

All That's Left of Second Grade

All that's left of second grade is this:

1. Tuesday afternoon dodge ball – my feet knocked out from under me, the smell of noseblood on warm asphalt;
2. The squeal of chalk on blackboard – like the sound of some innocent animal dying a hard and needless death;
3. The world outside the high window -- bare tree limbs rattling ice (a “ruined choir”) -- the exotic language of ice and truth so near to lunch;
4. A short oral report on groundhogs -- prepared well despite disappointment on the loss of killer whales to James Hanselmann.
5. Awkward moments around smart girls; how could it be they were all smart and beautiful back then?
6. Eddie Lawson throwing up on Lance Hubbs -- the dark horse event of the year.
7. A bell at 2:15, a yellow bus delivering us all back into a safer world.