

Squid

MARY ANN MAYER

We dissected one in school,
and it squirted ink all over the room
when I squeezed it.
It had black eyes that popped out.
I peeled off a shell
that grows around it like a basket
and it broke into pieces.
Narragansett Indians used the sharp pieces
to write and cut things with.
I wanted to dip a piece in squid blood,
and write things all over my body.
The last thing I did was pull out the stomach.
I couldn't believe it had a stomach.
It was as long as my knee socks.
It had a heart too,
but it was just a heart.