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Philosophy

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Philosophy

One evening my sister, home from college
tried re-defining Descartes with a broken mirror:
she bled, therefore she was—
or rather, not quite,
because my mother opened the door, and,
after the required hysterics,
called an ambulance
all the while mourning the damage
to her family honor
and her new carpet.

They took sis to the hospital,
and patched her up.
I visited her the following week,
bringing flowers and news and no sharp objects.
She looked as pale and dried as a juiced orange,
sitting with her latch-hook and her smile,
There were pieces missing when they reassembled her,
or else something was leached away as a cure,
and when you asked how she was, she'd say
fine, fine, thank you very much
(this is a recording and I'm a paper doll)
having earned a respite from philosophy.

Jen Welsh
WC '95