

The Writer

Mattie Fitzpatrick

the girl down the hall,
when the day breaks and bleeds into night,
and the light shines underneath the door,
she scribbles and composes a symphony
of words and consonants.

the clicks of her keyboard
answers to where she's been
and where she'll go.
her life's been short and long.

i wonder if her keyboard whispers my name.
is the story of who i am to her
woven into the pages of a screen.
or does she fixate on touched hands
and tears dripping like blood.

a world only she knows begins to flourish:
captured stars and little fires,
bare feet and big jackets,
smiling faces and broken hearts.

music drifts down the hall
i wonder if she weaves it into her writing,
weaving when inspiration comes,
pretty words and embellishments.

my sister, the writer, lives down the hall.
i don't know her,
not the way her keyboard knows her.
light shines beneath her door
and i smile.