

light reading series

featherproof



Lindsay Hunter

MY BROTHER

My brother tells me monsters set up shop in his closet, among his Reeboks and hidden Playboys. Yeah, he says, leaning back and stroking his chin, yeah, you can't see it but something's coming for me. Big whoop, I tell him. We drag his record player out and aim the needle at the middle of Rocket Man. He makes something up. He says, I got two sisters and they're both girls. He says, I'm bored to death with all these nightmares. He says, I'm pretty sure dad's a pussy.

My brother went to jail a couple times. My sister and I told people, God don't take revenge. We said, we accuse the world of pretending at the sky. To each other we said, our brother is in jail. We pressed numbers into phones and hoped for an answer. I got one once and it was, your brother is a baby giant stupid in a cage. My sister got one and it was, there's a light around your brother and it's an ugly shade; pray for something.

My brother called collect and then sat around. He said, you know what I been thinking? I been thinking a lot about Jeopardy and driveways and sex. He said, I been having sex with the wrong people. He said, remember how the driveway tilted up and the house looked like a red idiot at the top. He said, I'll take amnesia for four-hundred, Alex.

My brother held the phone up to his ear and pretended it was a horn. My dad watched him on the TV screen. My brother said, Wilma? and my dad got irritated. My brother tried to put on a good show. Dad, he said, I just don't know what's wrong with me. Behind him a row of tubas blasted a note and he gestured at them. He said, I got this kind of chorus behind me. He said, they never shut up. He said, I can't stay on too long, I got some soap to drop. He said, I need a drink of something too strong, and my dad nodded like a man hanged.

My brother digs a hole and buries most of my dad in it. He says, if we talk nice to it it'll sprout roses. The record player plays our favorite song. It says, that's whiskey in your veins and blood on the moon. It says, there'll never be another night like this. My brother hands me the shovel and says, King me.

1

featherproof BOOKS



www.featherproof.com

Hey, Thanks for reading this featherproof LIGHT READING mini-book. For more swell stuff, pay us a visit at:



Lindsay Hunter (not the detroit piston) is a writer (recovering alcoholic) living (off of candy and dog hair) in Chicago (city of the wild onion, not the musical).

