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## Sink in the Morning

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## **Sink in the Morning**

"That's where your brother takes his baths,"  
My mother says to me.  
Her breath on the top of my head is gooeey  
And smells like chamomile.

She is holding me up by my armpits,  
Over the counter of our kitchen  
And above the metal sink  
Which, in its magic, is shining.

All of its scratches form arches in the light.  
All of these arches were moving out

Away from me—  
Like the ripples move in my brother's water  
Away from him.

"You used to take baths here too"  
She says to me.

Can I still fit my whole body inside the sink?  
She sets me down next to it  
With my feet at the bottom.

She watches me as a farmer would a prized pumpkin or squash,  
I feel old for the first time.  
The soap and bubbles rise in between my toes.