

## Big Brother

I was ten years old  
when we took Bobbie  
to the courthouse in Orange City.

Dad and Mom wept  
as he boarded the Greyhound  
bound for boot camp.

After graduation, Korea,  
Third Infantry Division.  
Two years later

someone else came home:  
stoic as a dead tree,  
non-stop Old Gold cigarettes,

quivering fingers, drunk  
in his 1949 Ford, in the ditch,  
a ditch that held him forever.

Mom cried again,  
and again.