

Twins

I am half of a whole.
A copy of myself —
not the original but somehow
unique.
My other half decided that
this world didn't need him
as much as the heavens did
and gave me room to grow.
He never graced
my family with his
presence.
But I had his.
He just stopped answering
halfway through our journey
to a world of noise
and light.
A shadow but void of
darkness clings to my soul
and tells me which direction
I should have taken.
A presence that hovers
over my mind until I can't
tell the difference between
my conscious and
its own independent voice.
I am haunted by the emptiness
that would have once been filled
by my best friend and blood.

—Mickey Pfarr