I lay on my cousin’s bed covered by a white cotton bedspread, its skirt filling with the salty wind and the morning light allowed to pass through wearing lace veils. The clock’s face is shaped like a boat, and it skims glass waves.

My cousin used to pull my hair, taking it deftly in her fist and yanking, the blond lengths a light shut out.

One night, she showed me a photograph of her older sister who died before we were born.

That summer, I hid deeply among the reeds where no one could find me, their voices pulled into the lengthening shadows.

All I could hear were the reeds, whispering strands of hair.

Here I am, your sister ghost, geese sifting up toward the sky, their full-throated calls unveiled and carried by glass waves, my hand reaching for your hair.