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Dinosaur Sheets: To My Brother

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Author Bio

Elizabeth is a senior who studied abroad in Bath, England. An English major with a writing concentration, she enjoys New York bagels, the Red Sox, and Musselman Library.

Dinosaur Sheets

To my brother

Liz Williams

It's no one's fault I found the sheets today,
crumpled into the back corner of the closet,
into a crevice your ever-typing fingers
have not graced in five, ten, thirteen years.
I won't blame you that I found them there,
the once-bright stamps of dinosaurs
now wilted into mauves and grays
and wrinkled like the furry lines
on baseballs that the garden ate.

You were, to me, clothed in gold—
your verses and equations hung
above my upturned head, strung
like glittered stars plucked from nameless galaxies
and sequestered just for me.

Do you remember how
we doused the stage in those silly clothes
and sang the songs in our mother tongue,
clung to the syllables of an ingrown sound,
and worshiped every chorus loud?

I should have known from storybooks
that one day all the castled walls
will fall and crumble to the sea,
bringing with them every beam;
but standing in their sandy mist,
with doorways guaranteeing green,
will be two kingdoms of word and thought,
one for you, and one for me.