

Tightrope

Cement supports on either side.
Travels equally their chide.
In the middle, steps hesitant.
Tightrope walking penitent.

String so tight, so taut and thin.
Top of chest pressed tight to chin.
Squinting lids hold busy eyes.
The kind of fear that never dies.

Holding back the iris insane.
Relaying hysteria back to the brain.
Mirroring the fury of infinite pins,
Lining the tightrope, defining my sins.

Void to the left to the right to my death,
To relief, to my brief burning fiery breath.
So instead I step carefully and I try,
To let my feet bleed, rather than to die.

A Teacher's Weakness

These students give the quick jab, each reach changing the classroom into a boxing ring.

My arms clenched at my sides, palms face behind me,
Waving explanations to what happens there, in the blind spot.

The jabbing continues while they laugh.

It's a game I have to lose, a sport they've been playing for years.

But I'm the teacher and I can't let them see the blood and tears.

My instincts tell me so.

I'm called away from the squared circle to take the phone call.

Deeply, spikes stick my ear from the receiver's listening pits.

A cork inside of me violently popped

And the tears pour, unchecked.

The bell rings for the next round.

My shirtsleeves fail to hide my wounds.

But I'm the teacher, so I go to work. I face my students, and they face me,
their opponent.

My red cheeks and tear streaks freeze them.

And no cheap shots were thrown.

The game vanishes to reveal a classroom of expressions, unchecked.

And I'm not the opponent, or even the teacher, anymore.

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teachers weakness might be slightly different than copy passed out in class