

Laurence Ready

My brother has two heads

he tells me, we're
'The voices are in the other head,'
I look around. He has a
a wardrobe, a few
for music,
Here in this room, I
his whole life up
I don't know
So I ask him about them,
He grins – suspicious of
'them,' he says, 'they talk about
for us and where
I listen to him. My brother.
coming in,
some just visiting and
I look at my brother.
for the first time
Like me he has
his blonde hair is
Across his face his
and I am shocked
yes, the year of his birth
that he's only months
The womb was still
when you
I say
And as I hear his voice
to when we were kids and
We used to sit on the

sitting in his room.
he says, 'my other head hears them.'
bed, a chair and a table,
clothes and a radio –
forever music.
see, feel how his youth,
to now, has fled.
what to say.
these voices he hears, these speakers
me – he's not specific:
Truth and Jesus, what He did
the world went wrong . . .'
And I imagine all the voices,
going out,
others staying with him.
I feel like I'm looking
in a long time.
blue-grey eyes, but
shorn to the bone.
skin is tight, amber
as I remember that
is '63, the same as mine,
younger than I am.
warm from me, brother,
were born,
to myself.
now, my thoughts go right back
Dad gave us that transistor radio.
front porch listening to the radio,

my brother
discussing songs and girls,
I remember one day
over some
The receiver set dropped
its plastic shell
I thought: 'well that's it . . .'
still worked well, even better
My father, good with his
a small repair, patching it
Overall though, we would have
my brother
with that split

and I,
teasing our sisters, swearing . . .
we had an argument,
minor thing.
to the stone floor –
broke in two.
but no! it kept going!
than before in some ways.
hands, saw it and made
up, 'like new' he said.
left it as it was,
and I,
at its centre.