

There's a Donut Shop in Ojai, California

that lets you smoke cigarettes. My brother
exhaled through the fingers of a bear

claw. Our last breakfast together is still
caught in my molars. I ash its memory

like Parliaments. He told me the joke
about Noah. How he always kept the skunks

in a lifeboat, dragging behind the Ark.
In that booth we were sacred, holding

our worst selves behind us—Brian
held a glazed ring above his head.

It glistened. That half-eaten halo.