ANGELA VAN ESSEN

JANUS’S SONG

On this cold January night
Aurora’s shimmering curtain falls and the stars
are out, but I can still see
the lights from my sister’s room across the hallway.
She is not sleeping,
she looks like a doll:
dusting her cheeks with powdered blush,
what dreams may come!
As I lingered in her doorway
I did not know that her life would be clipped
into fading photographs.
Into fading photographs.
I did not know that her life would be clipped
as I lingered in her doorway.
What dreams may come?
Dusting her cheeks with powdered blush,
she looks like a doll.
She is not sleeping.
The lights from my sister’s room across the hallway
are out, but I can still see
Aurora’s shimmering curtain falls and the stars
on this cold January night.