

I've not forgotten you, brother.

Bob Barrick

I've not forgotten what you're capable of.
How you can hold a mind by its body,
and blow out craters
through its chest.

How you can take an urban landscape, just take it,
and blast us out from the sides of rooftops.

How you can sink entire cities of man
beneath the thick fabric of Earth.

I've not forgotten
when you got your first broom.
And with it velcroed tight to your thighs,
you batted about the house
with fruit flies, lifting windows
to let others in.

And soon you were to lift whole hills
into steep inlets. A fjord for all coexist
in this.