

## **Morphine**

By: Mikey Jones

I'll never forget  
balancing on trestle railings,

when you said *be careful*  
*jumping off that bridge son,*

*the poles underneath*  
*can impale you*

like this cardinal outside  
your hospital room

twitches on rusty spikes  
nailed into the window's ledge.

Do you remember, dad,  
teaching me

how to float in the pond  
below our house

algae wrapped around  
our slick bodies

your forearms holding  
my hairless chest

above the surface  
and, afterwards,

we'd sit on warm cedar planks,  
I'd pick leeches off your back,

dark purple lesions forming  
like bed sores down your spine.