

GREY HELD

AT LA PETITE FRANCE

Pass the salt, I say.

My brother is salt, and I—pepper,
second born, second best.

S'il vous plaît, my brother says,
so he'll be praised.

Pass the salt, I say.

I help my father crack his *crabe*.

The baby in her high chair unclips her bib.

Will someone pass the salt?

My mother is complaining:

I'm cold.

To endure I start eating.

My sweater's in the car, my mother says

to my father, but he passes
the keys to me, Mister Dependable.