

# 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.