

A Silver Bracelet

by Marguerite Bouvard

Gleams inside a box, protected from the film
of years, a bracelet with a locket shaped
like a book no bigger than my thumbnail.
In it my sister's cheeks
are flaming, her eyes are laughing
(this was before her smile
was extinguished). She is telling me stories
far into the night, lilacs are foaming
in our garden and the lake at the end of our street
sighs through my window.

Someday someone will find the bracelet,
run her fingers over the flowered tracery and see
photos without a name. She will hold it
in her palm for a moment
before discarding it, not realizing
I am still inside with my lost sister,
and the lake thundering.