Meghan Kristyn Collins
My Brother

Path to salvation
That's what it was meant to be
Yet alteration arose instead
From suggestions the doctors planted in Mother's head.

Presented on a silver platter to aid his ill mind,
And everyone thought it was for the best,
Yet they were wrong: it made him worse.
It fried his brain and changed who he was.

At first, my brother seemed fine
But once in a while he was so out of touch,
That we had to spoon feed him like a baby
Then, it changed him again.

He became worse, less empathic
And more cruel than we thought possible
No matter what we did, in his mind we were always wrong
For this medical breakthrough broke him
With side effects unknown until too late.

Two siblings once so close now separate different paths
One stays, one strays
And when two loses one
Life is no longer fun.