

The Latency

"Detention"

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Baseball bats and salivating mouths in a square room,
doors pocked. once again i'm alone insie a crowd, a
misplaced throw, a misplaced swing and everything
unfolds. a microcosm of humanity, a microcosm of
cold ... the waves wash over another. anxiety, proximity
erupting from the chemistry of testosterone, isolated
until the first fists fly. instincts pushed to breaking
points, surging bodies, snapping joints. two shoes lost
inside a fray, two socks on laminated hardwood. 360
degrees into harms way. a length of lead grazed the
side of my head. as others fall and others leave and
others how their vampire teeth. two chunks from my
neck, four lips that drip with skin, socks that slide as
the blood runs down my neck or over two strange
chins. there is no way out of detention. rage pushed a
doorway down. fear carried me past the last contusions
hurled at bodies on the ground. dizzy terrified awake in
sweaty skin, "mom, i'm never going back to school
again."

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