

## The next bench over

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How could a pun that dirty  
not be said aloud at once?  
Even if they shoot me for it

And how could I not love you  
for laughing, and adding one more word  
to perfect it's timing

The only two with neat tools  
fine tools, custom tools we'd discovered  
things we brought from home

The only true lessons are the  
funny ones and the sad funny ones  
the others all suicidally boring

Wood and wind, warp and woof  
woven finely in close intimate conversation  
about the wordless joke

Too dirty not to be said aloud at once  
even if we get shot for it.  
Too funny to ever stop laughing

How do brothers find each other, anyhow?

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Subway station pay-phone call  
"Jeff said 'Free rush ukulele-intonation'"  
I could just have taped every psychic curse you know