

Janelle Adsit

I HAVE LOST IN SAYING

there were days I wore my dead sister's clothes
and days I didn't
her white peacoat that never fit
her leather moccasins that creased my heel
I heard once that the word *for*
is dangerous
though even belief
can be appropriation
how do the living go on making
do with what the dead left living
the morning notes of *rise* and *shine*
alarm in their necessity
my sister used to say *I*
how we lose our integrity being said
there were days I said *I*
but I'm not sure what can ever be said
the missing breath between the words
sounds louder than before