

Watch
(Excerpt)

The watch is warm, as though my father had just taken it from his wrist. The finish is rubbed off in places from wear. The time is correct.

My brother drops it in my hand and shoves his own hands back in his pockets. “Daddy wanted you to have it.”

No one sits on the stiff couches.

In the casket a few feet away, my father’s face is his own but smaller. We both know this isn’t the watch my father meant. The guns were for my brother. I was to have my mother’s rings and the gold pocket watch—our great-grandfather’s—that now hangs from a fob around my brother’s fat waist. Watch fobs are rare items; my brother has planned this moment.

If you believed the photographs or my mother, my brother was a pretty baby, and a happy one.