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## The Argument

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## THE ARGUMENT

At this hour  
they are alike, brother and sister  
with the same long legs  
and spidery fingers lifting weeds  
from the fishpond. Scooping tadpoles  
into mayonnaise jars they fall

to argument:  
whether the cloud is a truck  
or a boy who forgot  
to close the rabbit hutch —  
*It's your turn*, he'll say  
with a sweep of his hand.  
But she'll wait  
inside the house

where the sun lays its stripe  
across the bamboo-printed curtains,  
the chair missing a cushion  
and her face in her hands  
definite now, individual.