

## Sisters

## The Church

Anna sits beside her research  
Silence in the dappled moonlight  
Sleeping cat and dying fire  
Embers of the past conspire  
All her books are closed and scattered  
And she feels that nothing matters to her

Outside this dream her sister frequents  
Like a cobweb catching fragments  
She approaches like a vision  
She says "Anna, do you hear me?"  
But the picture's always shuttered  
All the distant thoughts that flutter to her

I can see them all, I can hear them call  
And as she falls I lean to say good-bye  
Breathing all the wasted hours  
Talking to the dying flowers  
Dwarfed by spires and tangled towers  
We don't ask the reason why

Anna comes and goes in shadows  
Paintings of the open windows

Her photograph is always faded  
Her sister's eyes are blank and shaded  
Don't you understand her science  
Merging in a strange alliance to her

We're together in the future  
You and I and her together  
All our fated are intermingled  
We are plural, we are single  
We are leaving for a meeting  
And last seen the weather sleeting for her