Classrooms

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CLASSROOMS
by
Tom Frisk

We were doves
At the start,
Then classrooms
Made us smart.
Now parrots,
We don’t fly;
In cages,
Without sky.

Hyenas,
Once we were,
Then classrooms
Stopped our mirth.
Now mute dogs,
We can’t laugh;
Harnessed snouts,
Tamed by staffs.

Spouting whales
Proud and pure
Then classrooms
Found a cure.
We’re harpooned,
Now burnt fats;
Killed for heat,
Flames in vats.

Once giraffes
Reaching high,
Then classrooms
Choked us. Why?
Our long necks,
Now broken,
Are useless,
Just tokens.

Furry hares,
Jumping fast,
Then classrooms
Made that past.
Now rodents
Incomplete,
Our hind legs:
Obsolete.

Follow Me
by
Paul Nojaim

Garbage always makes me want to puke my intestines out
in class my intestine hang helplessly from my ears
here the trash that the girls talk about “Johnny did this”
Screwed up my multicolored dreams of her innocence
is what I want, impossible?

I am locked in my room.

She came into my room on Thursday asking to see the fused pattern
on my boxers. Do I join the ---------The-------no thought.
I told her that I was, being BEING!

Catholic.

girls don’t understand but they are better for it
She thinks nothing of self-respect but does anyone?
Ironically I do? I do.

Why Brazillll I say to myself?
Iambic Pentameter my brain says
The bigger you are, the bigger you are! riGHT
Conform to mindless security says the left side of my brain.

Multicolored dreams die.

Do you like plaid?