

Diamond Line Undergraduate Literary Magazine

Volume 1 | Issue 7

Article 9

May 2023

To My Brother

Boniblu Choate

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.uark.edu/diamondlinelitmag>

Recommended Citation

Choate, Boniblu (2023) "To My Brother," *Diamond Line Undergraduate Literary Magazine*: Vol. 1: Iss. 7, Article 9.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.uark.edu/diamondlinelitmag/vol1/iss7/9>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@UARK. It has been accepted for inclusion in Diamond Line Undergraduate Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks@UARK. For more information, please contact scholar@uark.edu, uarepos@uark.edu.

To My Brother

Boniblu Choate

Poetry

All that summer we made toast. In some sort of trance-
phase like anime or teenage rebellion, where only toast sounded good.

I fixed yours with mock fatigue-
spreading butter, sharp scrape of inconvenience,

feigned burnt by demands for toast with- out gratitude.

Fixed mine with-
peanut butter, sliced banana,

like one of the dead presidents-
parents say. Or maybe a relative of ours.

Many, many people out there, you know. This lets you know that-
a few must also demand two perfectly buttered slices. You have that in common.

And maybe in common, they're met with the hand of defiance, hand of you know how to make
toast, hand of do it yourself. But don't believe her, oh toast obtainer, even if she complains as
she's arming the toaster. Hers is secretly and only ever- hand of once awaiting and of slightly
burning, hand of secretly happy to be doing something for-

You