

## A Brown Spot

My best friend was a mortar man. Now he's a machine gunner.  
The United States Marine Corps killed 1,400 pigs this year.  
They shoot the pigs with shotguns and rifles  
to train infantry in triage. I imagine that means  
trying to hold the pig's guts in, trying to stop the blood  
like plugging a hole in a dam with your finger.  
My friend said maybe he learned something from it, he doesn't know.

I had a dream that he was out on patrol and was shot  
in the belly by a sniper. I dreamed his skin—  
a plastic bag from a grocer, broken open  
from the weight of the fruit inside. The plums tumbling  
out. My hand instinctively reaches for them falling through  
the air. They bruise so easily.