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Sisters: A Tribute

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Sisters: A Tribute

Mary Dengler

They're born that way—
The older
kicking from the womb to take her life,
the younger
struggling out attracted by the light
and every offered fruit,
the older
shooting bites of apple cross the yard to test her skill,
the younger
savoring her food until
she tries to fly like seagulls from our porch
and falls to break her tiny head,
the older
churning boldly in the frigid waves,
the younger
tripping lightly in the surf until
it boils her under in its harsh embrace
to crawl ashore with pain and wonder scratched
across her tiny face,
the older
walking fearless to her kindergarten class
with learning tools arranged,
the younger
tearful with her unicorns at home until
they ride her through the intervening hours,
the older
wearing glasses with her scorn of boys and trendy girls,
the younger
clutching carefully the hands of every child
from underneath her brushed but straggling strands.

The older practiced violin
And disciplined herself for highest grades;
the younger played the violin
but disciplined her horse with careless grace
and studied street life with her books;
the older stunned each audience
as wedded to her violin she forged the progeny of art;
the younger lived psychology applied
to business and each troubled heart.
The one commands our awe;
the other finds our soul.
The one unfolds the depths of sound;
the other tries to make us whole.