Aphasia

It’s what you listen for—

the repetition of a word
both noun and verb,

stroke, for example. Or love.
In therapy, my sister

recites her children’s names
like a profession of faith.

Afterwards, they disappear
and it’s just me again,

benign, vaguely familiar.
I push her chair around

the square glass corridor.
Courtyard snow

melting in the afternoon sun
goes gray around the edges.

Rubber wheels on linoleum
make no sound at all.