

Still Thinking

By Ellen M. Myatt

Years ago
when you sent
that pen and ink
it made me think.

Images darker
than Bible black
brought back
bits of our dark youth.

Yet, never did I know
the depth those times
would go
and hide within you.

You carried them
in a duffle bag
to your barracks in 1974
this side of the Berlin Wall.

You were so young
with wayward friends
I was at one end of life
working toward another.

Remember – I was your sister,
not your mother
I was sure it was a
good decision to let you go.

Yet, when you sent
that pen and ink
it made me think
Otherwise.

Beer bottles, Bicycle® cards
dice and money
floated above
the helmets of men without faces.

All that black in negative space
made me wonder
what you were
saying without words.

At the bottom of the pen and ink
I see ice cubes
melting atop embers at the base of a wall
while above legs dangle.

Was the pen and ink
to make me think
the cold war could be
ending?

Did you intend to show
what we would later
come to know
as history?

Years have passed
yet *this* pen and ink
still makes me think
of your talent dark and raw.