

WENDY VARDAMAN

MY YOUNGER BROTHER'S SCAR

When she tells me *Never tell
your brother*, I search
the farthest corners, scour each
over-crowded drawer, behind the shelves, in all
the places where the lost things fall
and after a stretch
of covering the same territory over every inch,
with frantic hands that grab, reach, and feel

their way finally to a place
where I believe I can just imagine me
at four, hear the slap, and see him fall against
the table's
sharp point, white wound still visible an inch from his eye
forty years later when I agree to keep my mouth shut.