

## By Rachel

I'm feeling Leah today.  
She must have grown weary of being  
the tender-eyed one  
with a beautiful sister.

Not a bit do wit and heart reverse rude  
beatings of reflections.  
Today I am not the younger fare  
who was favored at the well.

I'm feeling Leah today.  
Waves of pride and jealousy  
break upon each other  
and surge for an outlet.  
Pride in what she had—Rachel;  
Jealousy because of what I am—Rachel.

On good days, I feel Rachel.  
I wonder if there were days  
when her Rachel felt me.

—Rachel S. George