

In which my brother's addiction is a hurricane

and he is a squirrel in the mouth
of a squirrel. I saw it dart
between parked cars in a search
for higher ground that wasn't there.

It knew the storm was coming,
and I knew they would both drown,
but maybe there's a sweetness in
swallowing someone who loves you

before the flood can rise. On the phone
he tells me he's having nightmares
about relapsing, and I had thought
that was my job. None of it

is really mine, but aren't we two
and the same? Inverted vessels
sharing shadowed versions
of each other's lives. Twice

this month I've seen a small
animal throw itself into traffic
and instead of following, arms
waving into the street to put

my body between the creature
and what it's done, I've turned,
face in my palms, and let myself
not know. I am an authority only

on alternatives and anti-stories—
I don't waste time on a world
where none of this happened,
but I've studied all the ways

it might end. When he gave
my car back, I scoured it
for evidence he might've meant
for me to find. The only thing

worth keeping was a single
right-handed black glove—
too small even for me,
and its mirror still missing.

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