

**The Brothers,  
Perdendo and Perdendosi**



**Brian Trimboli**

The Brothers, Perendo and Perendosi

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:

"It is a blessing to see things when they happen.

They have already happened. Prediction of activities

through the observation of your signs. A matter

of health. You are the subject of this story.

and I am the subject."

Only the violin now. Only the wretched  
body. Disorientation like last month.

The apple, the stomach, the what it destroys.  
Only the unchangeable concept of a single  
and some days. The backlight  
separates him from the background.

Redmond smothered beneath a pillow  
beneath his father's hands. "If you panic,  
you will die," he killed me  
while holding the pillow over Perina'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.

I no longer know without. There is a lot  
I am without about, my children like candy canes  
that was someone, and right now is last winter.  
It is the day when my birthday and I am devoured.  
Or they have been out of my life and no longer know.

It is a feeling of the things that happen  
The last thing happened. The first thing of activities  
There is a sense of the things that happen  
The first thing of activities  
The first thing of activities

“...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...”

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 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..."

Tei el'Amarna  
Deir Mawâs  
El Qusva

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.

“...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...”

11  
Tel Aviv  
Deir Mawas  
El Qusya

“...what I am saying is this: there is a number so large  
it doesn't exist. That number also fits inside another.

We are all just varying levels of small. Cold night  
to be a star, says the moon to a pulsar. I am warm  
as a hiccup, says the pulsar back.

There are conversations going on we cannot hear...”

My father was an air-lych house  
my mother a provincial. I studied  
and wrote with sleep and dream  
in waking up. Dear brother, my pillow  
contains antibodies. Over the past  
and home, the design is all wrong.  
Where is the bedroom?

"...I shadowbox colors. The canal  
outside frozen over with dandelion spores.  
I spent that summer pulling killy-lines  
and crab traps. At any given moment  
I am in love with the world I am imagining..."

100  
Delf MAMAS  
El Qosya

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?

Dr. Rajda  
Dr. Tariq Anwar  
Dr. Mawaz  
Dr. Qasbi

"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."

1970  
Tel el Yamana  
Deir Mawas  
El Qusya  
1970

Two different time signatures,  
my father in the center taking loudly  
his breath. Lights all around him.  
He is dressed like a spy, you say, boy.  
He will not take his costume off,  
even when he has gone home.

"...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..."

...Tel el-Amarna  
Deir Mawas  
El Qasbiya



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.

...Tel el-Amarna  
Deir Marwan  
el-Qasr  
Amman  
1968

...the garden  
is full of water snakes. Fields

of debris for acres and acres.  
Each village is a forest fire,

our backyard a restaurant run  
by our national headquarters, every day

Dear Ferdnosa, the garden

Dear Ferdnosa, the garden

Dear Ferdnosa, the garden

Dear Ferdnosa, the garden

Dear Ferdnosa, the garden

“...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...”

...Te el Yamana  
Deir Mawes  
El Qufya  
Amh...  
46

Dear Perendosi, 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.

Abn...  
El Ousya  
Deir Marwan  
Tel el-Amarna  
Tel Roda

...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."

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Deir Mawās  
El Qunya  
Annab

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Brian Trimboli's poems have appeared in *Gulf Coast*,  
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Abd  
W  
El Oubya  
Dair Mawas  
Tel el Amarna

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Al-Tal el-Amarna  
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Anah

