

## My Brother & I

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MY BROTHER AND I RODE OUR BIKES  
TO SCHOOL, EVERY DAY.  
DOWN THE STRAIGHTEST PATH YOU'VE EVER SEEN  
FRAMED BY ROLLING FIELDS FULL OF EVERGREENS.

HE'D SAY: SEE YOU AT THE END,  
FIRST ONE THERE WINS.  
I'D SAY: YOU'RE ON!  
THREE, TWO, ONE,  
KICK OFF AND WE'RE GONE!

KNEES HIKE UP HIGH,  
ASPHALT FLIES BY,  
AS WE PEDAL AROUND AND AROUND.  
NO NEED FOR WORDS,  
NOT LIKE WORDS COULD BE HEARD,  
ABOVE THE WIND RACING TOWARDS US, HOMEWARD BOUND.  
HE GAINS GROUND,  
SPEEDS AWAY,  
BUT HE ALWAYS LOOK BACK  
TO MAKE SURE I'M STILL THERE.  
TO MAKE SURE I'M OKAY.

MY BROTHER'S SMUG GRIN  
FROM THE WIN WOULD GREET ME AT SCHOOL, EVERY DAY.  
BUT MY LEGS STRETCHED OUT, I GREW A FOOT TALLER.  
AND THAT THREE YEAR GAP FELT SMALLER AND SMALLER.

HE'D SAY: SEE YOU AT THE END,  
I'M GONNA WIN.  
I'D SAY: NOT SO FAST!  
AND BEFORE HE COULD SAY THREE, TWO, ONE,  
I'D ZOOM PAST—

PUSH THROUGH THE THIGHS,

EYES ON THE PRIZE,  
AS WE CYCLE AROUND AND AROUND.  
NO NEED FOR WORDS,  
IN FACT, NONE ARE PREFERRED,  
I FEEL HIM HERE WITH ME WITHOUT A SOUND.  
I GAIN GROUND,  
WHIZ AWAY,  
BUT I LOOK BACK  
TO MAKE SURE HE'S STILL THERE.  
TO MAKE SURE HE'S OKAY.

THE YEARS RIDE BY,  
AND LIFE RACES ON,  
THE PATH'S NEVER AS STRAIGHT AS IT ALWAYS SEEMED.  
IT'S CROOKED IT'S WINDING  
IT'S BUMPY, SURPRISING,  
IT'S MESSY, DESPISING,  
IT'S UNCOMPROMISING.  
AND IT'S HARD TO LOOK BACK  
WHEN THERE'S RIDGES THAT BLOCK YOUR VIEW.  
BUT I STILL DO.  
I ALWAYS DO.  
DO YOU?

MY BROTHER AND I RODE OUR BIKES  
TO SCHOOL, EVERY DAY.  
DOWN THE STRAIGHTEST PATH YOU'VE EVER SEEN  
FRAMED BY ROLLING FIELDS FULL OF EVERGREENS.  
I LIKE TO REMEMBER US THAT WAY.