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## Elegy for My Sister's Journal

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Joan Kwon Glass

## ELEGY FOR MY SISTER'S JOURNAL

When the policeman handed me  
your journal in the evidence bag,  
I left it there unread, claiming some small  
victory in refusing your final words.  
And when the psychic at a party approached me,  
claiming to have a message for me from you,  
I shook my head and said *no thank you*.  
A year after your death I awoke to your fist,  
urgent, banging against my bedroom door.  
I could have opened it, could have given you  
the chance to unburden yourself.  
Maybe after, you would finally have left me alone.  
The truth is, all of this this could just be my  
strange way of taking a stand: my sister is gone  
and no ghost can take her place.  
Can you see me, here writing this poem,  
brooding in our childhood bedroom,  
stuffed animals smiling stupidly from the dresser?  
I'm staring unblinking at the scorched doors  
the way a child does when sulking.  
Keep your journal and your fist.  
Instead give me the bag in which you took  
your last breath, the film that lifted away  
from your cheeks, cheeks I once  
compared to winter apples.  
Give me the last thing you laid eyes on:  
vase of fake flowers on the nightstand,  
your daughter's photo on your home screen,  
the window sealed shut from the inside.