Self-Portrait as My Sister's Keeper

When they named you, they named me Without knowing. I can sign for you – Every day, when I think no one is speaking. Perfume, grillwork, the strange mythologies Of our suburb – you are in all of these, as if, When living happened to me, you were kept Not secret, but hidden in my delight. You are my looking-glass, I am your map: Between us there is a footstool And many countries.