

The Boy I Didn't Grow Up With

by Mary Lane

I don't remember much before my brother moved out, but one thing that stands out in my mind was the bathroom we shared. He'd pull a stool up to the sink so I could reach. Being eleven, he could see into the mirror just fine without one. Four-year-old me would hold out her toothbrush. He'd squeeze green paste onto it and then put some on his own.

While we brushed, I stared at his eyes and looked back in the mirror at mine, registering the differences. The hugeness of mine compared to the smallness of his. Then there was the shape. His pulled together at the corners and I loved that. So with my toothbrush still hanging out of my mouth, I touched the lids of my eyes hoping to smooth them out. Bright blue stared back at me while light brown came from Peter. Korean Peter Kim.

