

The Elder Son

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*He called one of the servants and asked
what was going on. (Luke 15:26)*

Mr. Perfect, he calls himself.
Well, not out loud, but I can tell
that's what he's thinking.
Not a red hair out of place,
which is easy for him to keep up,
since he doesn't really do the work
he always claims he is doing.
Who does it? You guessed it—
yours truly, always at Mr. Perfect's side,
winnowing the grain while he
practices his complaints in the wind.
Lately, he's been talking about
running for the Sanhedrin
to make Judea great again.
Ha! As if we ever were.

The younger son, I always liked him
better, even if he was a bit wild.
But what could you expect
with an older brother like that,
giving him wedgies in the field
while their father looked the other way?
So when Big Boy asked about
the music and dancing at the house,
that was my shining moment.
We're having a party, you big dope!
That's what I wanted to say.
And, for once, it's not about you.