

my other (deaf) twin

each time i visit ironwood
i pray that a rare fog will descend

seeping south from lake superior
only to evaporate into color

pulling back to reveal
the other ghost ive yet to see

who couldve played with me
up & down oak street

imprinting memories
on my fractured psyche

long enough to eradicate
the virus of loneliness

from my barren marrow
religion is no doctor

the bible is no cure
but there he is walking toward me

his face & hands would alight
crystalclear as dew clinging

to the underside of grass blades
mirroring the joy of dawn

you deaf same me hed ask in sign
of course id sign back

hed laugh yeah hearing people
full shit awful stories plenty

there under the ghost shadow of
that oak tree chopped down

years ago without warning
defacing the roths house

but now that hes found me
buildings long razed are resurrected

to show him what hed lost
from the fog clouding his life

he can see my memories rising
like phantom skyscrapers

crowding behind my back
his eyes are full of miracles

my eyes now have perfect 20 20
my glasses were never rosecolored anyway

the way he signs so clearly
i feel as if im gulping so much water

who knew family could be such a fucking desert
in the middle of wintry sundays

no one asked if i wanted a glass of clarity
i hadnt known any better with my dirty water

a little rage wouldve filtered out
its swirling obfuscation just like that

he & i may have only met but it already feels
as if centuries together will be too short

we would stand facing each other
never moving at all yet signing

laughing & telling each other the stories
we never got to tell our siblings

we are white pines taking root
our hands are full of seasons

the stories we sow
will outroot us