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No Signal

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The police weren’t courteous enough to shut off the TV, leaving the girl on the bed, a stiff, foamy screen, hued blue and with shadows adding weight to the blood ponds below her half-moon eyes.

A relative adjusts her place, illuminating, darkening, and illuminating again the girl’s face. For the younger sister at the corner of the bed, it is a chthonic drive-in movie projected on familiar flesh.

The mother wraps and unwraps her warm fingers through the girl’s hair as if she were Penelope, but nothing can be undone and the girl has become too far lost from home. For the Gods and the Winds abandoned their blessing as the arrow missed Achilles’ heel and lodged in the girl’s arm.

She keeps weaving.

Brushing a wrist against the hardened arm of the girl.
incites the sister to keel back
from the realities of mortality.

_Sister leaving sister. Sister leaving sister._
The still animated daughter slams the door
causing a quake.

Though the war has ended, the trip commences
leaving the lifeless—less of a hero
and more of a handmaid.

_Andrea Walker_