“Sister” by Leona Gom

 “Sister”

 She is holding my hand

 but I can’t remember it,

 whether it was something automatic

 like smiling for the camera

 5 or whether our mother had to say

 *take her hand, come on*.

 Mostly we remember

 who hit who first,

 who was pushed off the sled,

 10 who tattled to father,

 all that stale history still

 squashed between us 30 years later.

 It becomes easier every year

 to think it is too late,

 15 we are too different now,

 the letter at Christmas as much

 as there will ever be.

 But still I return to the old albums,

 touch the glassy photographs

 20 with their secrets sealed in.

 My fingertips find the two small faces

 I want to forgive, find

 the sister holding my hand.

**PRACTICE QUESTIONS:**



1. Love
2. Aggression
3. Indifference
4. Respect
5. Delight



SKIP # 5 and 6





