Internal Whiteboard

Kiersten Brady
Concordia University - Portland

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My professor is a true writer. As such, she never speaks to us directly.

Never will she look us straight in the eye and speak rather she reads what she has written to us on the etch-a-sketch instructional whiteboard in her mind.

Words fly at us with meaning and purpose until words have run out, the brakes are slammed — she scrambles to clutch in, down shift, sketch more on the back wall of her cranium so her mind’s eye can read it to us and share her next segment so we too can see.

Handwritten, created with fingers Four-year-old fingers that beg To let him put a string under it. The moment colors me blue. Let me. Please. Let me create, draw, write, give Of myself. Hand me the pen or I will remove It from you. Give me the chance to create Something new.