

Dear Brother (A sonnet)

Sumi Watters

Every morn, he dons an Armani suit,
Strides, head high, into the boardroom with grace,
An Alpha among men with fine repute,
His buoyant confidence fills every space.
He is revered by those who shadow him,
Praised for his shrewdness and roaring success.
His truth, however, is wretched and grim,
His closeted shame, too bleak to confess.
At home, he is meek, his wife tears him down,
She slashes his pride with hateful remarks,
“You’re hardly a man,” she says with a frown,
And leaves him to weep alone in the dark.
Dear Brother, why give a false perception?
Why hide behind your mask of deception?