

# bunk

by Jane Flett

we were supposed to skip school  
at least  
she wanted to

spend a day sat down  
the concrete steps  
by the canal

I bit her ear and  
it was burnt toast

I stole her scabs  
for voodoo spells

we were supposed to bunk off  
the girl  
with the purple-stained breath

and me / the girl with halo shoes  
but

afraid of dogs and dirt, I  
stayed in class

in trigonometry  
without her talcum  
my cheeks were red

all our angles  
were ever more obtuse

