A Portrait of My Sister as David Bowie

L.E. Wilson
College of DuPage
A PORTRAIT OF MY SISTER
AS DAVID BOWIE

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My sister divides like a cell
I see her in Laura Ashley and roses
long yellow hair tied back with red silk
her white throat to hang jewels upon
her slim fingers to sparkle with sapphires
then she is slender and tight and hard
in black leather jeans and stainless steel
her beauty offending the eye, so armored
my sister births herself from her own forehead
dangerous with spear and fist and improper, precise words
nothing escapes her curious brown eye
you can see the corners of her red lips
lift, and twitch, not quite a smile
but she is laughing inside
and it will become a painting or a song
she might streak her hair with purple
and her eyelids might simmer amber and peacock blue
cartoon lightning laddering a white face
if a puppy dies, she will cry
if I bring her irises and sweet-briar, she will cry
but she laughs when strangers eat cliches
feeding herself on tea-gowns and spiked bracelets
on green mascara and a tartan shawl from Edinburgh
on red lips smiling and roses with bleeding thorns