

Exhibiting Signs

Of

There's an old family photo hung over the

hole my brother punched in the wall

when he swung at my mother and missed —

the drugs made his vision multiply

multiply

multiply



and gave him terrible aim.

When I'm alone, I take the photo

abandonment.

down.

I think about slot machines, basement moonshine and feelings of guilt and

hidden in word documents titled

"Here we are, in
all our glory."

If it were me, I

WOULD

F T

R

A H

**...but me, it refused
to chew.**