

When God Made My Sister

he must have used lightning bugs
for her hair

 caught them in a mason jar
 and shook them up real good
he wanted to make her with light
 but the sun was too harsh
 and the stars were too weak
 only alabama lightning bugs
 yellow like porch lights and lemon juice
 were good enough for my sister

and he must have filled her voice
with sugar

 from a white paper bag
 bought at the piggly wiggly
 measured out into dixie cups
cause when i'm with her
on the interstate in the soft morning
and she's singing along to tom petty
 it feels like when i was tiny
 and was up late on a sugar rush

and i know he covered her skin
in banana boat sunscreen

 never seen her with a tan
 she's always been as pale
 as our mama's porcelain dolls
but it's the sunscreen
that makes her so soft
 and has her smelling like
 beach waves
 every time she wakes up

and when he was putting her all together
it must have been in a brewery
bubbled in god's big pot to perfection
 beneath a timbered ceiling
 with slow wooden fans
my sister is a glass-bottled treat
 holding her friends together
 around golden bonfires
attracting mosquitoes
leaving me fuzzy in the throat