

# Spit It Out

*A Poetry Series by. MJB*

*This is an awareness project.*

*This is dedicated to all of those peoples  
who have something to say,  
but not the words to say it.*

## Get in Line

### Report Card:

|                 |   |
|-----------------|---|
| English:        | A |
| Science:        | A |
| Social Studies: | A |
| Math:           | C |

### Notes:

Mandy is a nice student.  
She works hard and performs well.  
She needs to stop talking during class.

I think it's so funny.  
We spend the first few years of our lives  
learning to walk and talk.

Then-for the rest of our childhood-we're told to sit down and shut up.

*Why are kids these days so lazy?*  
*Why don't they care?*  
*Why are they all single?*  
*Why are they anxious?*  
*Why are they anti-social, and why don't they make friends?*

Oh man, well I don't know.  
Maybe because-

*Raise your hand.*  
*Don't talk out.*  
*Stop that.*  
*Knock it off.*  
*Because, I said so.*  
*Shhhhh!*

## Stutter

I ha-have a...

I have a-a friend who, um, stutters.

She-she's really smart

And she

She really

She uh uh uh um-

She really loves to-  
to talk.

And then when she gets excited,  
she um-

when she gets excited-

Um-she really um-

When she gets excited she starts talking faster,  
and she starts backtracking,  
and um-

When she gets excited she starts backtracking and we don't really  
w-w-we-

We don't really know what she's-  
what she's trying to say.

So the- the other d-d-ay  
She was telling us how- um-  
She was telling us how she-  
and it-  
She was telling us how she met her boyfriend and it-  
It took-  
She was telling us how she met her boyfriend, and it took forever.

And I was tired from a-  
a long day,  
and I wanted to say,  
“WOULD YOU JUST SPIT IT OUT?”

And then I stopped,  
And I wondered how many times she said that to herself during the day.

And then I kept listening.

## Oh, Little One

*A Poem for Mykayla*

Oh, little one.

This world is so noisy.

I pray you don't get lost in the hustle and bustle of language  
that plagues our streets,  
and jams the traffic of our minds.

Oh, little one.

I watch you go to specialists  
who ask you questions,  
and proctor tests,  
and flip through big heavy books of medical jargon,  
to figure out what's wrong with you.

I wonder if anything is wrong with you,  
or if you just don't have a lot to say.

Then again,  
I look at your beaded bracelet,  
where you have threaded the initials of the boy you have a crush on at school  
alongside your own.

Oh, little one.

I watch you smile when your sisters crack jokes.

I watch you make faces at the foods your mom piles on your plate.

I wonder-then-if your language is more developed than most.  
Perhaps you've managed to say more than anyone,  
without saying anything at all.



Oh, little one.  
I remember the day you were born.  
You're not so little anymore, though.

Most of all:  
I wonder what happens when you get older,  
  
and I pray by the time you get there,  
  
that the world is a little kinder  
  
to strange and beautiful souls.