She Is A Waning Half-Moon Growing Darker

Todd Vens*
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 stubborness.

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

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