

Brandtson

"Cherokee Red"

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in a pile of trash on the corner of first and park.
almost as tall as the street light.
we pulled over.
two kids on a black and white dyno.
my mom and dad bought for my birthday.
just last week.
we're finding our fortune here.
once upon a time.
brothers by a pocket knife.
you traded me your secrets.
i traded you all of mine.
sometimes when i'm looking back now.
i wish i could say i'm sorry.
i'm thinking of me and you.
back when things felt right.
this morning we met at the playground.
we sat on the side of the tractor tire.
and talked of our plans for the next five days.
over some cherokee red.
sometime back in late november.
we checked out the ice together.
the rope tied around my waist.
you'd pull me back if i would fall.
late night.
sending signals through the open blinds with
flashlights.
the neighbors dog would bark till early morning
sunrise.
some roman candles and a book of matches that night.
explaining burn marks in our clothes at dinner.
headlights that ran across the bedroom wall.
we thought that it might be a ufo from outer space.
and sometimes we crawled out on the roof.
and tuned the radio into the auto-rama drive in movie
show

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