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Lament for the Lost

after Lucille Clifton

our world is flat our language
standard. Lost people sparkle
in the dragon's sharp teeth. some

how they have sailed off the black
board in their vernacular

their poems won't be shared
with the rest of the class because we
imagine so small

our cities are bright but brittle and
the sea keeps rising

Intruder

The fox has noticed
I have no chickens in the yard
and no pets in the window.

The compost is interesting
as is the trash.
and the bad latch
on the back screen door.

Also, my laundry basket
full of soft clean clothes.

Role Models

Don't B #.

Don't B b.

Just B ♯.

My music teacher wrote this
in my Barbie autograph book
and made a clever impression.

My math teacher sported
a leopard print slip.
It showed when she

raised her arm to write on
the board. Her slip matched
her earrings! *Solve this equation.*

How many ways were there
to be natural? Which was in
my signature and key?