



First-Gen Voices: Creative and Critical Narratives on the First-Generation College Experience

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Understanding School

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This is how we learn:

In enclosed spaces,

busy as buzzing bees bustle,

smell of cocoa beans collide with smooth jazz,

earbuds jammed in.

Sitting in too-small desks,

shoved into too-small, musky rooms

watching yet another video as your teacher nurses another hangover.

Through brilliant colors, radiating from every corner,

watching the dancing music float through your mind,

forever beating to your internal clock

others put you into a check box

labeled: disabled

Leaning against a wall

waiting for your turn to tussle

already categorized

Through deafening quiet,

true quiet only pierced by the occasional

flip of a page

of a book too big

too hard

too much

In an open back gown of white, speckled with blue dots

chemicals race in your veins

pumped through pill, IV

subduing you

This is how we educate.