

Peace Pickle

There's a cold war in this sisterhood
We sit behind the wooden doors of our nations
Plotting silent sabotage
Holding hairbrushes hostage
Poking every nerve
Poking every nerve
Poking every nerve until
BAM!
The big strike!
I'm right,
She's right (hardly)
We're peacocks on the water
Proud and sinking

And she's glaring dull daggers at me
Butterknives, really
With her big baby eyes
and better brows
Glaring down
Because she's my baby sister
But she's bigger than me

No scream to the face
No yank to the braid
No flick to the forehead
Will bring this to an end

But a week later we're at a burger place
I pick the pickle out the bun
I toss it across the wobbly table
Soggy- it plops on her piece of parchment
An offering of peace