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A Portrait of My Sister as David Bowie

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A PORTRAIT OF MY SISTER AS DAVID BOWIE L.E. Wilson

My sister divides like a cell I see her in Laura Ashley and roses long yellow hair tied back with red silk her white throat to hang jewels upon her slim fingers to sparkle with sapphires then she is slender and tight and hard in black leather jeans and stainless steel her beauty offending the eye, so armored my sister births herself from her own forehead dangerous with spear and fist and improper, precise words nothing escapes her curious brown eye you can see the corners of her red lips lift, and twitch, not quite a smile but she is laughing inside and it will become a painting or a song she might streak her hair with purple and her eyelids might simmer amber and peacock blue cartoon lightning laddering a white face if a puppy dies, she will cry if I bring her irises and sweet-briar, she will cry but she laughs when strangers eat cliches feeding herself on tea-gowns and spiked bracelets on green mascara and a tartan shawl from Edinburgh on red lips smiling and roses with bleeding thorns