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## Sisters

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Amy Camp — Collage

## Grounding Myself

### Sisters

Mike Shields

We were told Mother was smart, focused and demanding of a certain sense of order. It seemed logical to those that knew her that she would employ such orderliness in naming her children. We never knew that person, the woman she was before my sister and I were born, before she became the lost, empty soul that defined her.

Anna and I loved playing with the dolls Mother had lovingly sewn so carefully, each personalized with our names, Anna and Constance, stitched on the skirts after the doctor told her he heard multiple heartbeats.

It would be many years before we found that our dolls pointed to a heartbreaking truth, when a third doll, "Beatrice," was found amongst Mother's belongings.

Shields: Sisters

## Family Inheritance



Natalia Toreeva — Ink on Paper Drawing

### Incidents

Mary Beth Lang

My first memory of an *incident* set the tone for our entire relationship. I was five. She was four. She held a small brown bag like it was full of precious doll clothes or candy.

"Mar, c'mere," she coaxed, peeking into the bag to heighten my curiosity.

I had to see what was in that bag, didn't I?

"Come on!" she waved impatiently with her hand, beckoning me closer.

I closed the space between us, eager to see what delights she was hiding in that sack.

As I did, she grasped the neck of the bag in her fist and swung it with all her might directly at my head. As I lay on the ground crying, I would find out the bag was full of wooden blocks. This was as my mother yelled, "How could