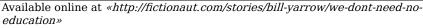
We Don't Need No Education

by Bill Yarrow

You were sitting with your vexed complexion, your dour shoulders, your hoarse aloneness in the front row of my English for Unwed Mothers class, and I hadn't yet read your essay on "Miscarriages of Injustice," nor had you read Montaigne's "That Men Are Justly Punished for Being Obstinate in the Defense of a Fort That Is Not in Reason To Be Defended," and it wasn't vet Thursday 2004 when we would be sitting on the curb in front of The Sikh Community Café where you were telling me, "The body is a lost temple of bliss and blister," and the smile on my face was palpably inapt, and I blurted out, "There's an ill energy that emanates from your precise heart that I find attractive," to which you replied, editing me with a surgeon's cruel disinterest, "You mean it's an attractive ill energy," and I said, "Yes, that's what I mean," though that wasn't at all what I meant, and the sun was pursuing the moon in an ineffable dance of unlikelihood and redress, and you were wearing your father's shoes though I remember thinking what large feet you had, learning later that that was unfair and untrue, learning later that your heart, like all hearts, was fuzzy, not precise, that your candor was a sham, that you were neither a mother nor unmarried, that my interest in you was not interest at all but usury, that I was a man not in full but in fullishness, a false Montaigne, whose chin beard, though elegant, was the merest bravado.



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