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Counter-Boys

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Audrey Bohanan

Counter-Boys

Both are blue-eyed, backwater boys and steady
of keel as in a harbored chop running close

to the surface. Through the screen door, we have been
watching the light glare, going acetylene

on domestic crime, cruiser broadside out front,
as they say in a hush, are quick to tell me

it is his own son, luck of the draw, the cop
is putting in handcuffs, ducking his head down.

These are the boys who choose to be soft of speech
and clear in their position. They are making

sure I have no doubt that their sympathies lie
with the father, that they plan to disembark

on solid ground, light out for territory
with no categories of predation. They

say, because they sweep after breakage, the son
is the piece of glass that sticks in the father's

throat, and they can see, as some say you can see
when a nuclear explosion leaves a sketch

of the deeper, skeletal structure of those
around you, which hand they themselves will land in,

that it never was not this way, they will leave
the whole shattering, boundless sea behind them.