

Sisters

Seven years he worked beside her death,
sponging her ghost between its sheets,
turning her body like a millstone.

Seven years, like Jacob,
he labored for his love.
Her father grew inside her.

Every other life, her plainer sister,
shuffled in the outer rooms, head down;
her eyes darkened like rumors.

Indenture at an end,
the father cedes the bride.
The worker walks the aisle alone.

Her eyes bouquets,
the sister is a mirror in the crowd.

William Freedman