

My Sister At Ninety-Seven

Yesterday,
My sister
At the age of ninety seven and four months
Began bathing

Nude

In the moonlight
Amid the African violets
And dogwood trees,
Her long white hair
Covering her chest
And keeping her warm
Against the
Brisk air of
February

Then, after almost a century long life
Of bible studies and
Child-bearing

In the clean light of the moon
She lost her voice

Yet found something greater

JOSEPH MICHAEL FLOYD