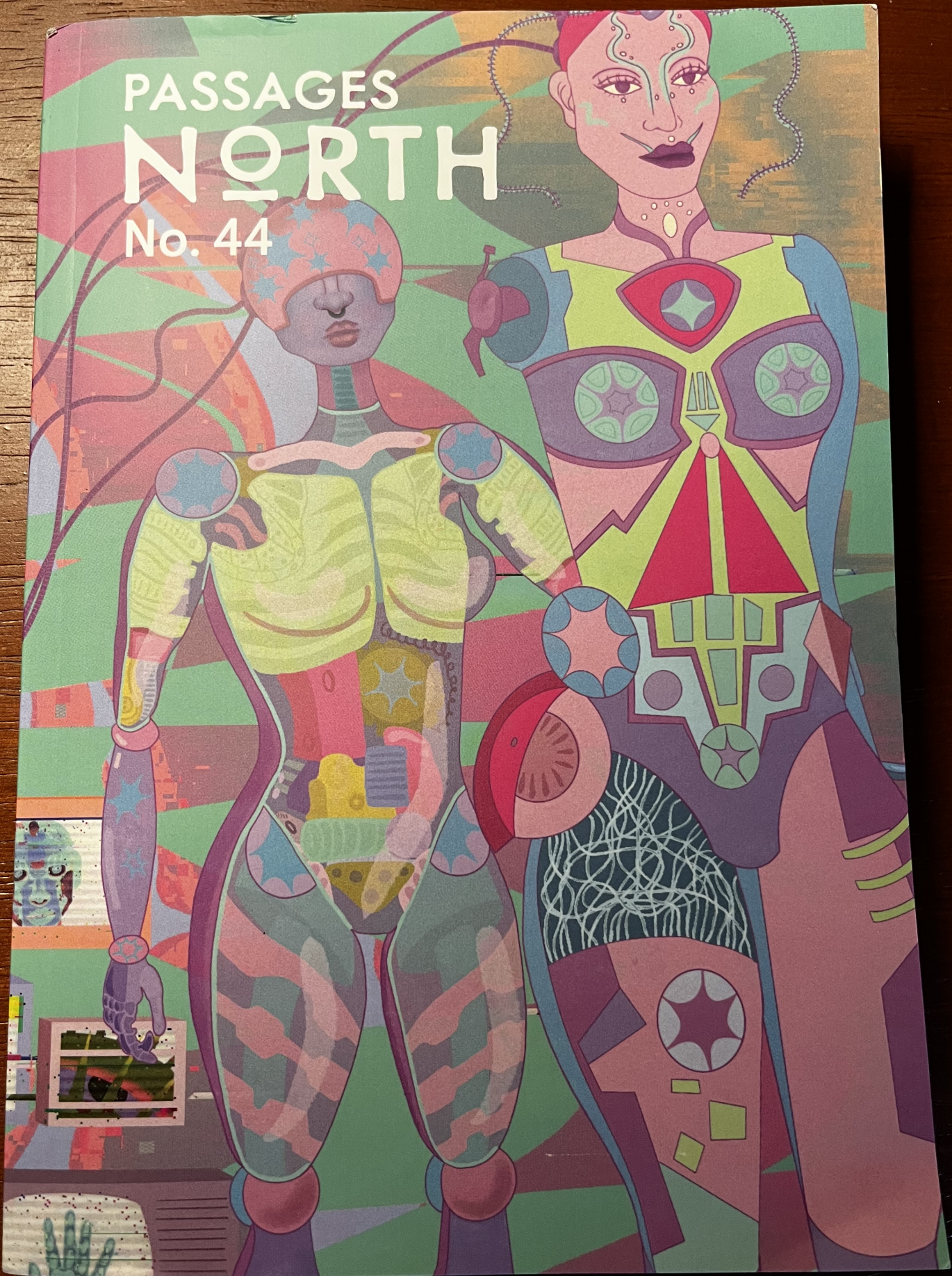


PASSAGES  
**NORTH**  
No. 44



EMILEE KINNEY

Sisters

*for protection and cleansing, but also for love, healing,  
and feminine power, seek rosemary*

While the mares still graze in the farthest corner  
of the pasture, a golden haze of pollen and dust

hovering over their dappled backs, I tell my sister,  
*they're waiting to see the fawns too.* She gnaws

at her flayed thumb, her small frame curled between  
wheel hulls. In the tractor seat above her,

I strip rosemary leaves—too young to know  
I should keep them, ground them up for faerie spells

or food. I watch her from beneath the shade  
of our dad's ballcap, the one he left behind last week.

It's sun-bleached and too big, but I swear  
I can smell the cool crisp of the lake when I wear it.

Dad's leather gloves are folded into our back pockets—  
one for each of us. My manure-caked boots are kicked up

on the tractor wheel and I don't flinch  
when her wet fingers pull at my shirt sleeve

to wipe her upper lip and chin.  
The sun dips like a cupped hand in honey,

shines in the candy red now pooling from her thumb,  
the hangnails sloughed to the samara seeds piled at her feet.

The horses lift their heads to the tree line  
as I wrap the bright eye of the wound

in dad's handkerchief and bring  
it to my chapped lips for a swift kiss.

We watch deer file into the field at dusk  
and wait for the buck.