Not Blood

Derek JG Williams

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Williams, Derek JG (2014) "Not Blood," CutBank: Vol. 1 : Iss. 80 , Article 38.
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss80/38

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
NOT BLOOD

Features of the moon: the craters your fists
punched-out, spider-webbed plaster,
milky white bruises—your vacant blue eyes
as I dragged the heavy chains of you
from our house.

I lived beside you like a prisoner
after you returned, carrying your chains
as best I could. I wasn’t yet prepared for living
and you were too young to leave
for good.

Brother, you need more than can be given.
I learned your rules the hard way
back when I was only trying to make it long
enough to move out
and move on.

But I never did find you after that day.
I carry its weight wherever I go—
our house in aftermath, silent as the moon’s
dead oceans where waves
once shone.

We’re not blood, and the snake of not blood
coils behind your teeth, waiting
to be unleashed—we’re brothers, craters
filled with teeth, bound
by a word.