

there is inside the brothers a trajectory

of letting go something hardening into flung stone
some hollowing at the center of their bones or maybe
the years are shriveled creatures & the boys are the entrails
of the bullfrog they saw once squashed flat on the raised road
& the brothers studied the dead grass at that road's edge
& that dead grass studied the boys leaning down & once
they hanged the neighbor's cat & buried it & the cat
said *here is my alluvium* & the boys said *the years*
are a lunar tug & they spoke some nights
of how the stars invented themselves as gritty sand
& how all longing was epileptic some inward thrashing
but mostly they aimed themselves out in one direction
& that direction said *every night is a black tongue*
& the boys said *this is my nocturne* then morning slit
the night's throat & made it bleed