

Jenny Boulton

rain

in an anonymous staff room
in central australia
i pore over photographs
of decorated bodies

in the corridors
students behave like savages
they use people as punching bags
for vague ideas

when you encourage them
they give you a hard time

(& after a few weeks
they tell me i'm starting
to sound like a teacher)

i want to be fair
i want the strength to change things

the sky is dark with heavy clouds
i wear black & red

in the midst of disorder
i move to yellow & green places
that know organisation

two girls bring me poems
about rain

i am grateful