

The Other

I wasn't aware of him at first,
my erring twin, but later I learned
he went off the rails at an early age
and prowls around the world whilst I
lead a dull but spotless life at home.
He scorns me and my kind, I'm told,
mocks where I choose to acquiesce,
will come to no good end, I fear,
who, for all that he's as old as I am,
has never learned what growing up's about.
I should like to come to terms with him,
this roaring boy who haunts me so,
help him, as a brother, to see sense.
But my task would be a simpler one
if there weren't as well a ghostly third
who, having no character of his own,
constantly judges and compares
and, as from a superior posture,
speaks coldly of our lives, declares
no merit's to be found in either.

ROGER CALDWELL