

My Brother Said...

My brother is so noisy,
It really isn't right,
We never get a minutes peace,
From morning, until night.

He mutters and stutters,
He yells and he moans,
He chortles and grumbles,
And babbles and groans.

He drawls and he bawls,
He shouts and he witters,
He barks and he whines,
And professes and twitters.

He blabbers and jabbers,
He boasts and he nags,
He narrates and complains,
And discloses and brags.

He sneers and he jeers,
He describes and he howls,
He projects and expresses,
And splutters and growls.

He cries and he sighs,
He cheers and announces,
He questions and chuckles,
And laughs and pronounces.

He explains and proclaims,
He jokes and he states,
He sniggers and whispers,
Reports and dictates.



He suggests and protests,
He begs and replies,
He bellows and blusters,
And snarls and denies.

At the end of the day,
When he crawls into bed,
I'm sure there is nothing,
That he hasn't said.

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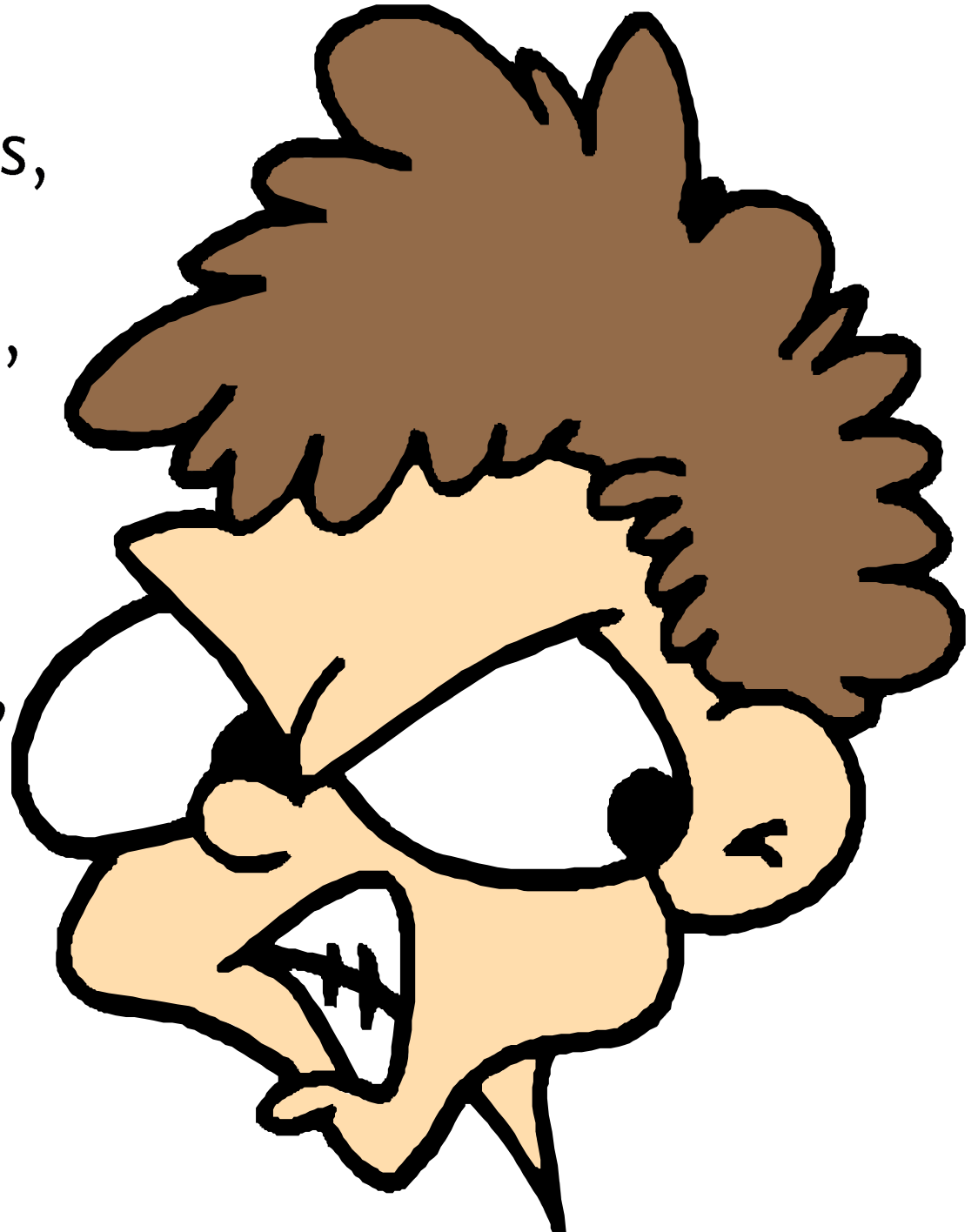
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J. Shaw

