

About Words

I have a brother in London.
That sounds funny,
because I don't.
Someone I know —
someone whose DNA looks like mine
but, I take it back,
he isn't someone I know.

He'd say, I've always been preoccupied
in making it something,
our relationship. Caught up in making
it work.
So when it doesn't,
well,

we do talk some —
so, its not to say,
he isn't my brother.
he is. Just not my brother brother.

Its ok too, because I have another.
I have another brother.
And with him, it works.
But of course, its not the same —

I think I want to say
I miss my brother
only, I'm not sure what I miss
or what I remember, for that matter.
I don't have to love him.

Now, there are a lot of words here,
little ones —
they make the page
look like there is a poem on it,
but its just a spill.
Sorry, it tends to spread
and later dissolve
or else, I'll just come
and clean it off