



PRINTER'S DEVIL REVIEW

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Kendra DeColo

The Dream of How We Survive

“the four boys were starved and abused while five other children in the house were allowed to live normal lives.” –*NY Times*, February 11, 2006

Each night I carry
 their bodies

Inside of me, my brothers
 who grow wide and strong,

Their mouths split like birds
 begging for meat.

I believe someone is watching us
 through the cracked windows,

Who knows we are not children,
 our eyes vast and poisoned,

Deep enough to drown in,
 to drink. I wear my dreams

The way the night wears
 its darkness, the smallest's

Tongue sometimes turning to water.
We drink of him

Until he is dry as a field,
and wake to the hiss

Of our stomachs eating
themselves, like steam

Released from a kettle,
the footsteps of our mother

Unlocking cupboards in the dark.
I know that dirt tastes

Like blood. That blood is sugar's
memory. I wear my hunger

The way trees wear music, birds
who don't need daylight

To open their throats and bleed.
There is a hate that makes me

Perfect, precise as a finger
unbuckling a belt. I leave

My ache everywhere,
a smear of gravy on the lip,

My skin the color of ruined
sheets. I no longer care

What my body might do inside
another's. How she holds

The knife against the flesh
of a fruit, teasing it down

Until we nearly faint. I know
I am no longer a child,

But tell me what it is that makes
me a man.