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The Gone Twin

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Mary B. Moore

THE GONE TWIN

Though their mother played violin
sonatas which might have soothed the twins,
Amanda played second
violin to no one:
she absorbed her twin
as they floated chin to chin,
translucent eye buds, spine
and wing: Gloria turned
into subtext, a gloss on a sin.
Her DNA is under Amanda's skin.
Amanda doesn't believe in
sin Church God but imagines
Gloria sings

Gloooow oh oh oh oh oh
oooh oh oh oh oh
oooh oh oh oh oh ohria
in Excelsius De e o
in church. Amanda sings the alto.
They make a duet, on low,
one high, a contralto
of sorts. But Gloria
likes to jangle fast then slow
like change in Amanda's head as she goes
home from Bellisimo,
her salon, the cloth bag of furbelows

on her arm, earrings
hairclips, bracelets, bling bling.
Everything in the bag sings,
a tangle, belling.
Amanda wants to sing along

a high quick flickering
of notes but Gloria pings
like starlings
and talks like monkey mind:
Amanda this, Amanda
that, tit for tat: how'd you get skin,
bone, tongue, the body's bling?

Somedays, Amanda skips to taunt
the gone twin, or reads about saints
and haints. She's Gloria's haunt.