**Self-Portrait as Sibling Rivalry**

Beside the lake today

the water held

the clouds as if the breeze

 had roiled the surface

molecules or pressed the upper

 rim of clouds

into a bolt

 of cloth, the herringbone

our father used to wear

 back when

I tumbled through

 the suck

of lake. She was there too

 and dove with me

into the depths, the water tan

beneath, then

green, then blue,

 a scarcity

that bloomed. Lack always

 counted more

than competence, so we

 tookturns

at tantrums, each alone

 on the high wall

I used to use

 as metaphor, the wind

so loud I couldn’t hear

 her *I give up,* as

just before a blow one slants

 one’s face

away too soon

or late, nor can I

reconcile these ripped,

 worn sheets

I’ve here hung out

 to dry, such

a sad display arrayed

 arranged and raveling.