genetics

BY JACQUELINE WOODSON

My mother has a gap between
her two front teeth. So does Daddy Gunnar.
Each child in this family has the same space
connecting us.

Our baby brother, Roman, was born pale as dust.
His soft brown curls and eyelashes stop
people on the street.
Whose angel child is this? they want to know.
When I say, *My brother,* the people
wear doubt
thick as a cape
until we smile
and the cape falls.