# CutBank

Volume 1 Issue 80 *CutBank 80* 

Article 38

Spring 2014

## Not Blood

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#### **Recommended Citation**

Williams, Derek JG (2014) "Not Blood," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 80 , Article 38. Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss80/38

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### DEREK JG WILLIAMS

## NOT BLOOD

Features of the moon: the craters your fists punched-out, spider-webbed plaster,

milky white bruises—your vacant blue eyes as I dragged the heavy chains of you from our house.

I lived beside you like a prisoner after you returned, carrying your chains

as best I could. I wasn't yet prepared for living and you were too young to leave for good.

Brother, you need more than can be given. I learned your rules the hard way

back when I was only trying to make it long enough to move out and move on.

But I never did find you after that day. I carry its weight wherever I go—

our house in aftermath, silent as the moon's dead oceans where waves once shone.

We're not blood, and the snake of not blood coils behind your teeth, waiting

to be unleashed—we're brothers, craters filled with teeth, bound by a word.