

## Morning with my Sister

I lick golden kiwi juice from my fingers  
as you laugh at the faces I make—  
You told me to stay  
and for once  
I did.

Lego pieces litter the table  
but you can't find the one you need.  
"People Watching" plays from my phone  
and we sing along to traffic  
and crowds  
and loneliness.

In thirty minutes, I leave for Bio class  
and you'll still be here,  
doing childhood.  
When have we sat together in harmony?  
Tomorrow, will we rear our ugly monsters  
and display them once again?

For now, though,  
I'll help you find  
that gray two by three.

