Mqndr

Loren Mixon
I want to work with bones and stuff
3:54 text— my advice requested

Is a 3.426 a good GPA?
5:43 text— she strives to prove mom wrong

Sending you Miranda-love! [picture of a clown]
9:21 text— to scare me and induce laughter

We found Mqndr scribbled on macaroni framed artifacts—
piled upon each other in matching flannel
whispering to me at Christmas that as a child she
pitied the letter, abandoned and underused,
bastardizing her name to create a home
for the lonely Q

Bone sisters, more than blood,
connected by vexatious vertebra stacked to
support and strengthen.
As pinched disks creak and groan,
she swats it away with warmth of a curved cushion
curled around her neck—
a humiliating tear smeared on her cheek,
she forces the betraying body to smile,
denying its power in false ocular floods.

She is my sister-in-spine,
with shushed determination,
and the loudest love I get.