The Brother No One Talked About

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Growing up I was the child who was often forgotten about whenever someone asked my mother how her children were. People would often say, where is TJ (my brother)? I've always interpreted this as a representation of my otherness because I wasn’t the light-skinned, long-haired one everyone adored. I was the dark one with nappy hair, which seemed to be qualities that were not popular or “in.” I can also remember the preferential treatment my brother got, especially in regards to chores. In my household every night our house had to be cleaned spotless, but most nights my brother would get a free pass. I often wondered what was it about him that made my mother believe that he deserved special treatment.

I would describe myself as being a really close to a perfect child. I say this because I always did my chores, and homework, and I excelled in school. This is what differentiated me from my older brother, and sadly my mother didn’t see that. For a while I thought I should be a problem-child just so I could get special treatment like my brother. In my mind, bad behavior gets rewarded and good behavior gets brushed off. I realized this as early as elementary school, which is when one could say I became aware of my “otherness.”
Reflection

Writing the three poems I selected for publication was very emotional for me. In regards to the poem about my brother, this was the poem that was the closest to my heart. Growing up, I always felt like I was “the other” and never the main subject. I remember writing about this in my poem and I could see visual images in my head from my past. To my surprise, I didn’t find myself getting upset all over again when I wrote about the special treatment my brother received. Although I was saddened that I was not appreciated, I didn’t allow it to affect me because this is in my past. Writing this piece was rather exciting because it gave me a blast from the past. As stated earlier, I had never shared some of the stories with anyone and it was rather courageous of me to share with the class and the world.