

# You Friend Me On Facebook

*by xTx!*

I'm like,  
holy shit,  
clicking yes  
pillaging your profile  
pics a  
face I haven't seen in  
what?  
25 years?

You look just like your mom  
she says  
I LOL her and say, funny  
cuz you look just like yours

(she does)

I study her pics, her eyes,  
struggling  
to reconcile  
the kid I recall  
on the face  
of the 40 year old I see so  
weathered now

The man she is with  
looks like  
every drunk  
her mother would bring home  
when we were  
little,

swing set swinging...  
playhouse playing...  
What's Happening watching...

You guys had powdered milk I remember  
only apples for snacks  
holes in the walls from  
boots...  
baseball bats...  
best friends, but  
you'd steal things you  
wanted, never had,  
never would,  
from my treasure box  
I'd find them in your room  
steal them back  
never telling  
doctor playing  
sleepovers  
your brother, his bedroom  
drug dealing chasing  
you with his  
belts, baseball bat, boots, blood, you  
dropped out of school and  
(I heard) befriended  
heroin,  
tattoos,  
abortions,  
they found  
your fag-killing brother dead  
at 25  
in the gulley behind  
our grade school  
brains outside  
of his head my

mom sent flowers

Do you remember these things?

I want to write this  
on her wall  
but I don't.

It has already been written.

