**Sibling Rivalry**

Janet E. Irvin

My sister Cathy was the pretty one.

Everyone said so when I was in the room…

her fair skin unblemished, her hips ripe

for breeding, her mind unclouded by paradox,

her laughter unbound. I, maid of brains,

destined from birth for deeper things,

sigh now to see how prescient the darts,

how well their barbs hit the target,

while she, whom I loved, who loved me

with no hesitation, is dead, and I remain

to carry on, tending the ghost of a lost son

and bearing the scars of a face whose halves

no longer match. Symmetry is the gold

standard for humankind. I left the track long

ago, predicted by strangers to lose

a race I had no idea I was running.