

My Brother's Shadow

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My father's blood fills his feeble hands.
A cup of Rooibos Tea.
And my Mother's bones cry from the ground below.
Punching holes in her
Coral-heart with every weep and wail above.

We are a colony of ants
Displaced.
Meandering between
Mvuli Trees
Before the Sun blushes red.
Carrying our sisters on sun-beaten backs
To cities that hold us,
All of us.
Where we take off tattered shoes
And rest.
A place for little lungs to rise and sink and rise again.

A dire calamity.
A game of *Sharks and Minnows*—
Nomadic shadows throughout the night.
Holding Rifles.
The length of my brother, if not more.

With frantic hands, my sister clenches mine.
One Thousand eyelids close, like heavy curtains after a three-hour show.

Flashes.
Pools of red, dark hands
Reaching up like weeds from underground.

Wake up. wake up.

Wake up.