

No One Lives in 1962 McCollum Road

the wraparound

porch ties up the

stench of smoke

and 8x10s of me

and my brother

and Kevin,

one from every

school year but now

upstairs—

a ghost smoking Marlboros

next to the lady who

rented the top floor,

gone since August

and fled the Ohio farmhouse,

brought some whiskey to

the attic washed-out lemon

party—sour but real—

for Rusty's strict mother:

sworn Catholic, first

owner of the house,

rudely sat on his lighter

forgetting things could still

be solid enough—

doorknob spins, Kevin,

crashes with

extra meds in hand

he didn't keep down

Grandpa Rusty tells his life story

ends different

every time I ask

Deleting Emails the Week After Kevin and Rusty Died

Sympathy note, from a distant
great uncle who plays bass:
*Know that I am thinking about you
and playing as much music as I can*

for you right now. I can hear it
even from 1,777 miles away. His
strings stretch and swirl in notes

I don't know how to read. In his
hands, there's a blueberry smoothie
with lavender foam the same shade
as my hair. The straw is too small,

but he's trying so hard to balance his
breath with the ground-up plants. I wish
I could draw on the bricks of my building

the way he can play. I can remember
the sound of *just*, and forget about
the piercings in the crux of my memory.

you worked hard

metal

sprinkles

lungs

instead of

nutrients

failed

moons

like us

spewing

tulips

not hugs

there was

no

difference

what

you

gave us

Remi

I sit with my inherited
typewriter under rainbow
strung lights framing a frost-bitten
window. My fingernails chip
and rip when they catch
between the dusty keys.
The number 1 is missing
and at first I thought I broke it
but then I learned old Remingtons
don't have 1s, so people
just used a lowercase "l"
instead. The stains on my fingers
from the ribbon smudge everything
I touch and I wonder if like
Midas I can turn the cat into
ink. The jags in the ribbon
older than mom remind me
of teeth: baby teeth riding
the subway, yellowing teeth
hooked in my clenched jaw,
a baby tooth I found in a creaky
chest from McCollum Road that
I flung away because who
even knows whose it was.

A Wednesday I Can't Remember

The sale
sticker on
the shampoo bottle is crinkled from
water-dry-water-dry and
reminds me of a sun if it had

a big
"1.99"
painted on it. The last of bacon
is a puddle of grease
and unhealthy burnt fat bits swimming

in the
American
dream. At work, a ghost scrap of lint has its
toes trapped in the black frame
of the window. It shakes in the breeze,

forcib-
le dancing.
Some sort of machine hiding in the
walls regulates the air
and washes the silence over with

an on
going wave
that we filter into as silence.
When I looked down at my therapist's
shoes, trying to avoid

her eyes
as mine dripped,
I saw we have the same water bottle.
There's glitter on the floor
from a dollar-store hat that

shed its
skin once the
cake was all gone. Dark brown lipstick on
a girl's lips are perfect
until she opens her mouth, where you

can see
where the pen-
cil ends and her skin that hardly spends any time in the
light begins. A dryer
sheet fell out of my clean

clothes, and
a tangled
grayed silver USB cord is there
with a thin black sock that isn't mine.