

Poetry For Whom The Bell Does Not Ring

by Bruce Gorden



BIG READER BY ALEC DUNN VIA JUST SEEDS

For Whom The Bell Does Not Ring

4th Period English: 24601 I was dying of hunger, my future was waving good-bye.

I felt like I was in criminal court waiting the gavel to fall the Bailiff to approach me, cuff me escort me to a dungeon hewn from cold stone where darkness would consume me and I would be forgotten forever.

I was actually sitting in Mr. Cooper's English class reading Les Miserable and having fantasies of guilt and cold pursuit by some authority like Javert.

I kept hearing: Look down, look down, don't look him in the eye. Look down, look down, you're here until you die.

Then the bell rang. Javert had fallen, and I had a future and a hope because Javert does not follow me like he would in Ferguson if I was young and black.



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International License.

This journal is published by the University Library System of the University of Pittsburgh as part of its D-Scribe Digital Publishing Program, and is cosponsored by the University of Pittsburgh Press.

RADICAL TEACHER http://radicalteacher.library.pitt.edu