# The Epic of Bill Gamesh

my big brother is famous

he’s the son of a goddess and a priest

I’m the son of a baker and a priest

it’s not fair

he gets to stomp around town

bedding virgins and ordering the peasants about

I have to change his bed and clean the latrines

he gets to build walls 120 cubits high

I built a henhouse, but it collapsed

he has gone off now

some monster he has to slay

Hubumba, Humbaba? something like that

Gods know why he has to go and do that

what’s one monster more or less?

I kicked over the anthill in the backyard

my dad talks about him all the time

strength of a bull, handsome as a god

brought great honour to the family, blah blah blah

what about me? if I didn’t do the housework

nothing would get done around here

it’s not like he pulls his weight

I hate to say it, but I want him to fail

him and his buddy, great heros, my ass

I don’t want him to get eaten, but a good knock on the head

would put some perspective into him

his mother may be a goddess, but she still has to pee sometimes

while he’s gone, I’m going to see if there are any virgins left

marry one and deflower her, before he gets back

and maybe, just maybe, there’ll be a kid in town

who doesn’t look like him

between you and me, he farts in bed, picks his nose

Some demi-god. Besides, I think

there’s more to him and his friend than he lets on.

If you know what I mean.