



1997

The Death of an English Teacher

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Recommended Citation

Bartlett, Kimberly (1997) "The Death of an English Teacher," *Calliope*: Vol. 1997 : Iss. 1 , Article 23.
Available at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1997/iss1/23>

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The Death of an English Teacher

Mrs. Wilson says "Get to the truth."
The truth is I hate English.
The truth is it's all a bunch of bull.
I can't write.
I can't make a true meaning come from anywhere,
besides a text book.
I've recently seen some of my best work
in an eighth grader's notebook.
It consisted of my all famous poetic lines, including:
"I feel like dancing with the warm rays of the sun,
just before it hisses into the great sea." and,
an even better one, "I watch without care as the purple sky
passes over my own private world and whispers
secrets only meant for me."
This is prize winning stuff. Right?
Mrs. Wilson doesn't agree.

She's never happy.
I'm never happy either, but I'll never tell her.
It would, however, make me happy
to take my hands and fit them tightly around her neck.
The very neck that will soon no longer hold up
that all-knowing head.
I'd take the time she told me
I could find a poem in anything,
and use it to tie her up to that beautiful berry blossom tree
she made our whole class take a trip out to last spring.

Then, I stretch out the horrible day
she had us stare into the eyes of our fellow classmates,
to discover something new,
and help us to meet new people,
and I'd form it into a great big bird
with huge eyes that would peck

at her feet and hair forever.
And the whole time, it would stare at her
so she could see into its soul, and
maybe make a new friend,
at the same time.

Next, I'd use the really intriguing quote
she gave us about flexibility being an
"invaluable element in the learning process," and
I'd shove it down her throat.
Then, she could taste the priceless
of changing your mind.

Finally, I would grab onto the day
she picked me in class to tell her
how specifically the author conveys
his attitude toward life,
and I'd wrap it seven or eight times
around her hands.
So they'd fall off,
and she could finally experience the pain
she always says she'd feel if she
could no longer write.
Go ahead Mrs. Wilson,
make a poem outta that.

Kimberly Bartlett