

Minor Dyslexia

I've felt pain slopping wet,
flooding the whole damn alphabet.

I've seen these words and brief fourget,
so you bit me for your benefit, but I

know you sea I don't see
intelligence chalked to literacence.

That's like food called gore met
with grey poop on soup de jour

and honey. Prepared by younison—
No, frank you, I'll have harmony.

I love harmony with sharp bees.
Now I see, I can make the melody sting too.

This is my voice. All you can do is push me—
I don't care if my eyes are moist—you cannot squish me.

You think you know me,
but you've never tied on my feet.

You try to deny me, but
still, oceans never leave.

—Anya Slabaugh



BROADSIDE

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