

1938

*In the sizzle of
In the buzzes of
In the summer of
few empty lots left in
children called them wo
tiny forests were very sma
In the sizzle of
1938 we had a
Maplewood and we
ods. We knew that these
ll but we were much smaller.*

**We loved to get lost in their dark
garden in the fall. The school had to**

hearts. I was 4 going on 5. I was signed up to enter kinder
ld my mother that I was too young to enter. My mother asked me
if I thought I was too young to enter school. I said no. She enrolled me. I thought she
thought I was smart. It never occurred to me that my mother wanted to get rid of me. Before
I was to go to school, I was walking down a path in a midget woods one street away from our house. It
was very hot. I wore short pants, a T shirt, and sandals. I looked down at the path to avoid stepping on turtles
or snakes or birds or whatever else crawled. Freely. I looked up. To saw sky slices. In the high sweet blue. In
the wing maple leaf swing. Wide electric panic buzz machined. What's that clumsy gray heart with twigs thru
it? It did not feel. My body did not know. It was glow. It was ☆ one buzzing cloud fire hot skin ignite. **Pouring hot**
frighted life down my being. Incandescent running points fired my legs. Steamed up my arms in wind of running
home. Fingers flinging scream shock. Drones cleaned my clock. I'd stepped on a fallen gray paper wasp nest
with a small branch stuck through it. Hundreds of little buzzes swarmed around me in a bitter cloud. I caught a
hundred stings. I was totally numb. I ran home. I was all swollen. Little hard bumps with barbs in them rose all
over my skin. My mother put alcohol on them and told me that brave little wasps pull out their guts when they sting
and die and little boys pull out their guts when they scream. Inside a wall of drone pain, I did not scream. I did not
scream because I was a devout believer in my mother's deep sense of the child's life as iron acceptance of terror.
But there was another reason I did not scream. I had become a total lover of light. Did I say fright? No, I said
light but for many years light and fright were mixed up in my being in the burn **ing bush** of my solar plexus
like a thousand electric crisscross fire bites. Two weeks later, I was allowe **d to go to** school. Everyone
was older than me. Just like at home. So clumsy I couldn't sit cross legged on t **he kin** dergarten rug.
I thought I was a criminal. I thought something was wrong with me. It seemed to m **e, that I was not able to do**
anything other children could do and everything no other child ever did. The child **is the father of the man.**
Even to this day I give away what other people sell and sell what other people give
away. I was told to sit still like a nice, good, dead little wasp. It was impossible
for me to do. I loved to talk. I missed my woods. I looked around at every
one pretending they could not read sighing the sigh of child mind
murder death. For this you need teachers! school death flung
up at my wish to live itself. Which is worse screamed
my wish to live like a one cell star buried alive in
a dark hive cave: Your help or your bites?
This! This! This! This is w hat going out into the
World means? **Sting my Self?**
Sting my Self? Sting my Self?
Sting my Self?