

# Poetry London Annual Poetry Contest

POETRY  
CITY:

National Poetry  
Month 2014

## *Life Is School*

Before, at the bottom, in the pit,  
I learned that I smell like my grandfather.  
I smell like the inside of my grandfather's hat.  
I stink like pork and ammonia.  
I reek of liquor and sweat.

In the middle, in the ambulance bed,  
All tied up, all tied down,  
Driving fast on a rain-slick road,  
Driving noisy in the early of the night,  
I studied my hands, my father's hands,  
Reptile hands, yellow like parchment,  
Wretched hands, old like an Egyptian king.

After, at the window, placid,  
Looking down at the jaws of the street,  
Reaching up to eat me,  
I came to know that a woman waiting at a bus-stop,  
Is the most beautiful thing in the world.  
I came to know that a woman waiting at a bus-stop,  
Holding a small and shiny, hard-shelled purse,  
Clutched close to her chest,  
Is the most dangerous thing in the world.  
I realized that life is school and I have been left back.

***By: Michael Kuiack – 1st Place Winner***