Evening Song
by Matthew Vetter

It is good to walk in the dark, holding a small child who cries because he wants to be held.

His brother has brought the blade of the scissors to the manes and tales of the toy horses.

He has scattered the dark hairs across the playroom floor. I have wanted to turn the mouth

of the baby to my chest, let him latch my lack of breast. No more? I was never

his mother. I am his father. Brother, run your blade across my torso, it lets nothing

but blood. We must mutilate ourselves. We must fail and bring about failure, father to son,

and son to father. We must take walks in the dark hallway, the length of what is blue.

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