

Evan Schipellite
18 Clearwater Drive
Plymouth, MA 02360
(774) – 283 – 3272
Eshipellite@gmail.com

Chalk

With every stroke of the eraser
She thinks he's waving the memories away.

She doesn't cry though.
Even a child knows,
That sometimes,
Things just have to be put out of their misery.

The teacher reaches for the corner,
Slapping the eraser against the chalkboard
One last time, before the bell rings,
And all the other children line-up,
As he goes to the door to count them.

She goes up to the board in silence,
Presses her small finger against it.

From her seat in the middle of the classroom,
Everything appeared as if the teacher
Has washed it all away, but now
She notices the outline of a happy cat
Where her finger rests lightly against his belly.

She can see the fading impressions
Of two knights with buckets helmets,
Of a dragon breathing white fire,
Of a racecar seemingly flying above its track.

She can see spaceships and smiling children,
Train tracks that navigate around the board.
She can see a dog sitting patiently on a bent line
As a superhero wearing a white cape
Soars above him and across the green chalkboard.

The cat is still fading, and with every
Eraser stroke he will continue to disappear.
But she manages a slight smirk of relief,
Because she knows that he is still a happy cat,
Because he knows that he cannot be forgotten that easily.