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## 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