I'm Her Brother

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black ducktail
slièked and
reslièked
with a blue pic
black satin ribbon for a headband

“It’s getting hot”
he says as he takes off the
top three muddled sports coats and hangs
them on the silver chain-link fence

“Are you glad to see me?” he asks
leaning into her face
brown teeth grinning wide

she doesn’t say
anything just nods and shrinks
bending into the fence

“This is my sister”
he says to me

I lean and sidestep
two feet north
he adjusts his
boggy muddy
pinstripe dress slacks
at least three sizes too big
held up by an even bigger black belt

“How’s Rickey?” he asks her
she folds tighter into herself and
pushes back into the silver fence

I bob and weave
sidestep again and catch the glint
of sunshine on a silver dime cocked in his left ear

and wonder if that makes life sound richer to him