

## Portrait of My Brother as a City

I see two kids playing chopsticks on the train and suddenly I'm eight years old and on the way to the Boston Massacre where I'll lay on the ground and pretend I'm dead because Presley is still alive and it doesn't hurt yet. We couldn't bring her because even northern summers flirt with triple digits but you and I still climb the trellis outside the aquarium and swing like the only child I saw today and shed a tear and a jacket for beside the footbridge on the Charles that we had walked across on an MIT college tour before mens and manus were one. Now you build circuits and code Fenway's walls and I can translate the universities' mottos but you still tell me "sit down, shut up, and read me your poem." That one November I slept on your couch and the muse and I watched the T stop running for the night after you fell asleep during *Good Will Hunting*. I talked like Matt Damon for a week but now that you've affected an accent it's not so funny. Our shoes are hanging on a telephone wire somewhere and I know your town better than my own because home isn't a place for me. What I'm trying to say is, I don't know if cities have ghosts but I see you everywhere in Boston.