

POETIC SISTERS

*Yeva Johnson*

Her last poem  
slips away. My fingertips  
close The Book of  
Complete Works  
and I miss her.  
I yearn for her  
despite not yet  
having put her book  
in its rightful  
place on my shelf.

So when I turn to my other  
sister outsider,  
I can't yet give my self  
up to Audre  
because Pat  
Parker beckons  
me still with  
her innards.

As I had to  
with June Jordan,  
I learn that I  
must live without  
her. All that's  
left are Pat's pages.

After I recover my  
more even keeled, black  
lesbian, mother, pacifist, Jewish

feminist physician self,  
then I can drink Audre in.  
Drink deep but slow  
like sampling a fine wine.  
Lorde caught me up completely  
in the poem for Martha.

I'm hooked,  
sinking and swimming  
reading and rejoicing  
and mourning simultaneously.  
Oh sister outsiders  
would that I had seen you  
Alive!