

My Brother and I Can Spend Forever Doing Nothing

We discovered
the rain is more beautiful
if Father just washed the car.
I laugh as your
homemade dimple
appears and
I promise I won't mess up
your baseball cards.

We agree we must be
the coolest people
alive
then implant ourselves
in the concrete curb as
the wet world
goes by on a
merry-go-round.

Rain dots our exclusive vision
as we talk of
chocolate ice cream
Allen Ginsberg and
the Mets
in one breath.

We dance a polka
in the puddles,
sing an Irish drinking song,
fling mud to the muses,
leoparding our white T-shirts.

I tell you the
poem I wrote and
you tell me
the painting you made.
Rain streaks the canvas sky
and in the frame
there is only us.