

## Roosevelt

*Cornelius Eady*

My younger brother can't be fixed;  
His love cannot be reasoned with.  
It shambles a shabby house,  
It turns glass and furniture  
into breakage and tumble,  
His slaps and kicks are turning heavyweight.

And when he grows, the baby in him  
will never leave; his tongue will never fit  
a word, his hands never learn  
their small accidents and miracles.

But who would stand against a boy  
who never falls out of love?  
That's the way we see my father,  
Daddy who said—this kid can't be mine,

Daddy who says—we can't keep him,  
and sits my mother down  
while we're at school  
with the papers and a white woman

The papers and a white lady  
my mother told us later,  
as if bad was in the room,  
worse was on the corner

if she didn't give in.