

Sister

Some boys aren't lucky
enough to have one. Mine
taught me girls aren't good
or bad, they smell like us
sometimes, and as we grew
we gave each other updates
from the other side of the line
she was tracing with hop
scotch chalk and lip gloss.
So much more feminine
than Mom, who wore pants,
didn't shave and would
sometimes turn and ask,
"Where did she come from?"
Dad let her climb on him,
even while paying bills.
She could almost make
him smile.

 In our teens
I thought we were enemies,
but then I felt her hand in mine.
I was walking Crab Meadow Beach,
she came up from behind
and we stepped forward
together in silence. That's how
it will be when the woman
I marry steps into my life.
But I'm almost forty now,
and I never had a sister.