**Aftersister**

Alena Coleman

The tour guide professed

the Yucatan crater:

 the world started and ended here.

Dinosaurs burned so mammals walked on two legs

and here it all began, really.

Here electricity leashed,

here heavens bowed into light shows,

here calculus and calendars and computers.

Then something like: ditch out of ditch,

fire into fire, stone upon stone until

this. The Spaniards pronounced it

Chichén Itzá

and conquered through the tongue.

My sister sits in the back of the bus

away. Stone upon stone between.

I erupted my sistership,

last night under windhowl and girlscream

and spewed glass shards catching

in the softflesh. I feel silence

harden under my eyes. The self

unroots.

Bus stops. Parkinglot expands.

Hush.

The world begins:

 this

 springbreath caught out of lungs

 light in relief caresses

 dark swells of golden stairs unfurl

 people blot into antcrumbs

 prostrate before truth electric

 snake blinks shadow

 I cannot hear for seeing.

My heart curls to avoid

sistereyes and clamors to be bitten

clamors to go boca arriba

anything to unlatch this anger

growing with each breath wider.

 Yet this

 maravilla del mundo

 beats in my chest. all senses go golden

 around the form of it. It throws

 the world backwards into time

 burns long enough to cling

 to the godpower of its shape.

 Still the echoes of the lungs

 that breathed holiness

 into the air; the bones that dragged

 stone upon stone; the strain. the belief.

 sweat burns on my tongue

 hollow stoneeyes stare back.

Each joy harbors an aftershock

yearpain mounts upon yearpain:

the world ends.

I am small within myself.