

JILL OSIER

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*Brother*

This was long after the sun, and time  
a band that played as a great swath of light that ran  
ringing the horizon and drew us to it.

We were a different kind of fool then, trimmed  
stiff by patterns like stars we'd forget  
except they held the night and sidewalks through it. And you

with your frog heart beating. This was before I saw boats  
as cradles, or bad, before any man  
had said they were a graveyard. Now I see us

just before we started to change our course, simple crafts  
our ships, our sails  
such blankets hung from our arms.