

Noticing Students by Writing Poems

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Daria, Blossom

Daria
Secretive
Wry twist of smile
Seldom unarmored.

Once in pink vulnerability
Blossomed a smile of such rare beauty
The moving air stopped, gasped.

Usually, in her sharp clicking heels
I hear, "No!"
And when her face turns to mine
my pores constrict,
my skin puckers.

Oh, Daria, smile again.
Freshen this stale classroom air.

Dylan's Huck Finn

In his desk, Dylan's off on vacation most times
But when he's in,
his Huck Finn freckled grin brilliant,
he is a sun flare
and all of us brown-eyed sunflowers turn our faces to him.

If I were Dylan in this school, or any middle school for that matter,
and had to color in the lines of very narrow hallways
and give up boyhood cowlicks for deodorant I didn't yet need
and never be known as the laser-minded, up-and-coming Ray Bradbury
I really am inside,
I'd escape too sometimes.

Cheryn, the Artist

Every day early you poke
Your head around the corner,
Brown-eyed, brown-skinned beauty.
White teeth smile.
If I teach writing straight-row prose,
Parsing sentences,
Giving out little round circle tests and #2 pencils,
Only a tiny part of you shows,
Shines.
But when you speak, the pores in the classroom listen.
When you draw, goose bumps on our arms don't lie.
When you read your book of children's poetry,
We instantly know more truth.
Cheryn, the test results don't show it,
but you are an A Girl.