

## **POETIC SISTERS**

## Yeva Johnson

Her last poem
slips away. My fingertips
close The Book of
Complete Works
and I miss her.
I yearn for her
despite not yet
having put her book
in its rightful
place on my shelf.

So when I turn to my other sister outsider,
I can't yet give my self up to Audre because Pat
Parker beckons me still with

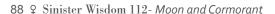
As I had to
with June Jordan,
I learn that I
must live without
her. All that's
left are Pat's pages.

her innards.

After I recover my more even keeled, black lesbian, mother, pacifist, Jewish







feminist physician self, then I can drink Audre in. Drink deep but slow like sampling a fine wine. Lorde caught me up completely in the poem for Martha.

I'm hooked, sinking and swimming reading and rejoicing and mourning simultaneously. Oh sister outsiders would that I had seen you Alive!



