

My Brother Thinks He's a Banana

Barry Louis Polisar

My brother thinks he's a banana
But my mother won't ever admit it
He sleeps curled up in the fruit bowl
Though Grandma tries to forbid it
She says it isn't normal for him to act that way
And although his complexion has yellowed
He seems to be okay

He won't go out when the sun is up;
"It's a phobia," the doctor feels
And like all good bananas
He's afraid of getting peeled

He really is a scholar
He's read all the books by Bellow
But still he likes to clown around
And cut up in the Jello

Climbing in with one foot first
He'll stay all day in there
Then mommy has to hose him down
And shampoo all his hair
I don't really understand him
And I don't want to seem mean
'Cause I love my little brother
Especially with sour cream