My Brother's Shadow

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My father’s blood fills his feeble hands.
A cup of Rooibos Tea.
And my Mother’s bones cry from the ground below.
Punching holes in her
Coral-heart with every weep and wail above.

We are a colony of ants
Displaced.
Meandering between
Mvuli Trees
Before the Sun blushes red.
Carrying our sisters on sun-beaten backs
To cities that hold us,
All of us.
Where we take off tattered shoes
And rest.
A place for little lungs to rise and sink and rise again.

A dire calamity.
A game of Sharks and Minnows—
Nomadic shadows throughout the night.
Holding Rifles.
The length of my brother, if not more.

With frantic hands, my sister clutches mine.
One Thousand eyelids close, like heavy curtains after a three-hour show.

Flashes.
Pools of red, dark hands
Reaching up like weeds from underground.

Wake up. wake up.

Wake up.