

Poets are Made in Fourth Grade

I remember learning all the things I forgot.

I remember the exact moment the stick was pointed
at the map of the wide blanket of the earth
with all the plants and animals and sounds
with colorful lost treasures/ruddy-faced children
that I will never see.

I remember believing I will never see them.

I remember thinking that the floating digits/numbers
black numbers, bold-faced, added, subtracted,
divided, pushed apart; can never mean anything to me
they are hard and still,
they cannot be urged into something else;
they are solid in what they are.

I remember being confused by their certainty.

I remember believing that I will never need the odd
mixture of formulas and strange science absorbed
or clouded into tubes/ frozen figures pinned to boards
wrestling away their last breath;
cloudy mixtures poured frantically from beakers
how strange to watch things bubble or sway.
I remember feeling how that wasn't meant for me.

I remember hearing the sounds of words that did not
walk off a page but carried them instead -
shredded each letter into flowers, soft petals of dust
with their desperate, hungry bees, and the design,
soft pops of color it created filled the smallest hands;
I remember thinking this is what I can see

and feel, and understand.



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