

TIMES THREE

Glenna Holloway

My brother volunteered and marched away, weapons pointed.
My other brother jeered and marched downtown, signs painted.

Somehow I yeared it out at school then married
a professor, beard, glasses and books. An unmarried
sense of purpose steered him. I admired

the way he engineered his life, ignoring
temporary turmoil, geared to grander decades nearing.

His mental premises appeared unlimited. The ripe future
would be commandeered by science and art and feature
a gamut of wonders. But I feared a sudden forfeiture

of everything. Pessimism inhered, I watched the menace grow.
My brother used the stuff, bleared his brain in Nam. Already gray
and shaky, he was seared in a Saigon fire. The brothers did agree

at last. At home, the young one pioneered new ways to abuse
a collage of drugs. He queered all his living chances to abase
himself. Example compeered. Alone. OD'd. Dead.

My husband, pursuing weird mind-expanding microcosms, doped
his way, careered through a final sabbatical of seeking. Duped.