

In Which I Refuse to be Either of My Brothers' Pallbearer

Okay, so here's the thing: this time next year
we will have already perfected our august

handshakes. Rest assured, after the nineteen and twenty-
two years of hiccups, I depend on them antagonizing me

in the thick of another autumn with our sieved
cotton candy and horoscopes on the mind. Cavities

crystallizing in our teeth, as we espouse the caveats of decay.
Brainstorming all the ways in which we shall dozen some

assemblage of beatitude like a boxed brigade of krispy kremes.
In this poem, I am mentioning those pastries just because I am not

a fan. Just because they melt and do not last long enough in the mouth,
I think about this often when we are in the drive-thru and I imagine

the ceasefire their arteries bypass, how a heimlich would
be negligible in the endless circumstances of their want,

the many times they have put breath on hold just to offer a surplus of it
soon after. How all of this is not unlike *getting the wind knocked out*

of you, the counterargument of the body which we have no hunches
for. Look, I want you to realize I am tired of talking about death

with exultations as excerpts, the fluent travesty of taking life for granted
in how we might garnish ourselves with the presumption that we do depart

somehow. To be clear, it would be an honor to hoist either of them
sugar-free and skyward, to strum in the meekness of the earth

both genial and incessant throughout this inheritance. But honestly, none
of our beards have even connected yet; we have plenty to take care of.