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Amanda Yskamp

A+

Because my first grade teacher misspelled words, and I was faster than my math master at some sums, could see beyond the window of U.S. history out to where the snow fell on a farther field, I knew bullshit walks, the smartass wins an honest kiss, rebellion is a Boston birthright, born in the heart of a young country, that a show must be made of the cause. So I unlatched the cages to let the mice run loose, burned the janitor's shoes, put a voodoo hex on my French teacher, gave him Hep, *oui, je l'ai fait*, for his tightassed class distinctions, cut the thumbs of the girls who formed a circle around me in sisterhood, in a carnal wish to break from the body, got caught there, holding the knife over the blood.