

Strangers by Blood

In my brother I see my father,
his stubbornness and his eyes and his nose,
his grumpy righteousness and mumbled words.
I turn to the mirror and see him in myself;
my legacy making itself a home
without being known by me.
And I'm asked to speak up too;
to stop being difficult,
to not look so angry,
and I have pale eyes and a dark brow;
how can I help this?
Isn't this a substitute for distance?
Because we sit the same and
we read the same and
we like the same music and
the fresh air is in our blood and
none of us loves like our partners deserve it and
all of us take life not seriously enough and ourselves much too seriously.
We can't escape our father
and we don't ever differ enough –
“Look, you've got your brother's teeth, and look, you're so similar!”
But how,
when only half of our blood is the same
and the years separate us?
I know I am you
and I see you are me
and still I think I am better,
like you do, too.