

2004

# Sister

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## Recommended Citation

Goetsch, Douglas. "Sister." *The Iowa Review* 34.2 (2004): 25-25. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.S797>

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## *Sister*

Some boys aren't lucky  
enough to have one. Mine  
taught me girls aren't good  
or bad, they smell like us  
sometimes, and as we grew  
we gave each other updates  
from the other side of the line  
she was tracing with hop  
scotch chalk and lip gloss.  
So much more feminine  
than Mom, who wore pants,  
didn't shave and would  
sometimes turn and ask,  
"Where did she come from?"  
Dad let her climb on him,  
even while paying bills.  
She could almost make  
him smile.

    In our teens  
I thought we were enemies,  
but then I felt her hand in mine.  
I was walking Crab Meadow Beach,  
she came up from behind  
and we stepped forward  
together in silence. That's how  
it will be when the woman  
I marry steps into my life.  
But I'm almost forty now,  
and I never had a sister.