

My Brother's Bedroom

by Jeff Geiger

the touch of cool plastic on sweaty palms
fuzzy carpet beneath toes
warm bedsheets in winter

smell and taste of smuggled sweets and sodas

sight of red and blue milk boxes containing countless hours of joy
transformers, legos
GI Joe and Jurassic Park
TMNT box with a manhole lid
more dinosaurs than a museum
the 80s in the 90s
glowing monolith at night

they say the sense of smell is the strongest sense connected to
memory
but not for me

sound of buzzing pixels, a captivating drone—that was how you
knew

recognizable chiptune scores, haunting boss themes
plastic cases sliding on carpet
screams of failure, swears under breath
fist thumping floors
cries of victory, muted gasps of awe
hands tugging hair
footsteps galloping upstairs and down the hall
click and clack of buttons and sticks