

# Niece

Niece, rangy girl, full of summer without twilight, stars without deep night. Half woman, half boy, you are a deep well of salt water. You smell of a thing growing toward light. All the loads you'll ever carry are already stored in the bends of your elbows. Your feet outpace both your body and me in a race toward full height. You pull your new self away from us, small and shrunken into who we are, but in the end, I can't let you—I pull you from the ground and spin you as if you're still a child, as if there's anything either one of us can do about it.

