
Stopped running

--Mark A. Clements