**Miss Goff**

By Ronald Wallace

When Zack Pulanski brought the plastic vomit

and slid it slickly to the vinyl floor

and raised his hand, and her tired eyes fell on it

with horror, the heartless classroom lost in laughter

as the custodian slyly tossed his saw dust on it

and pushed it, grinning, through the door,

she reached into her ancient corner closet

and found some Emily Dickinson mimeos there

which she passed out. And then, herself

passed out on the cold circumference of her desk.

And everybody went their merry ways

But me, who, chancing on one unexpected phrase

after another, sat transfixed until dusk.

Me and Miss Goff, the top of our heads taken off.