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Biological Relations

By: Campbell Ashby

I see you stole my socks again...

I never have understood why you take my socks, why not something normal,

Like my shirts, or something. I try to yell at you to take them off,

But the guilty look you have and the fact that you are,

In fact, wearing them inside-out makes me laugh at you.

“Take them off” I say. “But I’m already wearing them,” she says.

“Well sure, but at least turn them right side out...And stop taking my socks.”

I turn to leave, and I tell you how much I love you.

You truly know it all, tell it all,

I mean, after all you’re a so-called genius...It’s quite aggravating actually.

I let it out, my words sting like bees and scare you away from me.

Your facts are wrong, but you can’t seem to accept that.

Up against a wall, your screaming reminds me of my duty to love and protect you.

And then I tell you how much I love you.

Our father comes home. You run to him with a big hug,

Crying about how scary your big sister is.

In this moment, I realize my faults. But, I quickly deny all accusations,

and then tell you how much I love you.

I'm jealous of—scratch that—I envy you.

I envy the way you still can get away with things.

I envy that you're the youngest, I envy your free and young spirit

I envy the attention you get from our parents.

And even as my envy festers, I still tell you how much I love you.

We're young, taking baths together

You try to help wash my hair, but you get it in my eye

I explode with anger and pain. You fall, break your tooth, and cry.

This couldn't be my fault, she was the one who did this to herself

But, as her screams grow louder, I hush her

I want to go to my friend's birthday party, and that won't happen if you keep crying.

Shut up! Shut up! And then I tell you how much I love you.