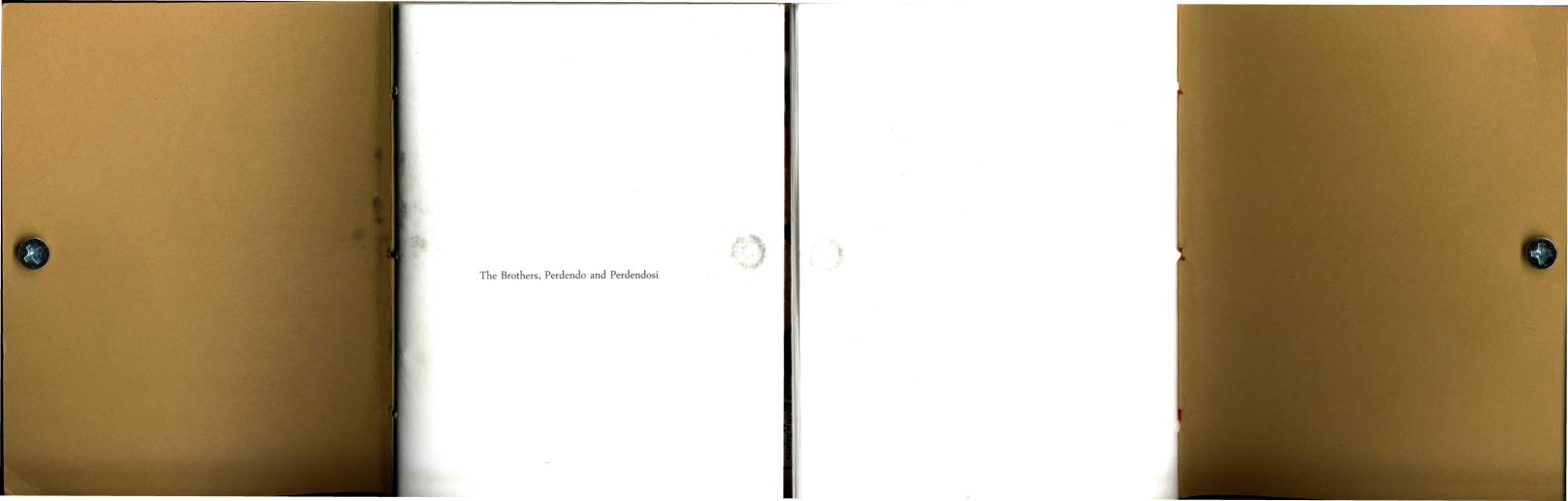
The Brothers, Perdendo and Perdendosi Brian Trimboli



For My Brother, Anthony

In praise of luck, I began to believe in it. My brother

discovered lavender
helped him to sleep. In Rilievo sang
lottery-numbers. I yield
to the obstructed stage,

the orchestra an unlit candle.

My father begins his soliloquy:

They have described to present. Participated accordings
to open the described on the present. Participates of accordings
to open the described on the present of the affirm

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es penies of locals it begins a believe in it. 200 inteller

increment invendor
select hem to ricep: in Bilgeroung
ottory members: 1 yield
to the observation stage.

he accivates on stelle candle. We father begins his sufflouter Only the violine now. Only the inequalities, Disordentifier like but tooth.

The apple, the thouse, the what it descript Only the unconnecteable concept of a recall and some dops. The backlight reported him better the background.

Perdender importuned beneath a pillene beneath his father's feedle. "If you perie, you will die," In Adams says: while halding the pillene doks Persiandari's face "It is a burden to see things before they happen.

They have already happened. Prediction of actualities through the divination of soap scum. A storm of bleach. Give me any amount of time alive, and I am unlucky..."

Only the violins now. Only the irreparable body. Disorientation like lost teeth.

The apple, the mouth, the what it destroys.

Only the unconceivable concept of a needle and some dope. The backlight separates him from the background.

Perdendosi smothered beneath a pillow beneath his father's hands. "If you panic, you will die," In Rilievo says while holding the pillow over Perdendosi's face. ir is a business to me, things before they become the standard of the standard

Only the sinkes case. Only the imputable birdy Discoveration like but teeth.

