

VW BUG ●

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It lay in the back of the closet like the carcass of a baby whale
metal stays like ribs
canvas straps like sagging tendons.
I would climb overtop suitcases and blankets and
paper bags of clothing, shut myself inside the narrow
space under the stairs and push toy cars along
the lines. Voices filtered in
like the furnace clearing its throat.
the whirring of insect wings

A wet March morning when I was three,
she rushed from the sitter's house,
her throat thick with desperate longing.
At top speed, the semi flashed ahead

she went spinning, flipping like
a toy in a parabola
across the obsidian grass.
My brother remembers the day. We
were fed an extra meal
looking out the back window at the jagged
fence rails.

Years later I remember long sullen silences
dim motionless rooms at midday.
Mute arguments.
Selling lemonade on the front walk after she'd
run out like a storm with car keys in hand.
My father calling after.

My brother made mistakes, fought, took it,
slowly became a young man.
I closed myself in closets, crawled
back to the body brace.