

let me see your roses blooming
near the well, the almond trees
the family's garden, the graves

partitions and walls stand between us —
occupation keeps us estranged
did you see the half moon recently low in the sky
I ran to the highway to find the moon

do you have enough water
can I reach you with this page

will this offering call forth water from the dry spring
call forth absent voices whose lips
will kiss stones under stones

here the rain keeps coming, pushing against
the cracks in the frame of this wooden house
there is nothing we can do about this rain

you are my half sister
we have the same father
we have been
separated too long