

All Boys Die In Spring

By Gabriella Olson

I think if Darío
Had died in the winter,
If he had sunken
Into the cold blanket
Of snow
And white silk,
If his cage of a body
Was frosted over by ice,
He would have been
Buried quickly.
And we would heal in the comfort
That he was
Resting
Under the soft white.

But no.
The snow melts in spring,
And it's the slit throat of a songbird
(And the sudden stop to
The melody)
That makes you look up
And forget to breathe.

All boys die in spring.

They say it's a season of life,
And the sleet is becoming rain
(Where it once was snow)
And the grass is going from
Brown to green.

But all boys die in spring.

They say he had a gun,
A gun not locked Up.
Not locked Away.
Left in a drawer

Under some drawers,
Just waiting
Like the corpse of a dead bird.
(That hit the glass.)
They say he felt A l o n e.

Because all boys die in spring.

I think I can imagine him now,
Ferns braided into his hair,
His eyes the color of fall leaves,
His skin the smooth bark
Of the tree.
I can imagine him with flowers
Woven into his skin,
Cempasuchil and white lilies
And pink blossoms
Living off his blood force.
I can imagine Darío
Now,
His silent scream,
His forgotten tears,
The way he lay down like
He was laying his own body
Down to rest.
Amen.

So all boys die in spring.

And the articles,
God the newspaper articles,
So little shrines
Of remembrance,
(Just a small headshot,
The only photo they could find—
A school photo.)
And so many
Studies
Saying things like,

50% higher suicide rates in spring...

The effects of sunlight and hormones...

In terms of national trends, boys in warm months...

Latinx children more likely to...

Poor brown populations experiencing...

16-year-old Hispanic boy takes his life...

Darío has become a statistic.

Reduced to a gray photo.

Smiling at the camera,

His upper lip Cut

With a scar,

His eyes squinting in the light.

We didn't buy the yearbook back then.

Or ever.

But I kind of wish we had.

Because my brother died in spring.