

all the trees stood like skeletons  
silhouettes of spilled ink  
and the snows fell in sheets and got wrapped around our  
feet  
we built the fire evermore with winter beating at the  
door

brother's eyes were getting heavier  
his bony hands cold and white  
and I could hear his ragged breathing like the wind  
along a knife  
there beside him through the night, in the hum of  
candlelight  
I no longer felt the time

brother woke just after midnight  
and he didn't make a sound  
and as he climbed from out of bed with severed rings  
around his head  
his feet didn't touch the ground

I could feel it then  
a tiny miracle  
so I followed him  
into the woods  
crossed beneath the trees  
but only I left my prints in tow  
he was afloat  
found a lonely tree  
and tied himself within its limbs  
and he said to me these words:  
don't you fear for me,  
I am where I'm supposed to be.

and when I woke he was gone  
and I was wrapped in blankets on the lawn  
the sky was blue and my skin matched the hue  
and I could hear mother crying in your room  
from here on out I wear this face for both of us