Class Assignment

Man I don't want to write no poem.

I mean, like, what's ta say?

Should I say that maybe Ms. Perx

always smells of garlic

or that her kids

run up and down the halls

screamin'

till I think I'm gonna find me

the elevator shaft

and jump right in?

Ha Ha, how about this"

"the house is dirty,

the halls is dirty,

the street is dirty,

I'm dirty."

Or maybe you would like me to

write down that

I'm pretty sick of

talkin' to you

and that I just don't feel

like writin' down nothin'

I ain't got nothing pretty to say.

A poem's gotta be pretty, ain't it?

**Assignment Poetry**

I never see anything to write about,

you say.

Statement. Matter-of-face and sure.

But look!

There in the corner

spying out at you through the knotholes

the king of woodwork keeps sullen watch

and beneath him, suspiciously silent,

lintballs gather to ravage the room by night.

There, there is a poem.

Behind you (listen) a girl sighs

and lays down her head,

mingling black shiny strands

with green swirls on paper.

Texture and design and colour, one desk away.

There, there is a poem.

See the stacks of magazines, how they lean to the east, never falling

just threatening, threatening,

holding on by a whisper.

And the clock merely hums,

an adding machine tallying up our days.

There, too, is a poem.

Renegade hallway voices whip in and out,

a spear of sunlight ricochets off your watch

and into your eyes, while far away

typewriters and telephones administrate our lives,

and somewhere a class laughs

(in harmony, musical, and rhythmic).

The whole building sways and swells with poetry,

waiting, waiting, waiting-

like the magazines,

like the girl behind you,

like the silent watching eyes-

waiting to be found.