

More identical twin poems

The Other

I have an outward twin

Of this I am certain

It says so right on

my birth certificate

Oh how cute

Dress them the same

No, Mommy, please, no

Repeated in vain

Watch them run

Watch them play

Who will be the good twin today?

Sometimes a twin will eat a twin

Inside the womb

Simply absorb it

Survival of the fittest

No need for identity crisis

Later the dissolved twin

Will emerge as teeth or bundled

Cartilage and bone

Poking through its' siblings skin  
Pinching biting struggling to emerge

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A freakish thing within  
Like a Modern Art painting  
Where a lady has a second nose  
Jutting from her rib  
Or a gaping maw, ravenous,  
in her cheek, as she lays in repose

But just who is who?  
And which is which?  
Once, in a portrait, you even drew three of us  
Sister, we both mourned the death of her  
That single girl who vanished when the egg split  
To become me and you was the death of it.

Poem #2

### Palimpsest

Sister, you treat me as if I am your palimpsest  
A barely visible version beneath your own writing  
Like I was born to live in your shadow  
And suffer your erasing of me in quiet  
You take what is mine and always have  
Claim it all for your queenly self

Then call *me* the thief

For a long time I remained careful not to stray out

Of the lines you carved for me

Like a clumsy child, wielding a crayon sceptor

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But no more....

As sure as the sun rises, I will tower above your misconceptions,

false accusations, and barrages of verbal abuse

You hit me, then claim / am the abuser

Well, check yourself, Sister

Buy a great big mirror, study your own reflection

See the beam in your own eye so much larger than the mite in mine

So run, don't walk, to the nearest exit

For so long I hung guiltily back not to offend your royal title

Mental illness is a bitch

Add three vodka drinks and you transform into the scariest witch

Eyes glazed, Margaret Thatcher stiff upper lip

Why did God chain me to your hip?

Born in the same stomach of a narcissist who did nothing for us

But hurl ugly words, ugly deeds, cutting us to the quick

We trauma bonded together, seeking solace

Daddy was too busy drinking up the rent to care for either one of us

So we had no choice but to join ranks

Little ones easily squashed by grown up tanks  
Now I look into your eyes and see our mother's cold reflection  
While I wine and dine you in my disabled state  
I am not included in your circle of friends  
My autoimmune diseases you shrug off as mere fate  
But today I hereby decree that I AM DONE WITH THEE

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So Madame, if you please, it is time to take your leave  
Your toxicity smothers like mustard gas  
Your poisonous aura I will tolerate no longer

You claimed I tried to kill you once,  
cut your car breaks to secure my place  
But unlike me you refuse to get any help  
You are too good for all that  
So now I must declare our bonds disbanded  
I will form a family of my own choosing  
Not because I want to, only to stop the abusing  
Never again will you peel my flesh with your acid tongue  
Never again will you try and abscond with my life

So run, run away, little sister  
I am now Jean Valjean  
A righteous anger unleashed  
I will chew the bread of you with delight  
Reclaim what is mine, my words, my mind, my life

Blood sister, I love you still, it is your sickness I hate

But I will be buried far far away from you

Alone in a simple grave

Beneath a cherry blossom tree

To canopy me

A Guardian Angel will protect my peace

Save me from your unrighteous wrath

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I will listen to the blossoms fluttering to the ground as soft as snowflakes

I will rest calmy, alone in the grave, bitter-sweet

For it is you, sister, who is the palimpsest kind

I pity you roosting alone at night

An albino insect in your web

Your face has a sheen of frozen ice

Your pale back illuminated by a slip of the fading moon

As you lay in wait for your next victim

While the whip-poor-wills whisper:

This is the end.

This is the end.

This is the end.

Poem #3

Pairs

A pear is a lopsided thing  
Unsightly even  
Watch it wobble across a table  
A pair can also be a lopsided thing  
Twin embryos  
Curled in a foul womb  
Damaged DNA nested in flesh  
Right from the start  
See how they cling to each other  
Even now

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Sleepwalking, drunk, drugged  
Staggering through a dark world  
Gray hunks of brain  
are also lopsided things  
Slippery icky tissue  
Lugged around in identical heads  
A two-faced beast  
Devouring itself at times  
Like a scared dog  
will eat its' young  
We eat ourselves inside out  
Until no more damage can be done  
Until every living lopsided bit of us  
Is turned back to dust  
And even a dust bunny

Is a lopsided thing  
As it skitters randomly about

Poem #4

### Day of the Dead

Here she comes, dressed to celebrate death  
With a wreath of blood red roses, like Jesus' crown of thorns  
Clamped about her head  
Her blank face made up to resemble a skeleton  
Hard white bones jutting, black stitches around her mouth

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which is cinched with anger like somebody  
pulled an invisible drawstring

My twin sister floats across the bar floor like that scary  
girl in "The Ring", long black hair draped down  
her back  
Her eyes flash fire when she spots me  
I wave to her, but she just rolls her eyes and floats on by  
As if her twin sister is not alive

It is Halloween. I am dressed like a sexy cop and  
just want to have some fun  
But her very presence makes my stomach lurch and flop

She follows me everywhere I go, does everything  
I do, like an irritating mime  
No worse, like a doppelganger, and not the good kind  
But she's constantly accusing ME of copying HER  
Wanting to hurt her, *kill* her even  
Alcohol makes her bi-polar disorder worse  
And with dismay I note four drinks corralled at her  
spot at the bar  
A shot. A beer. A shot. A beer.  
Fuck me. Fuck you. Fuck me. Fuck you.  
Having a mental disorder is bad enough  
But believe me, a living breathing replica  
of yourself running around displaying  
textbook symptoms is like watching yourself in

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a bad B horror movie where you know  
*you* are the first to get chain-sawed

Her mouth is a chainsaw  
My blood chills when it starts to move  
It is revving up for the attack  
Just how fast can I run in these shoes?  
Because she is headed my way again  
I don't want to run but I have to  
Because hurting her is like a self-inflicted injury,  
and I won't allow that to happen



So don't judge me, okay, I'm gonna run

Wouldn't you?