

Fred Wah / TWO POEMS

BROTHER THEN BROTHERS

Brother Then brothers
numbers / age
also

“a matter
of penetration”

the three of us
someday take that on
each of us
older
 than father

NOT SO MUCH ALL OF US DYING

Not so much all of us dying
or nobody else living or even one
one shining master of light
but a procession forth
into I like the movement
in our syntax goes
something like a river Daphne
so its still "how" we do what
and give a punch we hope
words to take off on us
will still be the line all of us
dying to do it that way the best.