

siblings

feels sometimes
there are ghosts
not in my house
but in my head
shadows from the past
when I was one of three

these days three
is a comforting number
the rule of thirds
makes sense and
is pleasing to the eye

back then it felt clumsy
two was easier
less contentious
I thought it would
mellow with time
it never did

they say
family blood bonds
but once spilt
it's the same
as any other

this is not the poem
I set out to write
but this is the life
I choose

other sisters of the world
in their wisdom tell me
never dim your light
be the hero in your story
not the victim

there are seasons
in all our lives
learning in any mistake
feed more wood
to a failing fire
if the flame still falters
that's your sign
to start over