I.

I was born first in her shadow
the brilliance of Gemini pulsing beneath
our veins

and Libra’s rings joined together in
birthright
of moon and song
of cribs turned into castles and
simmering tv static I can still hear it

...a phenomenon of a language
developed by twins that only the
two children understand.

Cryptophasia...

Madison Zehmer

II.

on the days we dissolved
more identical than we are
the olive-blood we share
pooled beneath my nailbuds

anchoring my fingertips
to thin layers of denim and dermis
and she couldn’t lift her own
fingertips to sign her name

III.

maybe they will bury us in the matching
blackthorn coffins I dreamt about
during her stay at Baptist
during her stay at Baptist
blackthorn coffins I dreamt about
during her stay at Baptist
blackthorn coffins I dreamt about

IV.

carrion-clouds doomed to circulate above
rotting hospital beds

so I found solace in expelling all the bad things
flushing them away

V.

our language became one of byzantine
instinct
of places where necrosis waits beyond
half-planned memorials on all of our minds

V.

a hearse or a haven?

be silhouetted still more than I wanted to
when she was little more than a
silhouette still more than I wanted to
when she was little more than a
silhouette still more than I wanted to
when she was little more than a
silhouette still more than I wanted to
when she was little more than a

VI.

after lithium prayers
after rorschach tests
after confessionals
after grief throbbing
in our necks

VII.

and we said hello
in our own language

and she held onto my hands

and she held onto my hands

and she held onto my hands

and she held onto my hands

and she held onto my hands

and she held onto my hands