

Homecoming

I've never seen the street light
so bright, so proud
on the stained sidewalk
as when my exotic sister walks under
glinting off her golden skin
reflecting in her peacock green eyes
The door's bells never sing
so clearly, so vibrantly
as when her scented hand,
manicured and jeweled
pushes them to life
Her sly smile and eye's clever glimmer
erase all the years of her absence
and fill the café with the
Costa Rican air she brings
"Beautiful weather we're having"
she says to me,
grinning to topple the world
as the rain pours down behind her
her voice sweet and lyrical,
like the tinkle of crystal and silver
My restless little songbird,
up from the tropics
to mourn our mother
and back to the sunshine by
tomorrow evening

AMBER CARTER