All My Brothers

As I sit
And I dream
    And I ponder my soul
    And lament of this hideous curse

I am still
And I listen
    To others that say
    You must do unto others, but first

Do they sit
    Do they worry
        Do they spend sleepless nights
        Regretting their inexorable actions

Can one know
    And if so
        Would it matter a bit
        To the sparks of their flickering compassions

And if not
    Pay it heed
        Is that what I’d do
        To silently strangle convictions

Like a robber
    At night
        Should I stalk through my heart
        Carefully murdering its well-meaning victims
But if so
    What am I
        This horrible beast
    No thought but of stating my hunger

Would I be
    But a mongrel
        No longer a man
    If I gave not a thought for another

I think so
    And with that
        I’ll accept this great curse
    Denounce those who deal kindred profanely

For their thoughts
    I care not
        For at least I will know
    That I treat all my brothers humanely

    James Snodgrass