

## **Residents**

### **"My Brother Paul"**

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I still remember that day in December  
When you pretended to fall on the stairs  
You said you were scared that the top of your head  
Was open and bared itself to the air

I can cry if I try  
But I lie awake at night

You said that you tripped on a box that he shipped  
Before he committed himself to the war  
I was at work and believed you were hurt  
'Til I saw that dirt from a hole in the yard

I was still crying and you were still lying  
The following morning out there in the hall  
Where it was painful to watch you arrange  
Those portraits you painted of my brother Paul

I can cry if I try  
But I lie awake at night

I can't believe that I was deceived  
That day we received that present from Paul

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