

My First Poetry Slam

Curt Vevang

The first grade teacher quite often invites
 “Mystery Readers” to read to her tykes.
Parents and others read books of all kinds,
 surprising the tots, enhancing their minds.
These half hour sessions the children hold dear.
 They don’t know who’s next nor what they will hear.
I jumped at the chance when asked as a reader.
 I’ll read them some poems, teach them some meter.
I’ll start with some cute, easy first grade fluff,
 then move on to more, worthwhile, advanced stuff.
I’ll end with a poem, my favorite from fifth.
 Perhaps it’s too deep but they’ll get the drift.
At the proper time I walked through the door,
 excited they sat, cross legged on the floor.
A poetry slam and this was my first.
 It was going well as I had rehearsed.
They liked the first poems, then came the true test.
 Next was my favorite and I should have guessed.
Mid way through the verse I saw a raised hand.
 First poetry slam, and I was the lamb.
I knew I shouldn’t but I said “Yes, Drew?”
 he asked, “Tell me sir, are you almost through?”

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