

Button Ups

My brother was born in 2015.
He was five feet, four inches
and one hundred twelve pounds.
He sent me a letter,
a formal introduction
in the form of chopped hair
And button ups,
that were found in the
Boys section
of our favorite store.

I would go with him,
to select some shirts.
And he'd reject every one
I'd present to him.
With a sincere smile saying,
"Pink isn't really my color,"
And he tells me
He notices
when a stranger sees
That he's carrying the weight of the world
pushed down and flattened out
right underneath his button up.

Suddenly there has become
a war on button ups,
Bloodied button ups,
Don't come home button ups,
Never got the chance button ups.
But in the battle of button ups,
All of the soldiers are banned.

And then there are times
When he says,
“Why must I prove that I am a button up?”
Is it that easy to confuse him
for a short skirt?
When there is a tag
that sticks out the back of
my brother’s button up shirt -
A brand they’ve given him
as they call him brave,
But there is only one word
He wants to bind himself with,
“Boy.”

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