## Body Piercing

JANET PROULX

When he was five, my brother was chased by bees after poking their hive with a stick ran into the hood ornament of a 1950 Cadillac pierced a hole in his skull.

A neighbor presented him to my mother like a sacrificial lamb kitchen floor stained by blood and tears.

The bane of my childhood

I offered him once to the Fuller Brush Man
in trade for an item in his suitcase.

Finally, there he was cradled in my father's arms a gauzy white cap with a stain marking the place where metal met flesh and bone.

I slipped into his bed and held him close and as he slept I wept.