JOE WILKINS

Furlough

for Jared

In an easy chair
he wakes, long body
bathed in blue-dark flickerings,
now rises,
stands naked at the window. Below him the city steams
and creaks. There are no stars. The dumb moon leers.

Without reason he remembers running breathlessly
after his older brother—
veering through a bright
field of weeds into the shadow
of an abandoned
orchard, fruit knotted and red as fists. Who knows

if they're still there? The scarred trees, the hollow-
stalked weeds,
near the ditch that wash of delicate,
yellow bones? Who knows? No one knows

anything anymore.