

Sister's Liberation

In the loss of sun,
displaced like you
after the war,
you recall jam
and bread
all mushy
under your overcoat
too big for your body,
you swallow
the blackened slices
while no one watches
you at the border
without passport,
visa-less,
without time
or direction;
snow falls on
your worn-down face,
in a flurry of images
your eyes close
from memories
beyond guilt
for managing
interminable deaths.

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