Sister Who Could Not *(for Daniel)*

It doesn’t matter how tarnished the relationship or what water and bramble have passed beneath the bridge; what you thought was once lost you recognize was not, for this loss proves all the previous losses insignificant.

They were simply the fraying of the worn-in collar; the discoloration of the shirt worn well and long and washed too many times in the background beneath consciousness. This loss is unmendable even with modern technology - machines that pump and groan and beep their warning of the inevitable that waits with the grim reaper round the corner.

The DNA of “before” and “after” is already shifting. The hint of the recognition of “who I was before” rising like the dust storm before all settles and layers life with the gritty can’t quite get the taste out of my mouth and eyes. Until all restructures and eyes see clearly through the scarring of the retina that can only be see by others with similar striations.

We stand together then, In the bittersweet preciousness of family, In the bittersweet preciousness of humanity, gaining the bond that is forged in such loss.

We stand alone then, in the recommitment to live well and true and by doing so we honor, pay homage to our oh so dearly departed who could not.

© Sabrina Santa Clara, 2013