They say all we have
is each other. My uncle, the
   rosary-knuckled man
and if I take a bun from the steamer basket
and hold it in my mouth, I’ll swallow all the smoke
before I show a single burn. Your
oldest brother

who tears a rupture in his face
the way we peel back hangnails. Like
   we can’t help it.
He says, there’s more than one kind
of people. Low-hung veil
receding, how much fits in a single
siu mai wrapper. Table-span with a wood grain
patterned like generational divide, wood grain
mouthing delightedly between us,
I am the other kind of
people.

When ceramic splits, more
than the breaking: the
shift of glass. One side takes
trembling, running leaps away. I
want you to say something because
   I’m your daughter. All
I have is you. Egg held membrane with
insides reaching, hold
a little more.

That mouths make wounds
the thin slit of yours, smoke-swallowing
wounds me. This
is not a split an equal war. My words
chrysanthemum-soft, sagging
into my lungs. On my side, where
there is only one person.