

# **THIS IS MY BROTHER**

**By Albi Gorn**

This is my brother  
I don't think you know him  
You may well have a brother  
Of your own  
But unless he takes you to Mars with him  
Or any place he goes  
And is nice to you  
Kinda  
And protects you from the Martians  
Except the friendly ones  
And except when you have to be the Martians  
He isn't exactly



This is my brother  
Exactly

-oOo-

I always thought I knew  
What the woods looked like at dawn  
Until my brother showed me  
What I was missing  
The grass, for example, had leaked  
And around the lake  
They had spent the night smoking  
Which accounted for the smoke  
And the sun is very tired that early  
And still yawning  
And being extremely quiet  
Soon it will get very loud  
So my brother says  
And at that time  
There are a lot more salamanders  
I'm not quite sure more than what  
But my brother knows  
And someday he'll tell me  
But first he will  
Catch that frog  
Softly  
And I must be quiet too  
Which seems ridiculous  
Since frogs have no ears  
But would make a great deal of sense  
If you knew my brother  
Which the frog didn't  
And he jumped  
Too late  
And my brother caught him  
In mid-air



You are probably not acquainted  
With anyone  
Who  
In the morning  
In the fog  
Sorta  
Caught a frog  
Completely  
In mid-air  
Lefty

I am

-oOo-



Have you ever been  
ship-wrecked  
In the dangerous South  
Pacific  
Which at first sight  
To the uninformed  
Might appear to be the  
upstairs bathroom  
And waited for a ship  
To save you  
From sure starvation and  
loneliness?

Have you ever seen hope  
after hope  
Dashed in the rough  
waters  
As ship after ship sank  
Because you don't fold  
so good  
And things looked grim?

Have you ever  
In such dark times  
Seen a ship approach  
With a real good sailor  
Who is bound to save you?

Have you ever at such a moment as this  
Started to clean up  
To save time  
And while dredging up the sunken hulks  
Have you ever accidentally  
Pulled out the ocean by mistake?  
It isn't pleasant, let me assure you  
Especially the whirlpools  
And typhoons  
As the ocean sinks ominously

And the thought occurs  
That you might never get off the island  
.....alive!

If you've had such an experience  
I'll bet you're sorry now  
That my brother wasn't that real good sailor  
Because he so good  
At struggling with the sea  
While I was plugging with the sea  
That he could keep that ship afloat  
Even though the water  
Was an inch and a quarter  
Shallow enough to scare almost any sailor  
Almost  
But not my brother

-oOo-

I have been the bad guy  
 Many time  
 My brother, in turn  
 Was the dirty copper  
 Although he made me call him  
 Lance  
 And said that that made him  
 a  
 Private Eye  
 And he always seemed to  
 know  
 That I was out to get him  
 Probably because he always  
 Made me tell him so  
 If I didn't tell him  
 And he didn't know  
 I could sneak up on him  
 But I always tell him  
 And he always gets me



And shoots me  
 Behind the stereo  
 A horrible way to go  
 But I deserve it

Sometimes he shoots me  
 On top of a building  
 And I topple and fall  
 To the street below  
 A good three and a half feet  
 To my death  
 Except one time  
 When we forgot to put the pillows down  
 And fortunately he only winged me  
 He thought he got me clean  
 Until I pointed out to him  
 That the pillows were his responsibility  
 At which point  
 He let me rob an extra jewelry store

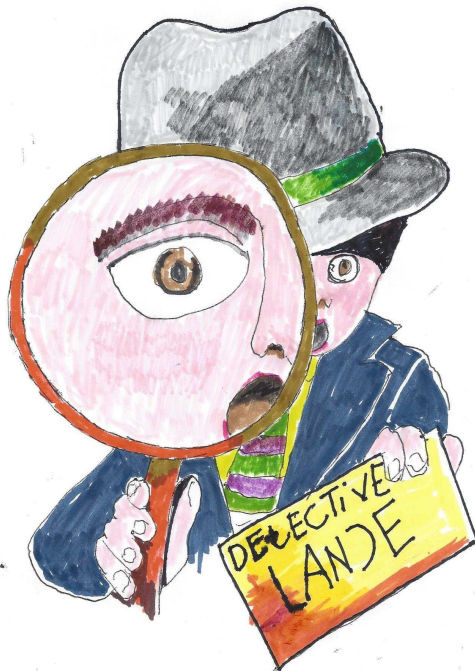
But tracked me down behind the stereo  
By my blood

