**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.