

The Part of Me That Has Nothing Left To Lose

An old foster brother. Showed up
In my cell block last month.
They put him in with a real
Knucklehead who's down to weeks.

He calls my foster brother, Ford,
For being so easily driven.
I can see it's pushing him
To the brink.

A kid who's survived Molestation,
And cusp of death beatings
More times than I've had to
Renew my driver's license.

Part of me wants to step in,
But stupid can't be reasoned with.
Part of me wants to tell his celly,
"I'll put something in your neck.
If you don't leave the boy alone."
(He doesn't know, I've never put anything
In anyone's neck.)

Part of me wants to gamble.
Tell him there's no place. I can't touch him
Nowhere, he could hide. Because
I'll still be here. Waiting.

But I won't.

The other part of me
Is scared of going all in.
Because that's how the house wins.
Because I've got too much to lose.
More than him,
(Even with his fingers and toes count down)
Part of me believes he knows it.