

## Jean Varda

### Photograph Of Two Sisters

We were like glass and he broke us  
we were open as water fine as milkweed  
and he damaged us  
I can see it in your eyes whose bit of heaven  
utterly so gentle was fractured  
and the long wounds of a lifetime began

those early dawn hours he slipped into our beds  
all the Disney Lands and Rogers and Hammersteins  
were slammed against the walls  
and a lifetime of recovery was hatched  
in the ensuing silence

there is a way the mind can heal itself  
of something too awful to remember  
it's like a membrane that grows over the cracks  
of fear so wide and deep they consume you  
till you no longer exist

and the only thing that identifies you  
as a separate being with heart and mind and soul  
the only thing that takes away the immense  
terror of those nights of memory gone blank  
is your mother's embrace  
it was that embrace that established your existence  
and stopped the rushing spinning panic

He left his prints on two sisters  
a piece of their childhood was removed  
they wore a shroud of thin material  
laced with invisible splinters of glass that always hurt  
and the calm gentleness of women  
gave back their existence

**Jean Varda** gave her first poetry reading at Stone Soup Gallery in Boston Mass presented by Poet Jack Powers. This was followed by performances on street corners, prisons and churches with her mentor Story teller Brother Blue. Then to San Francisco to join Kush with Cloud House and the largest collection of San Francisco Beat poets on film. She has published six chapbooks of poetry, establishing Sacred Feather Press. She started four open mics, taught poetry writing workshops, hosted a radio show was nominated for a pushcart prize. All while raising two daughters and working as a Hospice nurse. She now resides Chico, CA where she works as a nurse and a collage artist