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Category: Poetry

Chock-full (of Emotional Needs)

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As a boy, my father used to eat white chalk.
It had to be white, and he'd open the box, right?
And then he binged on one after the other, filled his mouth
with boyish habits yet his mind
grew exponentially with knowledge of maths and science, but not maturity,
and I wonder if in the principal's office, or during the belt whippings, he ever felt sorry.

Then there's me, always begging for forgiveness and pleading 'sorry'.
I was a smart kid, but not as smart as he was, shocker,
but I'd like to think that I matured
faster, surpassed him in my own right,
in many ways yet I keep in mind,
and he doesn't let me forget, the years he has over me, evident in the lines around his mouth.

And I sometimes lose control of my insolent mouth,
and before the impending explosion could ever make me, I feel sorry
because I know what will happen- I know the way plays with my mind
And I wonder if it's a conscious effort or if it would shock
him to know how I sometimes write
about the authoritarian tyrant in him yet the immature,

man-child, emotional-intelligence amateur
at best because his mouth
leaves me in awe because it always knows what venom will corrode me, right
in the heart of our bond, but the sorry
fact is his head is too big to admit he had a part in wedging chocks
between our feet, increasing the distance between me and his mind

of cold stone so I wish he wouldn't mind
letting me, or really anybody, with an amateur
desire to end his spewing of commands that sound to me like teeth dragging and limping on a chalk
board, in, but my father is too busy watching that I don't mouth
jibes at him under my breath- even if I've given him no reason to; I'll be sorry
when he scrambles my words into malign intentions and he'll shut me right

out of his his heavy doors again , because it serves me right
for having chipped away and mined
at the caves that housed his rather sorry
excuse of leniency on how a child would mature
and at what rate, when his mouth,
now surrounded by white whiskers, overflows with white chalk.

And to him, it's not right unless it's white, and what would someone as immature
as me know about what goes on in his mind and how it translates through his mouth
And if he should feel sorry for being fifty and still eating that damned chalk.