

It has always been easier to imagine her as so much larger than she actually was. Something hiding in the dark with knives or sharper teeth. To say that she is more than the years she molested me feels like abandonment. To say she was a child too feels like abandonment. To say at first, when I didn't know, I liked it feels like a flinch at first I didn't know at first I liked it to say this feels like admission of guilt. To say I was five, I was six, I was seven, I was eight, I was nine feels like excuse. To say she is three years older feels like excuse. To say I don't blame myself feels like a lie. To say snake monster siren ocean-grasp to name her as anything but human feels better. To say *feels better* feels like a rip-tide which is to say easy excuse for drowning which is to say drowning is never easy which is to say when I think of her as sister my lungs fill with water to say her name is to say after the flood came god with an oath to never do that thing again in the same way to say my body was under the flood to say god never gave an apology to say no one ever forgives god to say in the beginning I was so young I don't remember before she led me to her bedroom the deep deep blue of her jeans.