

# Of Necessity

Darrell Petska

How couldn't you love Sis:  
her smiles and laughter, her frowns.

Free-ranging farm kids smelling  
like hay, we wore bib overalls

except on Sundays  
when Sis wore a dress.

We were “those whippersnappers,”  
and sometimes “the Bobbsey Twins.”

Sis learned to play piano and sew.  
She never learned to swim—

I know she'd have married,  
had kids, lived close by.

There'd be no need for this poem.  
We'd simply call or text.

She'd ask could you come Sunday.  
I'd reply what time.