

Twin Plea

Pain;
Deep and seething.
Never ending torment
Over what I cannot control.
Chaos

Messy
State of brainlessness.
We two, at once aborted, through
Some belated umbilical tug of war.
Out of control

Insanity;
Inkblot replays.
Torn apart on different paths;
My fractured heart splits open.
Desperation

Isolation;
Afraid and alone.
Praying for the connectedness
That I've only ever experienced with you.
Fear

Panic
Steadily rising within.
I best understand myself relative to
Who we are in balanced union.
Lifelessness

I am
and yet am not.

Wondering when disentanglement ends
so that hope and healing can begin.
Question?

Answer:
Choose to reconnect.
Estrangement improves nothing except
Dissidence, confusion, and grief.
Come back.

Without You

Half of me is gone; incomplete; I once was two.
Unplugged and disconnected; that's what I am without you.

Seeking out a substitute, fresh desertions scald and spew.
No one can fill the void you left. My life was repurposed without you.

Amniotic after-images saturate my view.
I once beheld my womb-mate clearly, but my now persists without you.

No reason justifies why we're apart; please help me talk it through.
Enduring this pieced-together separateness, my identity's ambiguous without you.

Irrevocably joined to one another, in utero, our bond was fused.
As we evolved, learning together, that nearness grew up too.

When I got hit, you felt the pain, and stood fast to even the score.
When you started a sentence, I finished your thoughts – intimately fused at our core.

In love, our link was foreordained; God blessed us to the power of two.
Twin-Talk nurtured our tender union, and the world made sense because of you.

I didn't know that agony throbbed, or that torment and anguish could brew.
Our soul-tie lost. No! Ripped asunder; pain mutilates my heart without you.

Still, I had to continue my journey, Displaced and unfastened within.
Walking alone; a dismembered reflection. But God can bring wholeness again.

Isolated among the masses, a cloistered misery ensues.
Why does detachment cling like a shroud as I summon my first steps without you?

Continued separation shaped the understanding that changed my twin-team hue.
Lightbulbs pinged on when I was forced to discover that life's not all about you.

Are we stronger when we're far apart? By whose wisdom did we unglue?
We were created to connect with each other. So why this protracted Adieu?

Interwoven, we share great potential. God's anointing blesses every sinew.
I pray one day you'll see how clearly; we're better as an alliance of two.

My prayers for us ferment the ache of yearning to revive and renew.
May God bring a twin resurrection! Because nothing's the same without you.

Kelly Beasley is at the beginning of her writing career. She currently holds an MSc in American History, a TEFL certification, teaches English as a second language in her community, and also writes book reviews.



The Pangolin Review; Issue 7, 8 November 2018