

you're gonna see this boy
in the stars, i said. you're gonna see this boy
up among the dust clouds,
laughing his orange tangelo laugh and
blowing kisses to us back home.
my little brother is gonna be
better than this, he's gonna curse out
the incongruous, fly to Io and back
and hang the moon rocks in his windowpanes.
he'll play jazz on the asteroids, he will. he'll be
great, he'll be floating weightless in the
mammoth sky- this phantom boy won't be
on this lumbering inconsequential
gnawing on prozac and sitting heavy
in hospital beds. he'll be up in the citrus stars, this boy,
and you'll hear that giggling in between
ventilation machines and you'll smile
at that great acidic soul.