Of a Brother

Robert Dunne

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of a brother

when people ask
i tell them i
have two brothers
one living in
California
the other planted
in the ground
i was nine
when his soul
was forced from
his body by
some disease
i still can't
pronounce and
i don't remember
his voice and
pictures hold my
only memories of
how he looked
but i remember
that night
when the rest
of the world
begged candy and
watched disneyland
i and the others
prayed out our
hearts to an
unhearing god
and after the last
of the heart stopping
phone calls
when we learned
that he had died
i went to my room
and cried

i still cry
sometimes
for the eighteen
year old boy
who never got
his senior picture
taken and for
never saying
goodbye
when they dragged
him to the mustang
and took him
away forever
but that was
ten years ago
and ten years
is a long time
to forget and
even longer
to remember
but now
i know two
things for certain
first
we will meet
again someday
as angels in hell
or devils in heaven
or maybe as
photons of light
energy racing
across the eternal
universe
and when we meet
i won't know
him as mike

(over)
of a brother

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(over)
and he won't
know me as rob
but we will know
for we are
brothers
and second
i hate october

/Robert Dunne/

I've had more starts of beautiful affairs than I know. Take the start that's just ending. I'd follow him anywhere, so I quit school, tracks led into the arms of the girl he was with. But the endings of things are so hard to talk about them. I'd rather just concentrate on the beginnings.

The start of this beautiful affair was beautiful, and I can say with a clear conscience that it was directed to the tacos. I've never been a fan of them, but I guess I do have it to thank for the happiness; then again, I have it to curse and heartbreak.

It was the nurse and her husband's affair that is. They'd just started working at the beautiful shores of Lake Michigan, and while their tracks led into the arms of the rest of us on summer nights, we were capitalizing on that specialty--tacos, that was--with cheeses, olives, onions, green lettuce, mushrooms, Tabasco sauce. (Is that I don't trust tacos when the list of ingredients looks like the menu of a garbage can?) And as they knows, you can't take a bite of taco without it being washed down by beer. So with both in abundance, was anticipated by all.

And of course, I was not to be left out. I was wishing to be anti-social, I was determined to eat the best of them. And eat one I did, much to the chagrin of the nurse, over the next twenty-four hours (I burped for a day). But enough taco-digression, this brought Mark and me together. After all the essence of life--love and togetherness?

With tacos now out of the question I searched for a replacement for my hands. There were primed for an evening of use and I didn't want to alienate them) and came up with beer.