The epols, the movels, the velot is during.

Only the unconceivable manage of a medic

only some slope. The backlight

otherwise him from the background.

Fitherdost emplored beneath a pillow femous his fither's bands. "If you pints y'ts will die." In Ribero says. white bolding das pillow ever Redondost's too Dim into a seap coul at the hother of the sacres. We missed him to Wilson

The maker a brindy district file alogs, in a vorte while the set sender, the freet family is one angledgist filese facilities, there was converted whether the freeze a blacket chiracteristical resi-

from the peer in the table here the expale.

The world made expectaged it all argued in andrews then

No arrivate of word to teating held trigether with cityet.

"...I no longer know without. There is a lot

I am unsure about. My children like candy canes;
that was tomorrow, and right now is last winter.

It is the day after my birthday and I am devoured.

Or they have been out of my life and no longer answer..."

The further was cost at the hostens.

The costs. We manual him to Rillere.

ir vinir a brash horo. We alegt in a room filk bit pet voolee, its heel lamp ir sightlight. Don brother, one you remember heese the force, a blanket. One constitutal onb

alleger and word about an in your our new and were and seem and the restriction that the seement of the seement and the seement of the seemen

depict dits reflect bird estimant their to emission in

Trains heading toward each other on the same track. I was born

like anyone else without a father.

I was born a torrent of outside sound,
the night sky circling above. Come down.
Play the weathered wrecking ball of yourself

and I will show you neglect. Come down come down and I will ask you where have you been,

what dark have you hid among the garden. Moonflower sprouting louder than a steam whistle, and its blossom is tempered steel. " I am make for the fitting again.

if one is hipsition, sale immediacy.

We aren't propose they another ather

fluid now and now I have shothing

in the about these me exp..."

markin alam disament pinelandi deserciae mana timbo, il van bisto

Antonia di Antonia de Antonia de

mines avoid annula margue interpretability 1 in-

refers dark darses you hid among that gardent.

Mocallower appreciate fourier there is steam

ordered, and the blackers in temperal steak.

I was a child with a cleads on my pule. The sam on the canal, a creating gestal

of water and light. In Rillion streams like a wolf. Wind-atroids load throughy, the hair behind his emits much like oder. I am trying

Marketore sup with dilectics

"...I am sorry for the future again, it wasn't intention, only immediacy.

We aren't approaching anything other than now and now I hear rhythms in the slightest things my ears..."

The second of th

The state of the s

I was a child with a cicada on my palm. The sun on the canal, a crushing gesture

of water and light. In Rilievo dressed like a wolf. Wind-struck and hungry, the hair behind his ears so much like mine. I am trying

to capture sap with thimbles.