Crime doesn't pay

-oOo-



I am reasonably sure  
 You have never killed your brother  
 I am positive  
 That I have never killed mine  
 Although I came close  
 I was a dirty copper  
 My brother was the bad guy  
 I shot at him many times  
 But missed  
 He never shot back once  
 This certainly should have made me suspicious  
 But since I didn't have to tell him  
 I was out to get him  
 I was able to sneak up on him



I hid behind the stereo  
 I knew he wouldn't expect me  
 there  
 And stuck the gun in his back  
 And fired

Fortunately for him  
 It was a misfire  
 Because he was really working  
 undercover  
 Busting up a racketeer's  
 hideout  
 So I joined him  
 After he fixed my gun  
 And we killed an incredible  
 number  
 Of bad guys  
 It would have been rough  
 If it hadn't been for my  
 brother  
 Who was really Lance  
 In disguise

-oOo-

I have fished  
For actual fish  
But I would only go with my brother  
Because he has a way with fish  
When he tells them  
They get off the hook



And go back  
To the water,  
that is  
And he is  
extremely good  
At straightening  
out worms  
As to their  
exact function  
On a fishing  
trip  
He has been  
known to make  
fish smile  
And will even  
undo my snags  
And let me brag  
About the one  
that got away  
Which a lot do  
When I fish  
And he lets me  
use the net  
Even on the  
small ones  
And says I don't

have to be patient  
Unless I want to

Once I caught a whale  
Although I couldn't pull it in  
I pulled and pulled

And it didn't move  
The reason how I know it was a whale  
Is that I couldn't lift it  
And I know I can't lift a whale  
So the line broke  
And the whale got away  
After that I used a beetle for bait  
Because I figured whales  
Don't eat beetles  
And I let my brother go after the whale  
He could probably lift them  
If it was absolutely necessary  
To do so

-oOo-

While most of you  
Have wasted away  
Your Sundays, that is  
In the traditional fashion  
I have been to the moon  
Many times  
Rocket ships are the only way  
To go  
To the moon  
My brother has a rocket ship  
Which he acquired  
By some shrewd trading  
Of baseball cards  
And he often takes me with him  
On his weekly excursions

As a result  
Of some shrewd trading  
Of baseball cards  
I was given an opportunity  
To pilot the ship  
One Sunday morning



Although I was skillful  
In avoiding the meteor shower  
I carelessly banged into  
Another ship  
And the resulting damage  
Needed extensive repairs  
Fortunately we were stranded in the kitchen at the time  
And were able to find all the necessary tools and parts  
My brother drove home

-oOo-

The next time we landed  
On the moon  
My brother advised me  
To ready my ray gun  
And to be ready for  
Anything  
Usually my brother does most of the shooting  
He being a better shot  
With ray guns  
So we walked until  
We found a hidden city  
Which was camouflaged  
It was an impressive job  
I wouldn't have recognized it  
It looked just like my room  
That's how good a job they do  
Camouflaging  
But my brother recognized it  
The moon men were camouflaged too  
And although they didn't look like my room  
I was fooled by them also  
My brother shot  
And I shot  
He hit a moon man  
Who immediately disintegrated  
I missed the moon man  
And hit a lampshade  
Which was also camouflaged  
To look like a moon man



We have a new  
lampshade now  
Ray gun proof  
And we spend a  
great deal of  
time  
On the ray gun  
practice range  
To improve our  
aim  
So that we can  
get that moon  
man  
Who broke our  
lampshade

-oOo-

One of the best places to be  
Is the seashore  
You may not think so  
But that's only because  
You don't know my brother

For example  
Seashells  
You probably don't realize  
What a seashell really is  
My brother does  
When a person gets  
shipwrecked  
They put a message in a  
bottle  
Because it floats  
When a person-who-lives-  
under-the-sea gets wrecked  
Just generally wrecked, they  
don't have ships  
They put a message in a  
seashell  
Because it doesn't float



