

# Lulu: On the Death of a Sister

*Frederick G. Williams*

Gone  
from the pampas.  
The only brunette;  
her first airplane flight at six months.

Gone  
from the desert city.  
“Where’s Daddy?” . . . there’s a war.

Gone  
from the Orinoco.  
Beaches; warm waters that caress.  
Deceptive beauty.  
Dysentery.  
“Is she still here?”  
So pale.

Gone  
from the Banda Oriental;  
Cololó, Watercress,  
Liz, with dark hands, washcloth.  
Lulu . . . *choquilate* on her face.

Gone?  
from 10126 Dorothy Avenue  
to Calle Brito del Pino 1527.  
“Elder — tell me a story,  
give me some candy.”  
A blue school middy . . . “Hurry, you’re late.  
Your brother and sisters are out the door.”  
Don’t speak Spanish this morning.  
Don’t speak English this afternoon.

Hurry to Arizona,  
now to California.  
How many homes is that? How many trips?  
How many planes? How many ships?  
Many, many.  
“Where’s home?”  
Is the Rimac home?

I can run fast,  
I can jump,  
I can swim,  
I can laugh.  
I can dance,  
I can sing.  
Look . . . I'm a queen.

In Arizona — boys,  
in California — boys.  
At Brigham Young, boys, boys.  
I sing in the Tabernacle;  
I sing, sing, sing, and dance.

Southern California Mormon Choir.  
“Hello, I'm a service rep.” Hurry,  
there's a man.  
“What do you know about me?  
Would  
    you  
        like  
            to  
                know  
                    more?”  
“I would . . . I do, I do.”

One, two, three, four children; hurry. Another home.  
Search, search and research. “Who are you?”  
Sing, sing — cockatiel, cockatoo.  
Put things in order.  
Another trip; hurry, hurry. Twenty-seven years old.

— Gone  
To Mexico?  
— To heaven.  
— To sing?  
What does it mean?  
— Gone home.

O childhood playmate, teenage companion,  
your life unfolded,  
a melody, a flower  
transplanted.  
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice greatly!