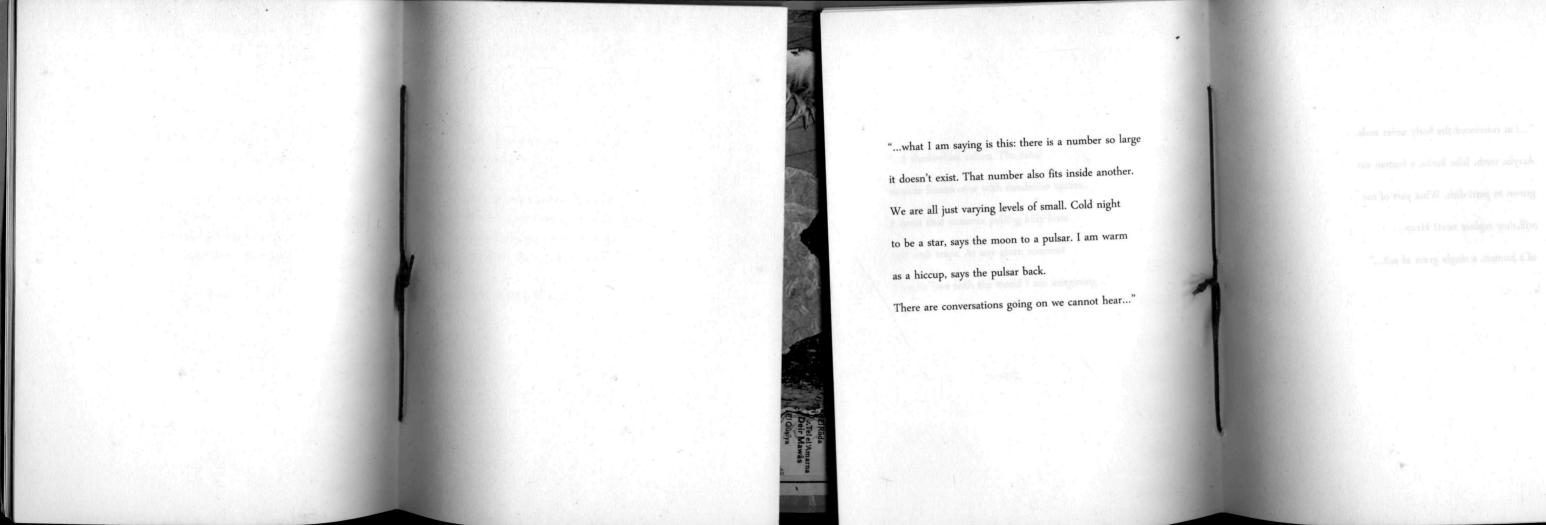
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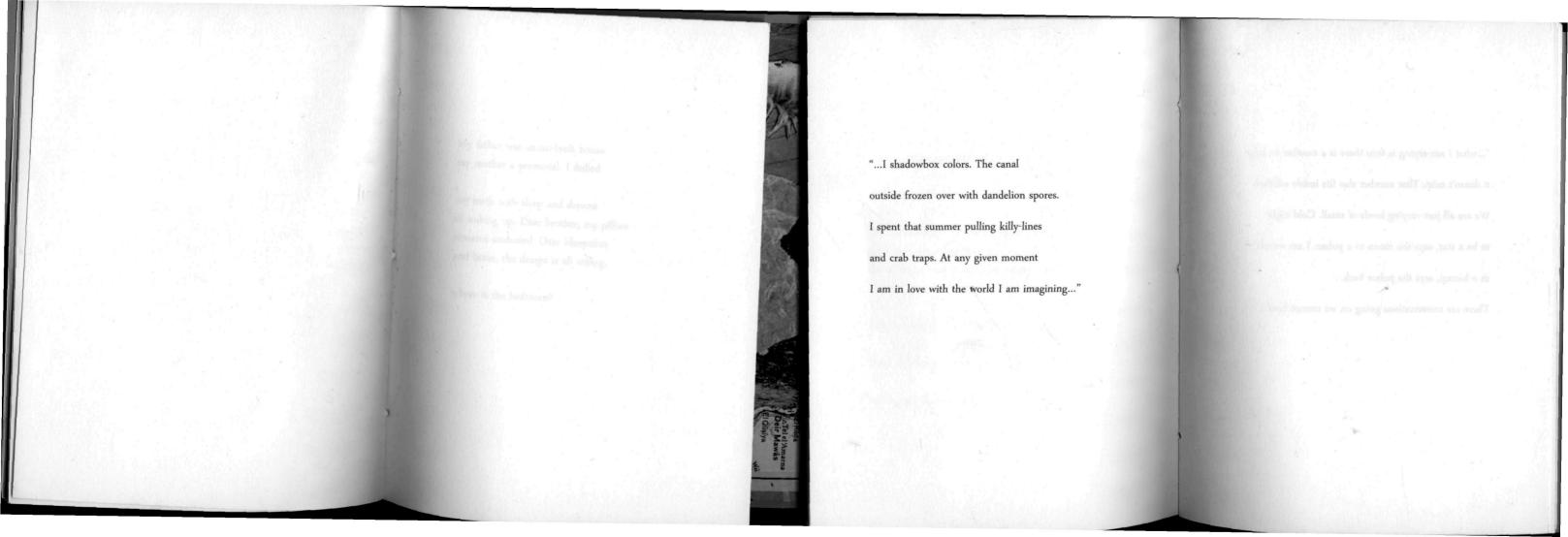
I was a function, only intending.

