

## My Brother

his hats look at me  
from the shelf  
he gave me some  
of his collection

today was his  
wedding anniversary  
"I know how to show her  
a good time" he said  
they went out  
to the funeral home  
made "the arrangements"  
like bouquets of flowers  
for us

pulling the door shut  
just now  
in this dark room  
a crack of light became  
a Clifford Still painting  
I saw once  
where the light  
came from or where  
it's going or even  
what it is  
a mystery.

T.B.A.

can't stop  
his dying  
yeah, yeah, not mine  
either but his time  
is now  
my death unknown  
to be announced  
his obituary already  
written  
so a kind of fiction  
true crime

## Suicide Door Lincoln

that old car departs  
on a flatbed trailer  
sold  
gone forever  
he liked tinkering  
with that sleek  
fast sixty-one  
Jeff wanted to be  
there watching it leave  
he voiced the car  
as it went past  
yelling out  
"What now?!"  
Leave me alone already.  
Send me to the scrap yard.  
Let me die."

## Old Photos After Jeff Died

crooked little black and white  
a snapshot  
as if on purpose  
dark rectangle against  
impenetrable grey sky  
it's the upstairs window  
where we once lived  
a house of doors  
leading to doors  
until finally  
I'm out here  
looking up  
at flat walls that rise  
one dimensional  
old stage flats  
of the not there

doors seem endless  
all the entries and exits  
like houses of mirrors  
until finally  
there is the one  
at the end of the world  
where bones are checked  
before stepping in  
poor Jeff's young skull  
lies there shed  
for its excess weight  
he's travelling light  
now and next to it  
the little skull  
of that four year old  
Homo naledi girl  
found in a remote passage  
of the Rising Star Cave  
death ritual in the Cradle  
of Humankind

her parents felt the pain  
that I feel perhaps  
she and Jeff converse  
in words primigenial.

## Wearing His Hat

Wearing his hat, sometimes his shoes (he said I needed some new shoes), see all the little bits, the histories atomized in memory, a haze of stories . . . look through to a sled ride at the friary. What a blast. They had a ramp at the top of the hill, about fifteen feet high, dragged the toboggan up the steep incline where two by fours were nailed down at one side, snow covered. Slipping, we pulled until at the top, seated, facing down the steep, the acceleration began. How long does the fall from life take, or is it a flying away? Or is it more like a fall that becomes a flying away? So fast. Life as yesterday's dream, walking in Jeff's shoes, beneath his hat, building a chapel of bones. A dream of Jeff's hat, wearing his hat. "It's my time," he said. One of the three kinds of time, yours, mine and non.