

Allison

In my second first grade classroom that year, my elementary
Feelings stayed a nice kind of quiet every time Mrs. C
Read from Louis Sachar's *Sideways Stories from Wayside School*
My previous teacher didn't read to us, however he did
Gift me a painted book on Frida Kahlo that he swore nunca e leído
(and a baby doll complete with a change of clothes and a bottle to feed it)
Art and parenting gifts for a niña moving schools and cities
Mrs. C told the class that I came from a "special" school, which wasn't right
Wasn't even been built thirty levels high with only one room on each floor
It was just de colores and she meant "bilingual," but my reading level
Was above what was expected for me
And my fluency rate was even higher still
Those thirty minutes of reading held no anxiety except for the chapter
Titled "Allison," and I knew she had blonde hair
And wore a sky blue windbreaker even before Mrs. Collins said
"She had blonde hair and always wore a sky blue windbreaker,"
I knew that yellow and blue go together, like the sun and sky
Frida might have taught me that the sun could be orange or red
And the sky grey, black, pink, or brown
Like me, not always yellow and blue
"Windbreaker" was a new word, sharp like it would hurt
Me, possibly a boomerang in the wrong direction or a broken diadem
I felt nervous at the word "windbreaker" and wanted Mrs. C to quit
Mrs. Jewl's slow words about students being smarter
Than their teachers "and everyone knows that"
Or if they were actually her words I wouldn't know
I hated Allison's windbreaking and her story and her hair
The wind should be able to stay as is and not be broken
In Mrs. C's special yellow and blue classroom