**Conformity Children: a Sestina of Sorts**

As a child, I was given blocks to form into castles and walls, blocking my mind from understanding sine waves of children. I explored the letters, running my fingers from grain to painted, empty to soft face. At lunch, our teachers beat us with a ruler.

But in the grass backyard, I was ruler. Woods upon woods were mine; shapes and form whirled through my irises, played with my hair and face. I climbed trees, ate leaves, exposed my mind, pulling back my skull, dancing my fingers on my cerebellum, became other children.

Tied to school chairs, we made clocks. "Children, create a coffee can circle. Take your ruler and draw two parallel lines, keeping your fingers off the edge because you want to form a straight line, not some wavy thing. Bare in mind, your moms will see you soon. Do not dirty your face."

At home, by myself, I did dirty my face with the dirt from the ground. The children next door stared from their windows, their mind leaped to dance with me. I tried to break a ruler, gave up, ripped grass instead from straight form to wavy; destroyed each strand in my fingers.

I tracked mud inside and received raps on my fingers and bottom. "Non ti credo! Eric non face niente a fuori! Perche' erai fuori?"* Form and composition. Follow these lines, children! Inside, inside! No? Beat! Beat! comes the ruler. Follow these lines, children, children. Pay mind.

For eight cents, I decided to sell mine, gave it away, including ears and fingers half price. Where I was going, rulers fall from the sky, showering your face with cuts and ordinality. Children grow up to grown ups, undress to fat form.

But now I've learned to swallow rulers with my mind, destroy each form with my long fingers,
in jest nouns, face and uniform conformity children.