If

Naoimi Clark
Sister's eye works
just like a corkscrew.
She gets off the bus
with a big suitcase
full of brace-and-bit
questions.

Oh, she was sweet
when she wasn't curious.

Earth-auger Sister, the drill-bit
of the rig that dug the world's deepest oil well
gouged the earth with less precision and force
than you entered my fontenelle.

Not the surgeon who ran
a wire into my heart and watched it on a screen,
not the surgeon who pulled out
my womb like the yolk of an egg through a pinhole,
nor he who held my liver in his hand
and seared it with fire,
probed me as you did.

He who will by autopsy find what you missed,
will be more gentle.

If I loved you, Sister,
I'd be afraid to tell it.

Naomi Clark