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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.