

It Only Takes One Thing
By Connor Benskin

“It only takes one thing,” I said to my brother.
Before we start fighting and cussing at each other
He shuts me up real quick with a shot to my head
Then I look down and his knuckles are bloody and red
Then he looked up and my eyes had said that I was worried
And I could feel that blood rushing wild in my head
I looked up to match his eyes and then he said
“It only takes one punch before you’re on the floor and red
And remember I should be giving lectures like momma did.”

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