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Dear Mr. Bukowski,

Claudia Cornelison

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DEAR MR. BUKOWSKI,

CLAUDIA CORNELISON

I read your poem in school today.
They told me to tell them what it meant.
I politely informed them that I don't read minds.
I told them they should ask you.
They said you were dead.

They said that it was my job to figure out
what you were thinking
and why.
They said to look at the rhyme,
the periods, the commas.
They made me count the syllables.
They said to circle words.

So I circled
Of
And
For

They said those were the wrong words.

Then the situation became violent.
They took out scissors and knives and shredded up your words,
pasting the bloody parts
all over walls.

My favorite wall, stained
with hot word blood,

the poor words
all mangled and ripped apart.
They couldn't even speak and God knows that words cannot
live long if they cannot speak.

I'm sorry Mr. Bukowski.
I'm sorry they did that to your words.
I thought they were nice.