

Why I Don't Call On Cops

If my brother locks himself into a bathroom
and thinks his body has shattered
into a constellation of broken light,

if for three hours I plead
for him to unlatch
the door, to let me in

even if his brain refuses to get ahold of itself,
I do not call.

Though his thoughts are lost in the slim slant of night
and his head over-swamped in lead,
though he takes off again,

running through the living room,
turning over kitchen spoons
and threatens me with a potato peeler, I do not call.

How can I trust they won't treat him like a corpse?

I have watched the ballet of brutality
break the bodies of strangers.
I have seen the limp drag of a bird's bulletted wing.

A mind set to pasture will chew on its own blood source.

I am pleading with my brother:

They will not love you.

Or I am yelling as high as my lungs can yell:

I will not call.

Or I am only trying to say
when my head takes its risks,
let it bloom, let it devour its dead limbs.