So when we were at the seashore  
I looked for a seashell  
And when I found one  
I looked for the message  
A dumb thing to do  
The people-who-live-under-the-sea have nothing to write with  
So they speak a message  
Into the shell  
And tell where they were lost  
So that they may be saved

I have serious doubts  
That this method is one hundred percent



Successful  
Unless the guy who sent this shell  
That I was listening to  
Was already saved

-oOo-



Candy is pretty good  
Except not to watch  
Or listen to  
Only to eat  
And then some is  
And some isn't  
You never can tell with  
candy  
Because of the  
chocolate  
And you can't squeeze  
them  
So you find yourself  
Halfway through  
Pistachio fudge  
When you suddenly lose  
your taste for  
Pistachio fudge  
And you have to throw  
it away  
Unless you have a  
brother  
Who happens to like  
Pistachio fudge  
I have

And when you eat a coconut butter crunch one  
Which nobody likes  
You would have to throw it away  
Unless you have a brother  
Who knows how to lick the insides  
So that it sticks back together  
And who then marks it with an "x"  
Which is just what the candy company  
Should have done in the first place  
And then puts it back in the box

And when you come to the ones  
That are chocolate  
All the way through  
You get to share them  
And they taste really good  
That way

-oOo-

Kangaroos live in Australia  
So naturally  
If you want to hunt them  
You go to Australia  
You cannot use a gun  
Because of the way you jump  
In order to keep up with the kangaroos  
Who also jump  
In order to keep up with each other  
But if you know my brother very well  
Very well  
He might tell you how to hunt the kangaroo  
He told me  
.....boomerangs!

Some people are poorly educated  
About boomerangs  
They think that boomerangs  
Travel in circles  
And that if you throw them right  
They will return to you  
Of what value would that be?  
My brother knows what really happens  
Most people just can't throw boomerangs  
With any degree of accuracy  
And when they miss  
The kangaroo picks up the boomerang  
And throws it back at the people  
Because she is mad at being thrown at  
So most people say  
That boomerangs travel in circles  
Because they're so ashamed  
At being so bad  
At throwing boomerangs

My brother  
On the other hand  
Is excellent at throwing  
boomerangs  
When he throws them  
They never come back  
He can hit a kangaroo  
Without jumping  
Him, that is  
Not the kangaroo  
But he is fond of  
kangaroos  
So he only hits them  
where it won't hurt  
In the pouch  
If you ever run into  
A kangaroo  
With seven boomerangs  
In her pouch  
Ask her about my  
brother



If she should only have  
six  
It is probably because  
My brother threw one  
defective one once

Which probably hit the kangaroo  
In a bad mood  
And the kangaroo  
Will probably admit  
That she then  
In a fit of anger  
Threw that boomerang up a tree  
Since we saw one of ours up there once  
And it is unlikely  
That anybody who could throw a boomerang

Like my brother  
Would throw a boomerang  
Up a tree  
Unless it was an angry kangaroo

-oOo-

There is very little to do  
In the country  
Unless you are very brave  
And would dare to go  
.....into the woods!  
(not too far)  
To hunt the wild animals  
Which abound in such  
Places  
Like lions  
And gorillas  
And snakes  
We go hunting  
So that we could hang their stuffed heads  
On our walls  
Except for the snakes  
Because their heads are too big  
If you include the necks  
Which you really should  
Since the snake would  
And it's the least you can do for him  
After you've killed him  
In any event  
We carry elephant guns  
To shoot with  
And tiger traps  
To trap with  
And big nets  
To net with  
And we usually catch a lot of animals  
But we are not allowed to bring them home  
Or hang them on our walls  
So we usually release them  
Unharmmed  
  
My brother is particularly good  
At shooting behind trees  
At particularly tricky gorillas



But his specialty  
Is making traps

We make traps out of sticks  
and leaves  
And the animals would never  
know  
That they are traps  
Unless they see us making  
The traps  
Which they wouldn't  
Anyway

Because we don't look like  
We are making traps  
Only as if  
We are collecting sticks  
And leaves

We make it appear  
As if this is something  
We always do  
And in this way  
Fool all the animals  
Except the snakes

