

How you hated Guns N' Roses

Remember when you
said that thing about
Axel Rose and heroin and
how junkies shit themselves?

I thought it was funny
because I did not understand.
I was eleven
and you just threw

the baseball cards I never
even fucking wanted
out the window, past
the church we both hated.

And you called me a faggot
like that was a bad thing
even when I had trapped
a local girl
in the closet
where you
thought I lived.

Sometimes it feels like I lost you

We were on
tight ropes, tying them off
pulling out our teeth
with trophies we received
going to church
league basketball games.

You pounded your knees,
said you thought
it funny when I tried to
be frightening. Like when I
showed up at your window
with your future wife.

Later, after you
disappeared, became alcoholic,
your mother told me
about how you stopped eating, spoke with animals,
lost your arm
and how we take things
to remember our magic

Not monsters

You high stepped
when the yellow jackets

set upon us. You were so
angry, I cried. My first lesson in

rage. You had dropped you fishing
pole then, ran. My new father.

And later we ate burgers that were 59cents. And later than that, I kept your ashes in my closet

far longer than they ever
needed to be.

Cows don't prefer little boys

It happened fast when he
Pushed me into the
Feeding chute. Circular jawing
Elliptical "what is a cud?"

I leave them behind some mornings
When I wake, watching me with
Square teeth, my uncle would later laugh
About their killer
Giant soft eyes with too much

White on top and peering down
Flared pink puppy stomach nostrils,
soft whiskered skin
Softer than anything I had ever
Been scared to death of.

Mammoth Cave

You never liked caves or how
skinny Janice got at the end.
Eating cigarettes!
Keeping positive!
Don't fall asleep in Kilbuck. Be a man.

And avoid the yellow
jackets hovering just under everyone's
asses, the backs of our plump
blotchy calves, until one finally bit Heather. It

having magnificently
divided eyes. We were blind when the match shook out.
Minute evidence of possibly toxic paint
when you got home you and tommy
buried it

buried it out in your dad's driveway off
deadly Dixie Highway and tommy said it would be cyanide
if you just let it sit and so
you got anxious and buried it somewhere else anyway