

JENNIFER GRAVLEY

Knotted as Twins

Knotted as twins, we were separable only
through color: sundresses, toothbrushes, rooms.
We wanted to be each other,

shuffled our things down the hallway
to switch rooms, trailing crochet, red hair
knotted. As twins, we were separable only

by force, by the tug of two grades apart,
by the competing ghosts of what we knew:
we wanted to be each other

so bad we weren't ourselves, didn't have time,
backbones curved, hearts conjoined, calendars
knotted as twins'. We were separable only

if dizzied, knocked out. Even under
the wet washcloth of the cold black of dreams,
we wanted to be each other

until we died from exhaustion,
one pale sister collapsed in another,
knotted as twins. We were separable—only
we wanted to be each other.



ABOUT JENNIFER GRAVLEY

Jennifer Gravley recently received an MA in information science and learning technology with an emphasis in library science from the University of Missouri. Her work has been published by *Sweet, La Petite Zine, The Laurel Review, North American Review* online, and *Puerto del Sol*. She lives in Columbia, Missouri.

