

ENGLISH

WE'RE WIRED INTO GOD FOR REAL AT CITY JR. HIGH

We eat raw sunshine at breakfast —
we don't need Captain Crunch.
Each day we board a bouncing yellow bus.
The laughing sapphire sunsky
breathes us in — blows us away,
and we ascend the holy steps at City Jr. High.

(One day for assembly
they brought in a Latin Christmas boys' choir.
Beautiful brown boys traveled from Chile
just to entertain us.
My enlightened amigos and I connected
to their magnetic dignity —
riding a common wavelength.
And those brown boys became the audience,
and we the entertainers.
In the hallowed auditorium at City Jr. High.)

Some days we take the place by electrical storm —
our shirts flashing colors that come to mind.
Once cold, our elders laugh and dance
as we do cartwheels down the halls of Heaven
here at City Jr. High.