

Hendersonville

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Recommended Citation

Burton, Jack () "Hendersonville," *The John Carroll Review*. Vol. 76: Iss. 1, Article 51.

Available at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol76/iss1/51>

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Jack Burton

I watched my classmate once, eat
a booger.

Junior year, Accounting 310
in the BR 18 classroom.

The booger, gooey, holding onto
his finger
for dear life.

Filled with fear, it was plucked
from its home
and transported to another orifice
by a great white nerd.

His long, skinny finger begging
him
to be a renowned pianist
was made into a weapon.

I looked around for another
witness
to no avail, I was alone
watching the slaughter.

Have you no mercy? There are
others

left in your shnoz, and you singled
out one
slimy, green booger to make your
victim.

You couldn't offer a tissue of
peace?
I stared, horrified, as the booger
was devoured, and vanished from
our world.

I get home, eager for a Guinness
to help me forget the tragedy
I witnessed in that classroom.

I flick on the news so Lester Holt
can talk about this massacre
as he so often does.

Another murder in a school.
Another innocent life taken.
Another squirrely white kid's
mugshot.