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In the Classroom

the night slowly chokes the light
 around us and she closes the book
 her hand hovering above the cover
 History Primer: A Short Guide

we look at each other
 as if trying to remember
 each other's face before it becomes
 its own shadow

the building's roof's a charred skeleton
 the classroom floor littered with textbooks
 notebooks the village half burned
 deserted except for one donkey

braying in the field as the two of us
 came down the road two animals approaching
 warily from the opposite direction
 trying to sniff each other out

she placed two hand-grenades
 on the desk that now look to me
 like overgrown exotic pears
 we are going to feast on

History is supposed to teach us
 something but it never does she
 almost yells I look at the blackboard
 and make out its message

WE WILL BE BACK

a nauseous thought swells suddenly
 in my stomach I was here
 before she was here

before closed the same book

when I said It does not
because we never learn anything
from it or did I utter that

before or after
she reached into her coat pocket
and I shot her blindly
to blot out all memory

You fainted she explains
propping my head up her face coming
and going together with a wavering candle

that makes the walls ebb away
and school desks flung in the corner
advance like ghosts toward us
It's from hunger I whisper

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