**Continuation School**

Robert Eastwood

A child’s hand spread islands of assorted

colors: goth blackness, rainbow Afros.

No tats of Old Glory, though outside reared

forests of flags––the heady smarm of propping up Kuwait.

Weed & exhaust greeted me as I entered.

Fug of angst under transoms.

Just show’em movies, had said the pro next door.

His Levi’s, his broad elastics, belly-stretched tee

with an eagle, anchor & globe.

I turned down his VHS of Blue Velvet.

I readied my grammar & paragraphs.

Sad eyes of the boy who razored tic-tac-toe

on his arm, a girl’s flash of pierced nipples––

they chased me in blackboard dreams.

Next to last class I doled a test to groans.

Through the wall––the jarhead's room––a blowsy

croon, joined by the room-clock's ominous tick,

its pretense of time. A test-littered floor.

I stooped, checked off names. Doodled margins––

familiar dicks & tits––their truer words for showing.

Across seas & sand, I remember that tanks parked

past burning wells & bodies. I also passed

those kids, forgave them with C’s & D’s.

Like the Marine, I joined up.