



Photo by Ly Stephan

TO A SISTER

When I consider the wonders of life That have slid across my hands, Like water (quicksilver hard to hold And gone in a moment);

And when I consider the heavens
And the million stars there hung
And the fernsmell of a mossy wood,
(Which things I have done without
Enjoying for years at a time);

And when I think of the seasons
And how quickly they go by,
And how each one leaves its mark on me
Like raindrop tracks on glass:

Nothing seems clearer to me than to say I want you near; I wish you were here.

- Heather



Photos by E. Bedoz

12.