In the most beautiful part of the story
she finally finds
her sister’s missing head.

It’s on the far wall.
She climbs in through the window
and crosses the sooty floor.

She reaches up
and takes that face in her hands
the way you might lift a full bowl
of flowers down from a shelf, the moon
down from the cold part of the sky—

she wraps it in her cloak
and hurries away.

When she swims back to the boat
in the cold sea-dark
she holds the head up
so it won’t get wet. She swims

side-stroke, what old folks swim
in dreamy laps in lakes in front of summer
cottages, another way to occupy
two worlds. I tested it once:
one arm raised all the way across the otherwise
deserted swimming pool

the imaginary head of my imaginary twin
held up, ready to be restored
when I got to the other side.