

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