

Pedagogy

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Sometimes I dream about my students—
how they yawn and fidget in indifference
whenever I open my mouth to speak,
or how they break open packs of playing cards
during my most heartfelt lecture
on the divine nature of poetry. One by
one, they flick their cards at me,
queen of diamonds face up at my feet.
They poke pencils through my finest handouts,
spill laughter into the air as I turn
to chalk a favorite passage on the board.
Sometimes I dream they sit there with nothing
to say at all, and nothing I can do—
not singing, not shouting, not stripping
off my blouse and skirt—will awaken them.
It's then that I awaken, stuck halfway
between dream classroom and rumpled bed—
digital clock registering time with its
blare of red numbers, its bleeping alarm.