

# 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 yet 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.

