

KELSEY RICHEY

Dead Brother

I see your brain bloom behind your head,
a gnat-swarmed poppy field crawling toward home.
Mouth overflows pesticide pills,
capsule white eyes coat black hope.
In a moment of magic, gunpowder explodes

heaves one bullet up and through your nose.
I wish that copper was poppies. Dear Brother,
remember cowboys and forts in the basement?
Midnight Mass and We Care with mama?
Burying Grace Kitty out back when I ran her over with
the rider?

You lay in the field.
Poppies on fire smell like brother bunk-beds,
pools of your blood.
Choking on the stink of funeral home flowers
I plant poppy seeds under your tongue