

1939

☝

A

bunch

of us little

few boys were

☝ whooping it up in the back ☝

of the Clinton

School auditorium. Our

first grade teacher, Miss Bitch

was having our class sing Christmas carols.

We naughty little few boys were substitute singing

☝ Moses for Jesus wherever it was appropriate and falling ☝

all over each other giggling. -David Daniels, why

are you laughing? Miss Bitch asked. -Because Jesus was

a few, I laughed. You're a fake few! -Go back to our room and stay

there, she said. I went back to room 101 of Clinton School -in case someone wants

to install a plaque for child honor- I pissed on the rug, and walked home. Halfway home, an older

☝ boy ran up behind me. -Hey, Miss Bitch wanna talk you, he said. -Tell her to go fuck herself, I said. -You're ☝

gunna get in real big trouble, he said. -And you're an asskisser, I sneered as I

marched home. I told my mother I was sick. She said nothing. I got into bed. I stayed

there until the next morning shaking in terror of what Miss Bitch would do to me. She did

nothing. She ignored me for the rest of first grade and second grade. She never called on me when I

raised my hand except once when I was refusing to wear my new eye glasses. She asked me to read

the blackboard. I squinted. I could only make out the word iron. Miss Bitch asked, -Is it that you're stupid

☝ heh heh the secret reason you don't heh heh wear your heh heh new eyeglasses you miniscule heh heh little ☝

☝ unruly stubborn brat? I said nothing. I tried hard to figure out why my life was becoming a raw closed sore. ☝

So ridiculed,
hurt, ached,
scraped, ignored,
gloomy, and so heart
sick, -split to the core.

☆