

PAMELA MEDLAND
GRADE FOUR

The door opened.
In walked Miss Brody,
my grade four teacher,
stout, stern, full of piss.
She might have had a lover once,
but we couldn't see it—
Miss Brody on somebody's knee,
her arms around their neck,
lips clenched in her teeth.

I'll never know why Miss Brody
walked through that door
and not dreamy Mr. Murphy,
with his sad eyes,
gentle hands.

Dreams have their way with you,
like Mr. Murphy, who couldn't help himself,
or Miss Brody, who couldn't loosen the rope
on her neck once she kicked the stool,
or the students, who couldn't stop their nervous giggles
at the thought of Miss Brody's body
turning and turning in the cloak room.