First

Baby sister, my first

Clear memory is of sitting on a sofa

With Michael our big brother next to me

You perhaps six months old across our laps

And since we both want to be who has and cradles you

We pull and drop you and you smack the floor

Memory isn’t to be trusted

I know that memory isn’t to be trusted

Is sometimes no more than the plausible heart’s desire

To tell our stories over till we matter

But I think this one is true

For the sharpness of my shame and fear as you go bump

Still hurts in me like something true and secret

And I think that you should know

That in the loving and the hurting of you

We may have been your first

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