

## Twin

Accustom yourself to this.

You exist to me

as a non-memory, the day we were born, almond-eyed  
and early and once. So separate since. How did you become.  
A car ride bass thump. A word slurred to a phrase. What image or laugh  
or call at night. I learn to read you. Intrude my second thought.  
What image or laugh. There is always opportunity to swim in your  
old shirt and you know me better than you think and the mirror  
has my eyes. Accustom yourself to this. Accustom yourself

to me.

To anything but memory.