

Marlon Danilewitz

Brothers of the Night

Night chariot of the slum
Speeds,
Igniting aromas of
Burnt rubber, siren shrills
And blazing reds.

Raging in shackled stretcher,
Saliva at shirt,
Tufts tangled, matted
Like muddied grass.
Shirt tie-dyed by the plumbing of homelessness.
Arms a connect the dots of tracks,
Crusting lesions on a pale diaphoretic page.
Fisting five fingers,
Each clubbed,
bitten by nights of dirty derelict.

Slithering, an Auschwitz like corpse,
Struggles amidst a soiled blanket and
Buckled weathered leather.
Shoeless, feet cocooned in unpaired,
Athletic socks with ballooning holes.

White coatless, stethoscopeless.
Tremoring from the night's instant Arabica.
Tailored tan trousers.
Starched striped shirt
Armored with a black BIC pen.
Scribbles on crumpled page.

Jacob and Esau,
Bound by the womb of the
Eerily lit ER.
A good bye in the light,
A hello within a fortnight.

Brothers of the night.