

Kinship of Flesh

I swung my legs up to the table
as I always like to do
and saw another pair
swing up, identical
gesture, length and curve.

I saw your taper-finger,
knot-vein, walnut knuckle
hand just like Mom's
and mine, somehow
knitting together years
miles, dollars, cultures
of division.

Visits, letters, calls, e-mails
dwindled
until it seemed we had less
in common than people I met
on line at the post office.

Then you sat down next me,
sister, and I saw
what I'd forgotten.