

Tell Me a Story

I'd only been gone 45 minutes
— not even prison yet,
just far enough down the road
to remember that I'd left
my inhaler in the bathroom
and to turn the whole escort back —

and already my little sister had lost it
When I walked in
she wolf-whistled real low,
chewed on a sandwich
and commented cheerfully,
“Now there's a sister I can taste!”

My brother had already locked himself
in the bathroom with a magazine
and I could hear him
shouting into the phone
as he unzipped his pants
“Jared! Jared! Quick — tell me a story!”

And it seemed to me that I could see his cries
written neatly in red pencil
in the back of Mother's recipe book

Oh
Oh
Oh God