

everything alive

with sun sore eyespots morning
my brother is telling me about the time he killed a raccoon
with two rocks one geode one petrified

glazed by coffee cracked mouth corners
there's still cigarette smoke in my hair
considering our stagnant it drags

my fingers flip a magazine against
marble countertop drumming page by page

he's bragging now
about the swiftness of his hand
the quickness of death
 my head nodding
no effort no sweat one- two- his pinky twitches
then *nothing*

from the west window the sea
not walking distance but close
i squint perpendicular to shore a fishing boat
where men are catching
 and catching and catching
i am imagining calloused hands thick nets
iridescent shells gathered by mistake
those ocean-flecked bodies sliding
one over another
 a gasping unsolicited dance
cradled by gentle waves early tide

 he catches me gazing
sneers about *attention*
bats at the fly on my plate

rabies bastard had it coming he adjusts his belt
nod my head aches so i turn
the television on naturally
not unlike chewing a piece of old gum

my brother is picking his toe with a pocket knife
discount microphone rattles softly
 news or advertisements something just decipherable

we sit without speaking now framed per usual
fiberglass walls concrete foundation
a cage of windless protection

my brother is moving his lips like a scavenger
around an ungone cigarette
i am choking halfheartedly
this time admitting
the way we're both smashing

i remember the day i found that dragonfly
quivering on the river's surface
wings spread kaleidoscopic and wide
sailing downriver with ease
as if it was still flying