

*Half*

*For J and H*

So biologically theirs, we were produced in wont  
Of their dads: so biologically ours, they desired the hourglass  
Back-pedaled. But it poured like the pitch drop  
Experiment: after two decades. They won't look at us  
With their own eyes, so we kept our mother's  
Last name, Red, because my father had carried  
On skirting in a plant; my sibling later came  
From his schooled coworker and became Red too,  
Then without Green and White, respect-  
Ive to our order, to out of wedlock, to Green as short  
Of money, to White as what does lighter skin denote  
To them—their side gone and split in the middle of chest  
At the heart, taking part of their left lung beside jilting  
Or genetic jolts of those organs our mother doesn't have,  
Her part: bringing along and leaving colored names—

*Though It Was My Idea to End Things*

I pick up an amputated deer hoof  
And recall the person who grew one  
Each night in *The Dark Dark*  
Short story that's spread astrological  
Predictions I haven't read yet as a cat  
Retches out of day, not during it. You're near-  
Sighted, scratch each stitch in the intestine  
Of a hyena, sick pride, staring through its teeth—  
You try to think, still, the chewing didn't begin  
And you can escape. Clamor. Tiny, minute sound of air  
Versus a minute-sensitive air  
Scent dispenser's fart  
After thirty minutes or years old  
With unescorted criticism  
Following. My two skis wet  
Erase ink on whiteboard snow, hands  
Not right to dexterously draw blanks  
On hieroglyphic curves. Let's leave  
To stalk warmth, I said,  
While leaves and stalks expire  
Above the earth with your brain stem,  
Our plans, drafts, separate, assisting  
You in a predator's mouth.