

RICHARD MILLWOOD

Two Elizabeth

Liz, you were first,
Nineteen months alone.

I was complex, imaginary:
Square root of minus one.

Seán transcends three,
Ever close to pi.

And seven years on: Bridget,
Enough alive to make five.

You and I teased about our place,
Sixty five years in Mums' beautiful eyes.

Dad claimed we were all equal,
He knew the value of nine-tenths of...

But Liz you were always number one, be sure,
And we, we will be forever four.

Note: This poem, written for the funeral of my older sister, refers to our close knit family of four children. It was inspired by William Wordsworth's poem [*We Are Seven*](#).