

# Sisters Are Doing It & More

by [Myles Weber](#) (August 2025)



Heat (Florine Stettheimer, 1919)

## **Sisters Are Doing It for Themselves**

Superb vocalists both—our Annie and Aretha—  
made the boast in a hit song produced and co-written  
by David Stewart, the bearded sister  
who laid down backing tracks on keyboards and guitar.

Mike and Nathan covered lead and bass,  
Stan tapped the drums,  
with the organ tuned by Mr. Benmont Tench.

That's seven sisters in bold collaboration.

In the same era, when critics on occasion slipped the truth  
past editor and publisher,  
Pauline Kael panned a weepy women's flick.

Sisters are doing it *to* themselves was her complaint.

The 1980s. Back then they let you keep your job.

## **Walk It Back**

The Polish poet so regretted  
her Stalin phase  
her Stalin praise  
she pulped her early collections.

She'd never gone on the attack  
making fists  
making lists

to end careers  
much less terminate the lives of others.

To be honest, the poet hadn't much to walk back.  
No more than  
    tacit walking  
    tacit talking  
did she include in later books.  
She let her silence whisper for her.

In our land honored artists  
    culpability retraced  
    culpability embraced  
walk it forward because we laud them.  
Everyone is shameless here.

## **Icelandic Bishop**

Two female therapists welcome to the podcast  
a gay man from Iceland who hopes to end the mutilation.  
He explains, through the accent, a compatriot bishop  
has a transgender son and the bishop's sister has one too.

*We're not allowed to talk about social contagion.*

Their guest has more to say on the matter  
but the interviewers, while sympathetic, interrupt.  
This much is certain: Up north faith is shifting.  
Transgender Jesus decorates buses,  
imparted silicone breasts by the church.  
The bishop and the sister are both proud parents,  
but—hear me out—exceedingly so? I'm curious,  
should the cousins recant in tandem (or just one),  
what sort of treatment do apostates receive?  
The therapists suppress the most pertinent question

about these Nordic children: Were they spared the knife?

## **The Jogger**

We're not allowed to spell it out.  
The facts could forge a warped conviction.  
Indictments are subliminal.

The jogger made her final run.  
A foreign man produced a knife.  
Take care: Protect the criminal

who lacks the proper documents.  
Arraignments cause embarrassment.  
We're trapped within the liminal

pursuing justice for the girl,  
denouncing not the man embroiled.  
The effort made is minimal.

## **A Dissident Voice**

Fully four coworkers of twenty-two on staff  
react boisterously to their own attempts at wit.  
In our northern state, Scandinavians and Finns,  
native to the region, hold their mouths.  
It's reverse carpetbaggers like the two from Tennessee  
who act in defiance of local convention.

I've got their number. They function as a mob.  
Eighteen silent collaborators  
pretend self-applauding habits aren't gauche.  
These rubes plainly smile when the loudest member

founders attempting to land a joke,  
her subsequent cacophony meant to cover her faux pas.

To thrive as a dissident voice, I don't chortle.  
(It's hardly my habit to respond to my own quips.)  
I stepped in a maw when I wrote a biting essay  
before receiving pre-clearance from the group.  
Were I to snigger, they would mock my jolly tone.  
I don't need their protection—I prefer to glower.

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