

Kill Allan

by Walter Bjorkman

I wanted to kill my brother Allan when we were seven and out in the woods carving a fishing pole out of a birch branch that he had me hold below a stub he was hacking off, slicing my finger to the bone.

I wanted to kill Allan when we were riding in the black limo to my Dad's burial and he said "boy, people must think we are millionaires" although I was the one seventeen months younger.

I wanted to kill Allan when on my wedding day the best man that he was took a check from deep in the book so when I got to a strange city with my new bride all of my savings were gone.

I wanted to kill Allan all the times when he was on the verge of success because of his incredible talents and drive, then would always do something to fuck it up, winding up worse than before.

I wanted to kill Allan even though he, at age ten, was entrusted to raise his young brother while our mother worked days and often nights to keep us afloat as long as she did and it was impossible when there was no one to raise him.

I still want to kill Allan, because he now is unseen, unheard from and probably dead and I would do anything to tell him I want for us to be, again, kids in the woods cutting fingers.

