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## Down by the Beck

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## *Down by the Beck*

KELSEY BELOMY

Hush darling (you hate when I call you that)  
Everything will be fine (it won't) I promise  
I look at you like a sister  
My sister  
Bird with broken wings in a cage  
in a basement dark corners  
locked in her own frozen heart  
I love you but I don't know how to help (you,  
girl, nearly the same age as me  
and how old were you  
when you lost her)

do you miss h(im)er  
do you wonder what it'd be like  
if she were still here  
I do, I think how could anyone  
do that (alone)  
make a plan and follow it all the way  
and does she wish she hadn't screwed up  
she must have days where she  
wishes she could've been like that  
(and when he pulled the trigger  
did it make a mess  
and was anyone around did he make a noise  
or is he a tree in a forest with no witness  
roots ripping out of the ground  
disturbing dust  
and insects  
but not god  
and the next person who came across him  
did they think he just grew like that  
sideways  
inside out  
and when they found him

did you have to clean him up  
was there a mess  
or just an imprint of wings in blood)

you don't know the grief yet, dear  
(you hate me you hate me)  
but that'll come soon  
you're my sister but I have to wonder  
how old were you when it happened  
when you fell  
I don't think I was there  
I wasn't there  
All I see now is dust and ants  
centipedes and beetles  
inching toward that place  
where your heart used to be  
you're here  
but here has her in it which means  
not for long

I wonder if you dream in shadowed dust like me  
of cars by rivers  
of sisters in cages  
of lost ones tucked somewhere snug  
covered by rounded stones