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## Dinosaur Sheets: To My Brother

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## Dinosaur Sheets: To My Brother

### **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.