

## Sixty Stories

### "First Bell"

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My alarm clock interrupts another nightmare.  
I'll have another coffee... juice...  
Mom is that toast for you  
Because I am not really hungry  
(At least until this body wanes).

Nightmares stay with me like grass stains  
On knees of kids who have fun  
Because they don't care about their clothes.  
I am too young to feel this boring,  
And too young to care about grass stains,  
To feel this lonely all the time.  
Would you wait with me until the first bell rings?

My window is an intersection.  
My room is exhaust and noise.  
Sometimes I feel like there are not enough sweaters  
To keep me from feeling cold.  
When I put on my pants I pull my belt tight.  
When I walk to school I take it slow,  
With a hardened hand holding in my stomach  
Because some things in life must be controlled.

I feel this lonely all the time.  
Would you wait with me until the first bell rings?

Wait with me until the first bell rings.  
Your pants are full of grass stains.

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