

Wilderness House Literary Review 13/3

Llyn Clague
Big Sister

1

A big sister lives inside me.
Brilliant, beautiful, charismatic,
she is all that I am not.

She plays the dramatic hero –
like our mother, a horseshoe magnet
for silver shavings of yearning.

My sister stars with the boys,
is a player among the girls,
pleases the adults who matter.

The sister who lives inside me
is older, ahead, above.
A beacon, a hawk's shadow.

2

The favored child, Daddy's
delight, Mom's miniature,
I knew, from very early,

my sister focused sunlight,
made, for Dad's sweetness, space,
for Mom's ambitions, an emblem.

Prizes, popularity, praise,
inside the family or out
she leapt from peak to peak.

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Or so it seemed to me,
younger, behind, below,
down in the shadowed valley.

3

Today the sister not
living inside me is not

everything I am not.

Brilliant, magnetic, charismatic,
she attracts, as ever, adoration.
Always older, but life-size.

A luminescent after-image,
beacon or shadow, still
today glows inside me,

inciting me to make
what didn't exist back then,
and doesn't, yet, today.