

1995

Cruel Alphabet

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Recommended Citation

Jones, Melissa (1995) "Cruel Alphabet," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 1995 , Article 34.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1995/iss1/34>

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Cruel Alphabet

Our names were almost identical by Mr. Z's standards.
He was always in my class, his bird-like eyes, his greasy,
dirty blond hair, constantly near. I barely had to reach to
touch his skinny arm, centimeters away.

Donny James, dork-boy of G.F. Roberts elementary.
Who had to stand next to him in every line?
(His own personal perfume of urine and sweat sickened us all)
Who had to sit with him in art?
(He could only draw flies)
Who had to have him on their volleyball team?
(He exemplified incoordination in its purest form)
Who had to do the Virginia Reel with him?
(His scratched hand clutched mine, his blackened eye in my
face as we spun, bowed and curtsied)

No, He's not my boyfriend!
Who wouldn't be repulsed by his utter lack of personal hygiene?
No, I wouldn't be caught dead near him if it weren't for this
STUPID rule of alphabetical order!

In 5th grade, Billy Johnson moved in.
Donny was removed from me forever.
Siamese twins separated by the knife of letters.

Melissa Jones