Sister Mine

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Abstract

LINDI, I’m bubbling. Bubbled all the way down the stairs and left the bobby pins and epithelial cells and tomorrow still up there.
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At Christmas you laughed and said in college time went fast and now you wear a silver band and a fragment of isometric carbon which blinks blinks blinks a secret code and I realize the truth of the words you have forgotten.

Daddy reading the Rubaiyat aloud and two girls sprawled flat as the flowers on the carpet they lie upon came tumbling jumbled back. And remember once I jabbed you with a pickle fork and you still have a tiny white scar on your thumb but you never told Mom how it happened and was it at that guilty age of six that I first thought you were wonderful?

The orange blossoms will wilt and maybe I will cry but it will not be for a white veil and broad shoulders next to yours but for the hearts of two explorers who climbed an old tree and discovered new lands with a real telescope. And one side of a closet will not be jammed with your out-of-season formals and a box of yearbooks and dance programs added to every visit you made home.

Once you looked down upon me from the superior vantage point that two years and pink satin toe shoes gave you and said soon I would be able to balance on them too, but I didn't quite believe you and anyway I wanted that day then, and I ran away and hated you.

We lay awake and talked and Daddy said haven't you gone to sleep yet and switched off the hall light. But we stayed up and I began to see why your favorite color was lavender while mine was ordinary blue.

Separately though together we built our dreams and discovered the world. And now I read your letter and am freely happy, for in many ways I know that I am you.