

the pen I am using comes
from another country

Ken Sparling

I was sitting in the kitchen,
waiting for the soup to boil,
trying to remember why
I took typing in high school.
The truth is, I can barely
remember taking it. I was sixteen.

I remember that the typing room
was on the second floor and that
you turned left when you got to the
top of the stairs, which were those
type of stairs that you get in old
high schools where it feels like you
vibrate the whole stairwell each
time you take a step.

I think the typing teacher liked me.

I can't remember what she looked like.

I can't remember the shape of her.

I can't remember the other students.

I do remember who was sitting beside me in grade eight math, and who was in front of me, and I also remember that the math teacher's daughter was in that class, and we all wondered if that shouldn't be against the rules.