

Little Sister

It was a lesson learned from childhood
Not how to be a woman or a wife
But how to be a little sister

While other girls were playing with dolls and pretending to be Momma,
I was somewhere under my brother's thumb
Trying to get out.

And when I did get out, I looked for another brother
To struggle against, my husband
Finally getting out

I stayed out for ten long years, nursing scars

Now I am looking at this new man, 30 years my junior
An only child, a leader, high in dominance
Like my brother and my husband

I'm fully grown and completely alone
He's coming into manhood, full of strategies and cleverness
Looking for new challenges

It's begun, the domination process, even across the generations
The natural dance between a woman and a man
But I know what to do if he won't stop

It's up to him to show if he is a man or just an older brother
While I decide who to be,
Little sister or me.

Kiev, Ukraine June 22, 1994