



www.merlynspen.com

P.S. 81 The Bronx, June 1985

We sat on the basement floor that afternoon
because it was cooler
than the oven
we called our classroom.
I pressed my steaming face
against the cold
ceramic tiles.
Except for the occasional
THWUMP and BANG of the boiler
and the monotonous
droning of our teacher's voice,
silence surrounded us.
Our thoughts floated away
on rivers of sweat.
The teacher drawled on,
"Repeat after me,
A noun is a person, place, or
thing..."
Trancelike we repeated,
"A noun is a person, place, or
thing."
"A noun is a person, place, or
thing."
A noun is a...a...
beach...

Merlyn's Pen

“

All good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings:
it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity.

”

-William Wordsworth

MERLYN'S PEN

www.merlynspen.com

white glistening sand
a cool breeze
clear water licking
at my toes.
A pronoun is me<fsc>.<fsc>.<fsc>.
me at that beach.
Spray mists my body.
I inhale
drifts of sticky
salt.
I lick my lips.
Sweat rolls down my face.
My face
pressed
against
cold
hard
ceramic
tiles.

*--Naomi Schiller,
Eighth grade, Oyster River Middle School,
Durham, New Hampshire*

Merlyn's Pen

“

All good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings:
it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity.

”

-William Wordsworth