

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.