

Two Poems · *Fleda Brown Jackson*

FOR MICHELLE

We will be old ladies together
on the Outer Banks, our wind chimes going
all day, white curtains blowing
like Daisy's in *The Great Gatsby*,
and they will call us the Brown Sisters,
not separately, and we will ride bikes
four blocks to the library.
You will cook and I will tend the garden.
We will can tomatoes in the fall,
and they will sit in splashy red jars
in the pantry. We will sleep on beds
high enough to need stools. I will sit
on the porch swing and write poems,
brushing our five cats off the page.
Definitely one white, one yellow.
The rest won't matter. We will rock
gently on the swing in the evenings,
and people will wave and stop by.
We will be beloved landmarks.
Neither of us will die during that time.
Days will go along by themselves
and lead nowhere. It will be what
we deserve, what we honed ourselves
to. We will connect what we remember
of our mother, and improve on her.
We will be inside her, arms and legs
of the same happiness. When one of us
thinks tea, the other will get the cups.