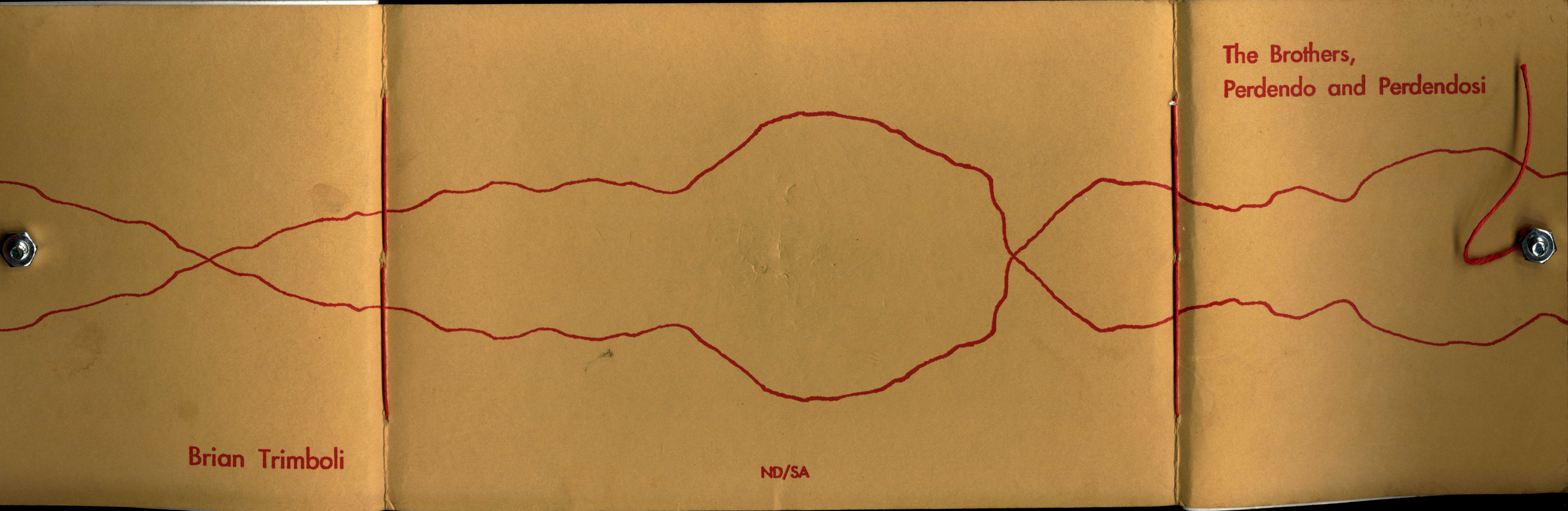


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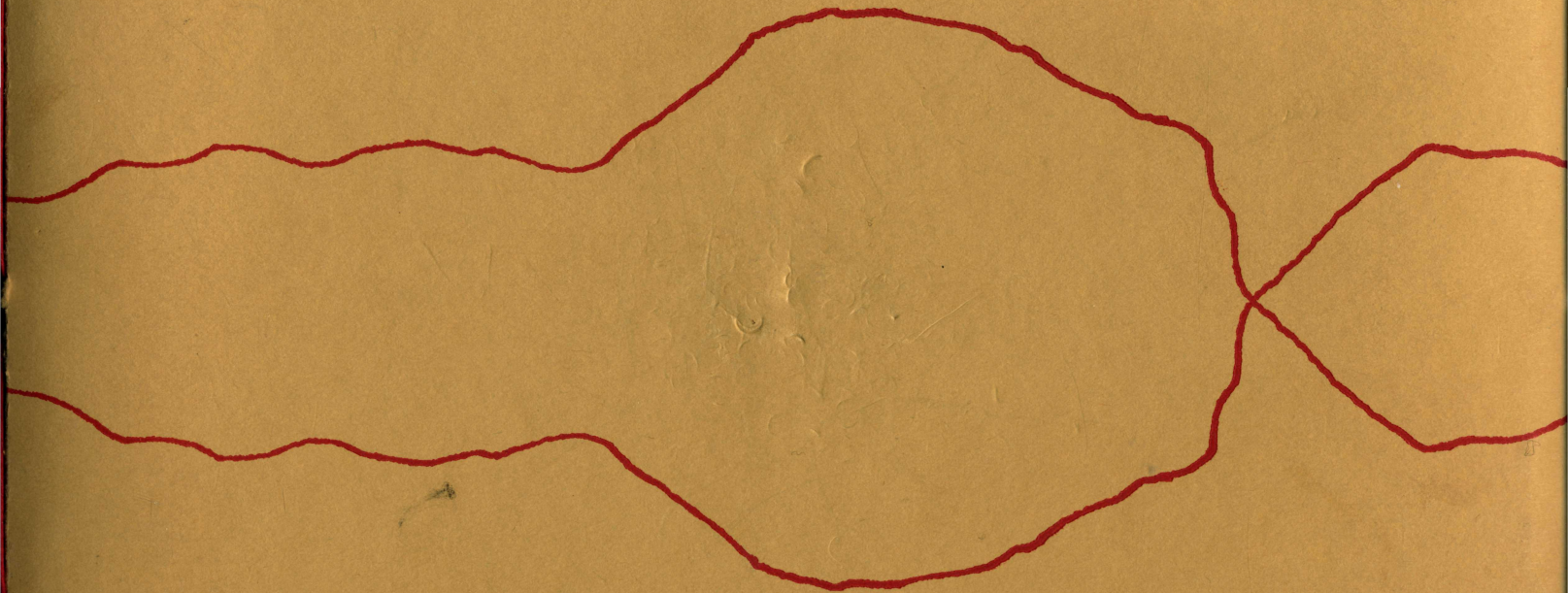
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