

Nine Siblings and Me

This poem has 12 characters – Him, Her, Me, Others.
That's a lot, I know.

Others are extras. They're important to the poem's tension.
The setting is a chaotic room above another room, where chaos is born.

Don't worry about the room downstairs, that is where Him and Her play
their games – manipulating each other like marbles on a tin grid,

executing elaborate schemes to block Him in, prevent Her escape.
From our room, Me and Others play our escape games too.

Worry about the windows from which we jump and how we dodge
sinkholes of sludge to collect skunk cabbage and cattails

that we smoke under streetlights shot out with sling shots
after hours of freeze tag and red rover and hide (but don't seek.)

Wait for sleep to find Him and Her.
Wait for Others to find their beds.

Wait, watch Me fly solo
into the night.

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