

the boy slid from his chair and the boy such tourns chair an he blankets that hid her face ne blankers mar mu ner lace. bsiding. She looked just like the ed, but Emma didn't respond m and rubbery. She didn't

no. That can't be right, It d her harder, then _{harder.}

d that either because he was okay."

ut the boy only registered the voice stopped and his e baby and pushing him to

y, checked her arms and ler. "I told you to let her

d out the boy's. It's only a doll. It's just a

es and his parent's tears. gut, he tumbled towards d pictures and stacked e air, and tore out the It was a clear night ill visible above the air pricked at his go, closed his eyes,

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.