**Hydra**

Lana Lehpamer

Hydra wakes up to a phone call and shuffles limb after limb across the room,

gazing at the shelf-framed boy.

He speaks like a roadside eulogy.

Wifebeater and armpit hair bundle up to form a morning.

Your movement gives off a sweaty overheated noise.

The bed was lying. Its sides always turned away, crying cold.

The caller informs me their brother threw himself under the train.

Like Andrew.

I go for my forearm.

I go for the keys.

I stand up.

I'm already in the car,

gently laying my belongings on the driver's seat.

I'm a fossil ghost trying hard to stay intact.

Insomnia tv changes to static.

The sockets burn out in my fears.

I say sorry.

I squeeze it out like a wet towel.

I watch him being carried away.

The black blanket shrouds him safe.

The caller invents new words for the same condition.

Stubborn and unpublished, he reasons against rejection.

I hang up.

I keep busy.

I decide not to extend;

Their grief grows new heads and I nod at the explanations.

His death, no longer contagious.

We all make life decision lists.

Mine says something stupid

like grow your hair and wear ugly shoes.