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## Fear of Bears

Well, I once was scared of the big brown bear,  
but I'm grown up, and I'm not scared  
of anything  
anymore.  
But that's a poor excuse for a lie  
and I'll tell you why:  
When I was three I used to pee  
in my bed and bath respectively,  
to the chagrin of my parents and my kin.  
My mother seemed to think  
if I slept in the sink  
then my pee would harmlessly run down the drain.  
It was a strain on my kin—  
yes I'm guilty of that sin—  
but I'd just let loose within a water-falling dream  
that seemed so real.  
Anyway, those days have passed away, I think,  
but I still get a little  
nervous around that sink.

Now I'm scared of catching a terrible disease  
and dying a horrible death  
with intolerable breath  
that I will breathe  
all over  
you.

—Aaron Edwards,  
Twelfth grade, Middletown High School,  
Middletown, Connecticut

Merlyn's Pen

“

As I am a poet I express what I believe, and I fight against  
whatever I oppose, in poetry.

”

—June Jordan