

MISSING

ELIZABETH DUNPHEY



It was sometime in the 50's that my sister disappeared
All we had was the grainy video footage
A girl with auburn hair (how she detested that red hair!) and long white
legs
Spinning cartwheels on the beach, in Nantucket.
The picture of her birthday party I kept in a box
She sits at the table with that thunderous shiny hair over her yellow dress,
surrounded by handsome 14 year old boys.
She hated dresses and liked Motown and Wilhelm Wagner.
Our Lola
A misfit, a tomboy.
A big hearted girl, with a smile like America.
Don't ever pluck your eyebrows mom said.
Don't stay too long in the sun.

Get fresh air every day, even xmas, it puts roses in your cheeks.
Wherever she went, I know Lola lived
I could feel her life, in my own heartbeat, sometimes in summer.
The milk box with her high school photo turned men's heads
A redheaded bombshell
With the virtuous but saucy look.
That was her problem
Too pretty to be ignored
With a hot, heated, sultriness in her blue eyes.

Come back, I said at night
Rocked to sleep
You are missing, Lola
But I know you are somewhere.
I will let you be
I will stop searching
For you in crowds
You ran from the lech men
Who desired too much
And you ran from us
Who never knew you.
But where you run, your life is it's own to live.