

Children at Twilight

1

Remember when two empires faced off
across the poisoned Vistula?

No, I just remember Little Sister
running through a sprinkler
as you might pass from life to life.

Remember the August of simulated attacks?

No, only the baby nibbling her cone
strategically, north to south.

When we skipped into the eye of the jump rope
we entered the end of the world.

2

Breathless I ran the endless field
and felt the kite string taut behind me
though there wasn't a lick of wind.

On a dare you tossed a spaldeen
so high it vanished.

Always we counted—last Oreo,
last strike, last tackle, last twilight.

We had dibs on the end.

3

We gathered around a dying bee
in awe, you whispered *stay*,
I poked the air around it,
but Little Sister just stared.

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