It was a supersching of her part of hear and any interespect of hear an

"...I'm convinced the body never ends.

Acrylic teeth, false limbs, a human ear grown in petri-dish. What part of me will they replace next? Heap of a human, a single grain of salt..."





My father was an un-built house, my mother a perennial. I dulled my teeth with sleep and dreamt of waking up. Dear brother, my pillow remains undusted. Dear blueprints and brain, the design is all wrong, where is the bedroom?

chart to the choir!

The choir is the

ly lifther was an un-built house.

Opinion a percential, I diffied

replaced with sleep and dreams
(working up. Dear brother, my pillow
vitales tendented. Dear bitagrams
of broths, the design is all wrong.

· Introduct set at east

"Where is my carousel, where is my pyre?

"Where are the children, where is the choir?"

He uprooted his molars, his mouth a tattered cape, a redundancy, irreparable and void, his voice trembling vibrato, a howl, an empty, how silent the song can be sung, its lack of music

louder because of it. "There is a whimper,

there is a funeral, there are only four

pallbearers dressed up."

"...and you understand. I am unfortunate and driving through changing weather.

Or, I am fluctuated and tempered.

It is constantly now and then. My friends, the comfort of debris..."

Savara come at ensuring Indicatories along at world WP

Where on the children where it the choir!

r speciated his melans, his around a terrared ages refundancy, irreparably and resid, his vestor refuling vibrato, a need, an empty, here silant

when because of its There is a witinger,

heat when one could demand a si score

on housely warmalling



Two different time signatures, my father in the center talking loudly to himself. Lights all around him. He is dressed like a seven-year old boy. He will not take his costume off, even after he has gone home.

so different time signatures; visites in the certer talking leadly

himself. Lights all around him.

to dentered life a veven year old boy.

to will not take his customs will.

on alter he has give house.

Dear Perdendon, the gains

of deliber for mores and seven.

Luck surgine is a factor flow,

our background or manifestate door.

The ruthernal beneficialises, every di

the pile up on the marty highway.

on the finestain, you are the wish

"...Every desperation runs its course unparalleled.

A hill was in walking distance and then it grew to be an unscalable path. Insanity loomed like a sewing machine in the kitchen..."

Dear Perdendosi, the garden is full of garter snakes. Fields of dahlias for acres and acres. Each sunrise is a forest fire, our backyard a miniature sun. Dear rational hemisphere, every day cars pile up on the nearby highway: their drivers tossed like clay pots. I am the fountain, you are the wish. Dear brother, I think I've gone blind.

Abstract desperation rate its estates constrained.

I left won in welling discuss and them it gives to be a consolidate path, isomorp/lamed.

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es pile up on the nearby highways

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"...the children are tangerine trees. Everything about me is corruptible. The sporadic realization something is about to or has already happened.

I am wearing the t-shirt I will later drown in.

The land around us is dying and then it is dead."

The Brothers, Perdendo and Perdendosi was printed and bound in Brooklyn, NY in an edition of 150 in 2013.

This is copy <u>23</u> of 150

Brian Trimboli's poems have appeared in *Gulf Coast*, *Indiana Review*, and *Forklift*, *Ohio*. He has received fellowships from NYU and Bucknell University, and is currently a PhD candidate at Binghamton University.

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No, Dear and Small Anchor Press are based in Brooklyn. More information about their projects and publications can be found at nodearmagazine.com and smallanchorpress.com

on Personale and Personaless was printed and bound

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## Acknowledgements

Thank you to the editors of H\_NGM\_N, LIT, No, Dear and Toad, where some of these poems have appeared, sometimes in slightly earlier verions.

Brun Tittelook's poems have appeared in Gud Court, helinia Review, and Ferklift, Ohio, He has received follows from NYU and fracturell University, and is correctly a Pott considers at Bioglaunten University.

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