

THE DOUBLE

I know he's out there
Pretending to be me—
Telling people all my lies,
Signing my name to checks
Made out to the Devil,
Ruining my credit
With the righteous;
But what am I to do?
You can't shoot your shadow.
You must endure his hangovers
And misdemeanors. You have
To stand up for him
When the lynch mob comes.
You have to agree when friends
Say you look alike. He is,
After all, my brother—
And I get to sleep with his wife.