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Creamery Road

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Creamery Road

By Makenzie Shaw

My brother shot pellets
till Warhol's soup was spilt.
Dad said, "effective,"
as tomato pooled
on that freshly cut pine.

The driveway was long,
so when he saw Mom,
my brother would hide the gun.
She always knew, scolding
him on their evening walk.

While I cleared the yard,
of sticks and stones,
mom kept him inside
making lavender wands for hours,
ribbons and ribbons and ribbons.

With the motion of lighting a match,
he declared his knife ready.
To make blood brothers, he said,
we have to shake hands,
then use these leaves.

As we trekked back,
drip by drip, he slowed.
We walked to the tomato stump,
which was stained and familiar,
and called for mom the whole time.

The leaves couldn't stop
what was coming and coming.
The driveway paused for my brother.
He rested his hand on that stump
to look at a daisy with pink petals.

Now when I shoot,
mom drives right by.
No looks, no eyes for me,
a lavender wand hung from her mirror,
while dad shuts the screen door with a snap.