

2009

Weirdo

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Recommended Citation

Filip, Lucas, "Weirdo" (2009). *Student Creative Writing*. Paper 7.
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Weirdo

I rode the bus
back in ninth grade.
A mechanical banana
filled with noise.

I sat in the back,
with the shy
and oddly shaped;
that's where I saw it:
a bumble kid with curly hair
and Coke-bottle glasses
surrounded by people

spitting
on his torn backpack,
his worn jacket,
his frayed pants,
his muddy shoes.

One of them,
a large girl wearing
a neon pink polo
and a wide denim skirt,
squeezed a custardy glob
of perfumed gel
into his hair.

I could almost taste it
in the back of my throat,
like mucus
when you have a cold.

He didn't move,
or talk.
Just twiddled his thumbs
and bit his lip.

I turned away
leaned my head against the seat
and looked at the window.
I couldn't see past my reflection.

Lucas Evans Filip