

the brothers' one true home is in their bodies

though once they lived inside their mother who lived inside her husband's house
who lived inside the crows of his own thoughts though sister was born first

& sister rode her stick horse in the drive & sister counted *one two three*
when her parents fought as though each breath were a kind of numerology

& in her dreams mother imagined her boys crawling again from the mud of her body
carrying on their skin an augury of blood & the boys became like the bats

in the backyard zigzagging through the air became like the death flies
hovering above the roadkill beside the mailbox & the brothers said to the flies

this is the measure of a life & the flies said to the roadkill *this is*
the great mystery & the roadkill said to the sky *here is the world*

stripped down to nothing & the boys poked the roadkill with a stick
& the stick said *if you were a door i would step through it*