

SHE IS A WANING HALF-MOON  
GROWING DARKER

My sister behind the hospital door  
at first doesn't recognize me,  
she forgot I was coming.  
Drags her left leg  
but turns away her face,  
ashamed by its stubbornness.

She holds the flesh  
in her fingers  
and stretches  
the left eye, cheek, and lips:  
*There, now I'm not smiling crooked.*

It is her face  
more than anything;  
faces are supposed to change  
symmetrically.  
Something pulled her  
left side  
beyond elasticity  
until the point of smiling  
or talking  
was forgotten.

The slack atrophy  
of useless nerves  
makes her room  
heavier,  
colder.

*Todd Vens*