-oOo-



I doubt  
That you know  
About squirrels  
And nuts  
My brother does  
Some people think  
That they eat them  
The squirrels, that is  
Eat the nuts  
But they don't  
They only use them to  
bombard the ants  
When they come to  
attack  
Who ever actually saw a  
squirrel  
Eating a nut?  
Everyone know that  
squirrels  
Eat bread crumbs  
Which is why the pigeons  
come



When you throw down the bread crumbs  
Because they hate the squirrels  
(They have an understanding with the ants)  
So they eat the bread crumbs  
Before the squirrels  
Can get to them  
From their homes  
Under the benches

You probably thought  
That squirrels live  
In trees  
They don't  
They only go up there  
To sabotage the pigeons

My brother refuses to take sides  
He says we can all learn from this  
And that this is what is meant by  
Survival of the fittest

-o0o-

Magic is wonderful  
But one must have the proper materials  
To work with  
Like eyes of newts  
And tongues of toads  
And that gooey stuff you find

In old tree stumps

My brother knew a spell  
Which would transform  
grass  
Into candy  
Or  
Electric trains  
He wasn't sure which  
But seeing as we could  
use either one  
We decided to try the  
spell  
It required grass  
A toad  
Oregano  
And some of that gooey  
stuff  
You find in old tree  
stumps  
My brother got the toad  
The oregano  
And the grass  
And told me to find some  
of that gooey stuff  
You find in old tree  
stumps

So I brought back some on a spoon  
Because on that particular day  
I didn't feel like holding  
That gooey stuff you find in old tree stumps  
In my hand



And we did everything the spell called for  
Except mush it together in our hands  
And the toad hopped away  
Which he was supposed to do  
And the grass turned into  
Gooey grass  
And looked like it tasted like  
Gooey grass  
So my brother figured that it must have turned into  
Electric trains  
But later on he admitted  
That the spoon  
Probably spoiled the spell

-oOo-

Farms are great  
For animals  
But not bad for people either  
If they go with my brother

Who knows how to  
have fun with animals  
On a farm

Chickens for example  
are hard to get along  
with

Unless you know  
Their language  
And speak the word  
of greeting  
Trchlypstuncgh  
I can't tell you how  
to pronounce it  
But if you are ever  
being attacked  
By a chicken  
Who can read  
Show her this  
And she will stop  
My brother knows  
how to pronounce it  
And we get along fine  
With the chickens

If you are very  
stupid  
You will try the same  
word  
On horses

Which will only serve  
To get them angry  
At being mistaken for a chicken  
If you were a horse



And somebody showed it to you  
You would be angry too  
Fortunately, you are very likely not  
A horse  
So you are probably not  
Angry  
Unless you are a chicken  
Who did not read the preceding paragraph  
Or unless you are a goat  
In which case you are always angry

Horses actually are easy to get along with  
You stroke their manes  
Which helps their hair grow  
My brother learned this by stroking their manes  
And observing how it had grown  
Each time

-oOo-

Fields are good too  
In the country  
Because you can roll on them  
And when they hang around the tops of hills  
You can roll down them  
The hills that is  
Unless you don't know how to roll  
My brother does  
You grab your shoulders and close your eyes



And roll  
You have to close  
your eyes  
Or else the grass  
will be self-  
conscious  
When grass knows  
that you're looking  
at it  
It stands at  
attention  
Very impressive  
But hard to roll on  
So you close your  
eyes  
The grass relaxes  
And you roll  
And roll  
And roll  
And roll  
Into your brother  
Who has stopped  
Rolling  
Down the hill

Once you start rolling  
Down  
It is difficult to stop  
My brother manages it quite well  
He just stops  
I can't  
Unless I bump into him  
Or unless I reach the bottom  
Of the hill  
But I always do  
So I never worry  
There are times when I don't ever want  
To reach the bottom  
But I do  
I wish I could stop  
Like my brother  
Once he actually got up  
Half-way down  
And walked the rest of the way  
I can't even imagine how that feels

-oOo-



Sometimes hills are in the wrong place  
Usually on purpose  
One hill was  
My brother says there was a reason  
When a hill wants to have flowers  
It moves next to a lake  
Or some bushes  
Or a fence  
Or a cow pasture

