

MY TWIN

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got sucked into my hip where the swirl of a birthmark scored me with a moon. The birthmark moves higher until one day it is under my breast, a third aureole. At night I touch the places I imagine are edges.

In the womb my birthmark was crinkled like crepe. Now it is as smooth as my skin. But feel the places where it will buckle when I grow old.

The places that tell histories are etched with her tears; scars shaped like teeth. Follow the length of my leg and imagine it is the length of her breath. Stop when you think she is cut short.

My marrow is her sap. My blood is her aria; my brain is her attic.

Trace where my birthmark has gotten larger and suppose she might be tracing too. Like a liar, I depend on faith to sustain me. Finger the borders where she's made her place and where, were she here, her head would lie.