

DAVID CAMERON

My Brother S

The sticking click of a piano key,
My belt's S-clip: they stowed my brother's name.
He'd whistle-hiss himself impatiently
Through his teeth (his headstone teeth). His essence. *Him.*

The ribbed sand was a bed of esses too.
That holiday I fished continually –
My catch frustration, which was nothing new –
My brother said to give up on the sea

And took me inland, to fish permitless
The fresh waters. We couldn't find them. Then
It started to come on, as rain's faint hiss
Turned to a deluge – my young rage again –

While my brother laughed and sang laughingly
Through his teeth (his starry teeth). His essence. *He.*