So that nobody will  
roll  
Down it  
When nobody rolls  
down it  
The grass grows real  
strong  
And protects the  
flowers  
From the wind  
Until the flowers  
grow real strong  
And protect  
themselves from the  
wind

This hill was next to  
a pond  
So we didn't roll  
down it  
We just looked at  
the flowers  
Which is all right  
In moderation

-oOo-



Ponds have the disagreeable habit  
Of getting people wet  
Especially the clothes  
Of the people  
But only when the people  
Start up  
My brother never starts up  
So our clothes never get wet  
Almost  
It had to do with this frog  
Who was sitting on a lily pad  
A sure sign of his lack of imagination  
Daring my brother to catch him  
My brother can always out-think frogs  
And he out-thought this one  
And caught him  
And let him go on the shore  
So that I could catch him also  
To improve my skills  
But the frog reached the water first  
And I reached the water second

It is an accepted fact  
That some ponds have  
Ridiculous  
Absurd  
Preposterous  
And altogether meaningless  
Bottoms  
Made out of excessively muddy  
Mud  
This was one of those ponds  
Which I only suspected in the first few seconds  
That I was standing on that bottom  
But which was quickly confirmed  
In the next few seconds  
That I was sinking through the bottom  
.....QUICKSAND!.....



I was a goner  
But my brother would  
not have let the  
quicksand get me  
Because I really didn't  
start up  
And wasn't to blame  
(He might have saved me  
anyhow  
Even if I did)  
And he pulled me up  
And examined my clothes  
Which were certainly  
wet  
Regardless

-oOo-

Be careful when you go out camping  
If you do go out camping  
At least go with my brother  
So you won't get into trouble  
With the camper's most dangerous enemy  
The tent

Some people have the wrong idea  
About tents  
They think tents like to be put on poles

And strung up  
And lived in  
So they  
Put them on poles  
And string them up  
And live in them  
And they don't ever  
realize the awful truth  
about tents  
Until it is too late

Tents are always  
hungry  
Always  
And they live on human  
flesh  
But since they have no  
teeth  
They have to wait for  
the people living in  
them  
To rot  
And most people don't  
wait that long  
Camping  
So the tent tries to  
capture the people



By pretending it is a tent  
That one can live in  
And if you stay in it long enough  
One night  
It just drops  
And you're in a lot of trouble

My brother has it all figured out  
At night we talk about  
The great number of worms  
In our tent  
There are really no worms at all  
In our tent  
But we talk about them  
Anyway  
That way we scare the tent  
We figure that no tent  
Wants to fall on a whole lot of worms  
And so far  
It hasn't

-oOo-

Caves are actually entrances  
To the Center-Of-The-Earth  
My brother knows all the best ones  
And all the best routes down  
So one day  
We decided to go



To the Center-Of-The-Earth  
We traveled for twenty  
years  
Taking the scenic route  
And finally reached the  
center

There are numerous ways  
To get back up to the top  
Once you're reached  
The Center  
It might have been better  
If my brother and I  
Had chosen the same one  
To get back up  
We didn't

I was never afraid  
Because I knew my brother  
would find me  
Because he knows the  
Center-Of-The-Earth so  
well  
So I waited  
But nothing happened  
Until I heard a voice

Crying my name  
And sometimes just crying help  
And sometimes just crying I'm lost  
And sometimes just crying  
So I walked towards this voice

And my brother was there  
He had found me

I thought it was he who was crying  
But he explained it was just  
A Center-Of-The-Earth person  
Trying to get us confused  
My brother knew where I was  
All along

The return to the surface took considerably less  
Than twenty years  
Because we were familiar  
With our surroundings  
And someday we will return  
To get even

-oOo-

Sometimes you have to do a  
Great many things  
Before you decide what you like best  
My brother makes so many things best  
That we can do any of a  
Great many things

So we make plans  
Before we go to sleep  
Of what we will do the next day  
And if we forget  
What we planned



The night before  
We do something else  
Instead

And if you are having a  
good time  
Doing things  
You don't usually have a  
good time  
Doing  
Like visiting aunts  
Or cleaning up  
Or getting killed behind  
the stereo  
And if there is somebody  
doing  
These things with you  
Having just as good a  
time  
I think you should know  
That  
This is my brother.

-oOo-