

## For Isabelle 'Ibble' Slevin

the structure of our faces, a perpendicular line meeting.

our noses, our blue eyes.

your Hello Kitty skirt, the one you wore layered over your leggings.

you practising hand-stands on the back of the utility room door. the songs i wrote about you. i slept on the floor of my room during the storm and you slept in my bed because you were afraid of the thrash of thunder.

your favourite blue floral pyjama bottoms, the ones you wore so thin they needed patching up at the thighs, the knees, all those rips that emerged along the seams.

how you come to my room late on a school night for help picking out a blackhead. you sit on the side of my iron frame bed, and i sit on my knees behind you.

you hold Teddy Edwards close, and i press down on the skin with my nails, pulling the pus and dead skin out of the spot on your shoulder.

we sit in the warm light of my old bedroom with the curtains drawn. i feel the wool of the red blanket i've stolen from the living room press under my knees. the heat blasts us from the radiator. i am always cold and hungry. i am sorry for showing you how to weigh

ingredients.

i am proud of you. i want to sit in the passenger seat of your car and get food to go from McDonald's and eat in the cold parking lot with the radio playing.

i want to remind you of the video interview our dad made us do when we wanted to get premium Movie Star Planet.

i want to tell you about how i need you.

i want to tell you that i wished you needed me nearly half as much.

i want to show you around my new room and talk to you without feeling like i have my feet planted straight to the concrete.

i want to sit down on the bed and help you pick out a blackhead.

i want you to annoy me by sitting on the end of the bed

longer than

i want you

to stay.