

Detention

The Lawrence Arms

Baseball bats and salivating mouths
In a square room, doors locked once again
I'm alone inside a crowd

A misplaced throw, a misplaced swing
And everything unfolds
A microcosm of humanity
A microcosm of cold

The waves wash over another
Anxiety, proximity, erupting from the chemistry
Of testosterone, isolated until the first fists fly
Instincts pushed to breaking points
Surging bodies, snapping joints

Two shoes lost inside a fray
Two socks on laminated hardwood, 360 degrees into harms way
A length of lead grazed the side of my head
As others fall and others leave
And others show their vampire teeth

Two chunks from my neck, four lips that drip with skin,
Socks that slide as the blood runs down my shirt
Or over two strange chins

There is no way out of detention
Rage pushed a doorway down
Fear carried me past the last contusions hurled
At bodies on the ground

Dizzy, terrified, awake in sweaty skin,
"Mom, I'm never going back to school again"