

With my Brother
Eileen Roe

My bother is bigger and older than I.
He goes to school on the bus.
He delivers newspapers in the afternoon.
He plays ball at the park on Saturdays.
He doesn't always have time to play with me.
But sometimes, I sit outside on the steps.
I wait for him to come home.
When he sees me, he smiles and calls my name.
I run to him, he grabs me and we wrestle in the grass.
I always win.
We walk down to the playground together.
My brother and I.
We play catch. And hang upside down.
We talk together until it's time to go home.
When he finishes his homework, sometimes.
We will do a puzzle together in the evening.
I climb up his lap and read our favorite books.
He will say I'm getting too heavy.
Soon I'll be too big to sit in his lap.
That's okay because maybe then.
I'll be big enough to go to school on the bus.
And deliver newspapers in the afternoon.
And play ball at the park on Saturdays.
With my brother.