

Brother, Sister

I don't know who you are,
brother, sister,
because they don't talk about it,
because you're a secret.
Your name is locked in a safety deposit box
in a bank in a town I don't know where.
Probably Philadelphia.
This much I've overheard.

Things could have been different.
Perhaps with you I'm their golden child.
Perhaps with you I'm named for someone else.
Perhaps with you I'm just another son.
But I am none of these things.
And you are none.
Because you,
brother, sister,
were born silent, still.
While I emerged wailing, without you.
Assured of all those things we'd never be.