

Thin Us

So thin, the life we had
sometimes I could see inside
my stomach and inside my sister's

the attacks started
we were sitting in the corner of the living room
away from the chandelier, my mom didn't want us
to sit under it when we were under attack

my sister and I, her doll and mine
thin and tight next to one another
looking at our parents who were reading
the newspaper by candlelight
pretending to be relaxed
the life we had
so thin

in a second, a loud noise
and some other families' lives
thinner than ours,
ruined.

