

My Sister *for Becca Barol Baer (1958-2021)*
by Mark Safran

I'm going to see my sister in the morning
Not my blood siblings who I have to love
But my real sister who I met on a bus so long ago
Where we talked and talked about who knows what
And all the time becoming in tune with something no one said
Realizing we were children of the moon
Or some analogy that threads us closer than some normal friends.

I have seen you three times in the last thirty years.
One time every decade.
And we both drift off to the corners of the earth and live our lives and wait.
When we do meet it's like those days when we were kids
Like no time ever passes
Your sweet laugh and your graying hair shines so much brighter now.
Your pride for your OMG, amazingly beautiful, wonderful, drop dead gorgeous, sabra children,
rises up above all the pain and misery you've ever owned and shines so brighter now. (those kids
that I've barely met and somehow get to be their 'uncle')
And your heart;
still aching from things I still don't know because we do not talk and do not see each other for ten
years at a time,
shines so much brighter now. I think. I hope.

And I shine inside a little more just knowing that you are my sister out there
Living
And caring so deeply
And weeping so silently
And laughing when you can.

Across the space of time and earth I feel you like you're sitting next to me
Still riding on that bus at night
Beneath the moon
In tune with each other's life
Children holding hands and touching bases when we can
 Just checking in...
 Are you all right?

I'm going to see my sister in the morning
I'll pour out all my pent up soul and listen to her unfold
We'll talk so fast 'cause there's such little time and it won't last
And we'll grasp each other's hands
And we'll give each other all the strength that we can share
Then we'll rise from our seats and maybe laugh or cry like a sweetly, tender, tearful play

And once again, like always, and with a tearing heart, I'll send my sister on her way