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ARIELLE TWIST

BROTHER

Your wedding day was a hurricane; your bride in red was like a kiss on on the dry prairie dirt. You actually never told me the story of how it went. The wedding, I mean. In fact, you never told me about how you chose a DJ, or if the flowers glistened in the sunlight. I don't think you've ever told me about the places you would love to see, either, or the way our dad smelled when you were seven. I never heard about the night you fell in love, or the days you fell in pain. I didn't hear from you the night your mother died, or when our dad left you too. I don't know where you grew up, or if you grew up next to me on that same dusty rez. I didn't hear the stories of your triumphs and failures, how you loved math as a kid and smoked too much weed in middle school; did you drop out or did you graduate top of your class? You never indulged in telling me stories the way brothers do. You didn't teach me how to shave, or how to talk to girls. In fact, I never learned how to talk to girls; even now, I can barely talk to myself. You never had the chance to keep me safe from rez dogs or take me home from that party where I got too high. But there are things I never told you, either. Like how I loved a boy, and I know, I know it's hard to hear that your brother was gay, but I fixed that too. You never actually had a brother, and your sister is straight, for the most part. I never got to tell you about the time when that boy broke my heart. I'll never tell you about how the ocean feels on my skin, or that I didn't know you existed until I was already across the country. I'll never give you the pieces to find me, or tell you that maybe I could be a poet, a sculptor of words. And I will never tell you that for me, your wedding day was a hurricane.