

My cousins' clothes

always consist of blue,
blue mornings,
blue feelings,
blue jeans

She always kept her uniform
folded, never hanged,
wore trousers, not skirts.
My brother called her an icon,

screamed I should be more like her
and not draw attention
to this body of bones
God left at my Moses basket.

My mother said I was more girl,
laughed how my cousin would
grow to be a firefighter
and I would be loved by one instead

but they were both wrong.

She wore blue better
than a sunset wore orange,
never walked in anyone's shadow
but led every march.

She was more confident,
lively, vibrant
brave, warm
than I ever was.