

# Am I My Keeper's Brother?

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All of us animals, monkeys, apes, chimps, orangutans, and baboons,  
For the most part, we will generally, more or less, say and agree,  
That, from our lowly perspective, we have a close family affinity,  
And just about the same lower animal, but never a human, pedigree.

What none of us, can really contemplate weave conceive or believe,  
Is, for some professors, and intellectuals, some and then another,  
To haul off, and make wild and wooly speculations and predictions,  
That we may, literally and fundamentally, be our keeper's brother.

Now with kindness toward all, we ought to be our brother's keeper.  
The message, was given to most of us; words of our beloved mother;  
However everyone knows, it's a bunch of non-science and non-sense,  
To suggest, without proof, we are, actually, our keeper's brother.

Biologically genetically and scientifically, we are, so different.

Review of the evidences within biology, clearly makes this demand.

Separate and distinct, past and present, we humans and we animals;

This, we steadfastly insist, and without any fear, take our stand.

Limited horizontal changes of all are obvious, and we acknowledge;

But complete changes of us, to man, or, humans into us, we say no.

From the fossil evidence in geology, paleontology laws of science,

It appears crystal clear to most all this evolution just ain't so!

Ape ancestry animalistic allegations about us evolving to mankind,

Are seemingly so specious shallow sheer shortsighted speculations.

Original, simultaneous, abrupt appearance, of both men and monkeys

Provide, a much more logical, and serious, scientific evaluations.

We animals, can unanimously, agree to being, our brother's keeper,

But, all the scientific data, evidence, and experiments of others,

Prove beyond a reasonable doubt, that all ape ancestry assertions,

Are non-science and non-sense.,that we are, our keeper's brothers.

Now we baboons, apes and all the other animals, would like to say,  
To suggested, metaphorical monkey mythology, monopoly methodology,  
That, some believe on faith, ape ancestry fundamentals, literally,  
But the data and scientific evidence don't support this genealogy.

"That man can actually say, that he descended from our noble race,  
The very idea, and, without any evidence, this is a dire disgrace,  
No mongoose, mandrill, or monkey has ever deserted his sweet wife,  
Aborted, starved, the baby, and disgracing, and ruining, her life.

We have never known, throughout our animal kingdom, a mother monk,  
To walk off and leave her baby with strangers, and others to bunk,  
Or, to shuffle them around, and pass them on, from one to another,  
'Til they hardly recognize anyone, as to who is their real mother.

Here's another terrible thing, a monk would never, never, ever do,  
Is to encourage permissiveness doing whatever feels good, for you,  
To do whatever you prize; go out, and find a gun, club or a knife,  
And, break into a home; to riot and take some other monkey's life,  
Yes, men have ascended, descended, but as to that the ornery cuss,  
It's mythological, magical, metaphorical that he evolved from us!"

Darwin actually wrote that man descended, from "old world monkey."  
In paraphrasing poet Sam Walter Foss, 62 Colo.44, Kleeck v. Ramer;  
Deen dissents, from decadent dual Darrow-Darwin Dogma disclosures,  
Piltdown, Java-man, Australopithicus, apes and monkeys, you namer!

"One day through the lovely forests, the grass, and primeval wood,  
An animal calf started walking slowly home, as good calves should,  
But, on that beautiful day, this calf left a trail all bent askew,  
A crooked trail, as calves when just wandering around, usually do.

The trail, blazed by this unknown calf was thus taken up next day,  
By a lone dog out searching for an old stray cat, passed that way,  
And then a wise bell-wether and, bell-ringer herd leader of sheep,  
Pursued, the trail, for miles and miles, o'er the vales and steep.

This crooked, meandering ziz-zag lane, nevertheless became a road,  
Where many a poor horse, who, is man,s best friend, with his load,  
Toiled on with devotion and determination beneath the burning sun,  
And traveled back and forth, to and fro, going three miles in one.

The years passed on and population increased with swiftness fleet,  
The wild, wooly, winding, wandering, road became a village street,  
It,s hard to realize now that a hundred thousand men were now led,  
By, one little, lame, lean lovely calf, near three centuries dead.

They followed without equivocation or reservation his crooked way,  
And lost without wondering or knowing why one hundred years a day,  
For thus with the blind leading the blind, such reverence is lent,  
To well established, taking a road of least resistance, precedent.

For, men are prone to go, and parrot what others say; go it blind,  
Along the calf-paths of the mind and no creative thinking to find;  
For most men and women, are willing, to toil away from sun to sun,  
Not to create any waves, but just to do what other men, have done.

They follow in the ape evolutionary or devolutionary beaten track,  
And with their eyes partly closed, out and in, and forth and back,  
And still their devious constant monkey curriculum courses pursue,  
To maintain an always ape ancestry evolution path that others do."

Braswell Deen