

ERIK MOYER

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## S.I.S.

The sun hangs low  
over Christmas noon.  
We embark on the two-  
and-a-half-minute journey  
to Grandma's. My mother  
unlocks the Equinox.  
My sister loads her wolf  
into the back. I take  
the front. My sister  
declares that she

had wanted the front.  
I groan and ask  
what is there to gain.  
She informs me  
from the back seat  
and for the third  
time this morning  
that my breath stinks.  
This being after  
I had brushed,  
flossed, and rinsed.  
The worst part being  
that she's right.