

Dot Vile, 2017

little brother

Your window eyes
look past my shoulder
thru the pantry door
to the same cereal we were raised on

they're empty
2 calories of sugar
to fill a hole the shape of God

(the other opiate) or the plug

like the one in the tub we shared
water clouded, feet caked
with pine sap

drinking from the faucet
what tasted like a penny
I half-swallowed but scraped out
with one finger

then used it to hollowed out
day old dinner rolls and
threw the shells away