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Author

McGlennen, Molly

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Brother Bullet. By Casandra Lopez. Tucson: The University of Arizona Press, 2019. 95 pages. \$16.95 paper.

Brother Bullet, a debut collection of poems from Casandra Lopez, moves in a system of light, transmitting through delicate openings that illumine a family’s unthinkable trauma. It is as if each poem in the collection contemplates how to mourn. “I sing into a tiny cry, the business of mourning,” Lopez says, “Pushing it, I refuse to cede to the weight, remembering extermination” (14). *Brother Bullet* creatively (and sometimes literally) translates the experience of a brother’s murder (with “Brother” capitalized throughout), yet the collection also translates memories of connected violences. The book, despite its heavy topic, carries an overwhelming sense of grace.

Throughout this beautifully executed collection, the sinew of language becomes the mapping device for the speaker’s search for solace. Because Lopez so closely pays attention to form and aesthetic, her language becomes a potent design on the page, even offering small slivers of direction:

wanting to mend hurt into aperture,
 a pinhole star of clarity. But sometimes
 there is no quieting the wind of rupture,
 we break scabbed blood
 becoming what we could not imagine. (34)

In these incredibly composed gestures, Lopez finds a way to document, name, and investigate the unfathomable and inscribe stark contrast against the authoritative documentation of the doctors, detectives, and other officials that swarm the scenes of her memory of the murder.

Often the poems zoom in on the moments, hours, and weeks immediately after the loss of Brother. In “The First 48”—a title that plays on an A&E television show in which the protagonists always seem to find a solution to crime or a salve for violence in one quick hour—Lopez unloads “the long scope of loss”:

But I watch in mute. To mute
 grief’s steady sting, the pulse of regret. Their guttural cries echo here,
 in chest, in the capital
 of heart, where I’ve rooted Brother, so he grows from muscle to memory to
 story. (35)

Within these threads, the very connective tissue of muscle memory buoys her story. Over and over Lopez links body, family, earth, memory, ancestors into a network of not only an unbreakable bond, but to a history of violence as well. She says in “Brother and I: Two Ghost Fish”:

This is how it will always be: One of us
leaving the other, but never
meaning to. Stretching –
our ancestral cord to the break. (16)

The motif of sewing, stitching, mending, and threading weave throughout the collection, stressing the impossibility of understanding discretely and singularly the violence inflicted upon Brother's life. Rather, Lopez urges, the pain resides in the legacy of a collective trauma.

Far from merely a record of loss (as if that could ever be unmitigated or insignificant), Lopez makes beauty with her poems. There are so many moments a reader will find herself reveling in the succulent, with lines that sprout from orange groves and backyard lemon trees: "Now we just search / for the ripe, slick liquid / hidden / in our oranges. Father knifes their skin/ in a spiral. This how I feel sometimes, / like skinless ripe fruit, so heavy" (80). There is a sweet carefulness to Lopez's writing that grows from such intimate scenes of family and home. The taste of bitter and sour lives in Lopez's poems, but soft growing mint flourishes as well. One cannot help but sit with appreciation in moments like these.

If poetry for Lopez is where "I learn to speak in metaphor, name your murder Bullet" (29), poetry is also her means to sew that story to others, a method that mends wounds by recalling an ancient language somewhere deep in the body—in the marrow, she says. While Lopez questions what can be salvaged and what can provide relief from the wreckage of loss, she reminds us "this refuge is only temporary" (51), as each poem grants a connection to other memories, experiences, and stories.

What is fascinating about this collection of poems is its ability to sustain long forms of meditation through, and of, grief, whereby dedication becomes a sort of ceremonial process, a prayer. Lopez writes in "The Wreckage," "Fearing the aperture / of loss, I bite my lip tight, bloody it good" (12–13). Akin to peering through the viewfinder of a camera, the speaker finds loss as both absence and presence, both a ruin and a space for light. Possibly, the speaker is asking her reader to consider the ways we might properly render and heal from penetrating grief.

In her final poem of the collection, "Oranges Are Not Indigenous," Lopez sheds light on such thoughts. "We are all suspended / in that between place," she writes, alluding to a family's attempt to keep Brother's memory alive, an action that only keeps them suspended on the seam of sorrow and strength. Here, the poem turns, and courageously reveals this closing line

My face presses into
ground and I inhale— [The mint] grows
even when Brother's children do not visit
or I have been away. I need these reminders of
how we survive and still grow
so fiercely against the edges of this earth. (92)

Lopez's collection renders the experience of trauma not as some sort of spectacle for a voyeur-reader, but as an invitation to come closer into that experience, where the loss of life is tied very closely to Indigenous survival and strength. To place Lopez's collection alongside other Indigenous women writers' most recent collections of poems, she, like Natalie Diaz in *When My Brother Was an Aztec*, presents unflinching attention to pain; and like Layli Long Soldier in *Whereas*, Lopez nurtures a poetics of healing. There is so much to admire about *Brother Bullet*. It is a book that all readers will not want to put down.

Molly McGlennen
Vassar College

Diagnosing the Legacy: The Discovery, Research, and Treatment of Type 2 Diabetes in Indigenous Youth. By Larry Krotz. Winnipeg: University of Manitoba Press, 2018. 174 pages. \$27.95 paper; \$25.00 electronic.

Diagnosing the Legacy describes the alarming emergence in the mid-1980s of childhood-onset type 2 diabetes among First Nations communities in Manitoba, Canada, and the scientists who raced to understand and stem this devastating new diagnostic phenomenon in diabetes history. A journalist and filmmaker, author Larry Krotz conveys this very complex story in concise, highly readable terms. Expertly navigating the intertwined stories of scientific discovery and the suffering of Indigenous people, he presents the Western scientific endeavor and the impact of diabetes for families whose lives revolve around intergenerational chronicity. Characterized by the body gradually becoming inefficient in its use of the insulin hormone needed to process sugar into energy, type 2 diabetes accounts for 90 to 95 percent of all diabetes diagnoses. Until this discovery, it was believed to develop only in adults as part of the aging process. In contrast, type 1 diabetes is usually diagnosed in childhood and is considered an autoimmune disease in which the body produces no insulin.

However, nearly four decades ago diabetic Indigenous children who started to appear with greater frequency at a Winnipeg hospital had not type 1, but type 2 diabetes, and they quickly suffered from the disease's dangerous complications. The health care providers and researchers who encountered these children could not quite believe what they were observing. They undertook rigorous study to try and explain what was happening to these young patients and to devise appropriate treatment. The scientific community, however, was skeptical of their findings, and their first article was accepted for publication twelve years after the first cases were documented.

Krotz relates the passion with which scientists understand the incalculable cost to patients and their families, as well as the blunt reality of the enormous implications for healthcare of this distressing expansion of the disease. The book highlights the power of the story of sufferers for the scientific world, shaping the way questions need to be formulated. As lead researcher Heather Dean explains, the compounding cascade of burdens is overwhelming: young sick mothers contend with numerous family