

Bedtime Stories

by Ani Star

As children,
My twin brother and I
scrunched together.

Whimpered from the sting
of every nightmare,
I covered him up
next to me,

As old country hummed to us
Our bedtime stories,
through decade-old speakers,

With its vocals,
consumed by the potency,
of backyard moonshine -

Tales, lived out,
through the blurred affection
Of bar room strangers,

Stored in bloodshot eyes,
and kept alive in the spirit
of second round beliefs.

We slipped in and out,
Of the familiar scent
Of smoldering tobacco.

Twirling and building up, like fog
Exhaled through the mouths of stars,

All, gathered around the moon, playing poker,
and betting on who would be next to fall.

Whimpered from the sting
of every nightmare,
I covered him up
next to me,

I still inhaled in sync with him,
through the lonesome drone of 2 am,
Chasing down his slumber, and
trying to catch up with his dreams.