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## Thundercloud

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## Thundercloud

*Reilly Geritz*

My brother's eyes are nothing like the sun,  
but rather reflect its glaring blue expanse.

Like vacant summer days transfigured by looming black clouds in the west,  
as swiftly are his orbs obscured  
by the rage within his chest.

His dignity shattered in shards on the floor,  
his mother kneels among them with eyes that implore her boy  
to put down the gun  
listen to her  
when she repeats  
how his splintered heart  
wrenches hers--but  
today he isn't stronger than his swirling fears,  
which goad his fists to punch the walls  
as thunder roars we stay indoors,  
for heaven forbid the neighbors saw  
the butter knife on the top shelf  
or his white palms against the window pane.

We're whisked up through the chimney  
and off with the tornado,  
but the sunshine outside  
pays no mind to the hurricane's eyes  
chained to a bed,  
to a wrist,  
to a future  
they can't see for the torrent.

No, my brother's eyes are nothing like the son my parents wanted.