



Tyger Tyger Magazine

No Returns

by Tabitha Brewer

When Mum first brought her home from the hospital, I asked
if they did returns
You know, like when you get a refund within 30 days
No questions asked

But Mum laughed and said it was just a shock
A bit of a surprise
I'd grow to love her

That first night she wailed like a banshee

I stuffed a pillow under the gap in my door and prayed for it
to stop
But somehow, her screams infested even my deepest dreams
All mournful and tinged with distaste for the world

But when she cried on the second day
I picked her up and pressed her mottled, tear-stained cheek
to mine
And I rocked her, ever so gently

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After six weeks she looked at me and my heart all but lurched
into my mouth

Those eyes

Slate grey and filled with rain

She smelled like milk and cotton
And all things good in the world

But her grip

My little sister's grip

Holding on for dear life

Now I cradle her, and I swear
I will hold onto *her* for dear life

My sister

Guess that's why the hospital has a no returns policy



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