

Brothers

for Charles

You said give me a sign and we'll ring in the boogieing. I said sprinkler shouting I'll return from the bathroom. A wet floor undulating from the sweat seeped over ugly sweaters not ours, no one could tell we were cahootedly two twenty somethings

with a plan to effervesce. The proposal: a night of fizzle for featherings near and small, those ripply things that neither of us had used as purring prompts in high school ping pongs.

If our cafeteria sombers could spy our exuberance now—a round about of b-boy mysteria and floating sponge rockets above our shoulders—would we even dare to tell the secret of our carnal temperance? A true flinging of sockets

time-tested from the drunks trying to out-cartwheel our considerateness. Well, actually you were the one deftly not showing over the afflicted tumbler

before sending to the bathroom with a cheer up note to cry on.



Cameron Haramia is a California-born Hoosier, who can be found on the dancefloor. He's danced his way to Memphis, Mexico, and marine animals. Haramia's poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Rabid Oak*, *Construction Literary Magazine*, *Leopardskins & Limes*, and *Mobius: The Journal of Social Change*.