

like a flower for the sun;
but when they come
they are not beams of light
or drops of rain to nourish you.
They are sniper fire. You run for cover
behind your desk. For a long while you will
use your tongue to lick your wounds;
not to speak,

When did the classroom become
a battlefield and I a nurse
undertaking endless triage?
Bandage? Morphine? Medicine? Knife?