

CHRISTOPHER DAVID HOPKINS

Homeschool Family and Consumer Science

My brother cooked his upper lip
against the rim of a stock pot,

standing on a chair at the stove,
barely able to peek over and see

the potatoes boiling. No one ever talked
about how he must have fallen,

how far to the floor,
how unforgiving the kitchen tile,

or how cold. No one knows
how many rooms he must have begged

before he found someone. Instead
we called it his first mustache,

that mark of manhood welling up
and scabbing under his nose.

How hungry that scar made him

look. How we laughed
at his chewing, careful

and open mouthed, each bite
breaking skin apart and raw.