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## Speedball

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## Speedball

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### 1 A Walk into Madness

down gray somber stairs  
cold walls silently blare  
the signs of nothingness  
i am a solitude of tolerance centered  
walking further into a city of muted yellow walls  
looking at green-tiled floors pulsating  
under icy fluorescence with caged-in  
windows looming over the cafeteria  
of long white tables of rapping children  
i head to my class a rectangle of faces  
broken by greetings of the swing out  
the cafeteria fades to riled up looks  
wild eyes stare each other down  
i step between the boys and laugh at myself  
lured into a ring of violence sacrificed

### 2 Cafeteria Fight

i am the zebra  
*go to your corners when you hear  
the bell come out fighting as*  
victimized hands wrestle around  
and i yell *chill* to the boys  
when the power of a blow  
smashes my head  
*chill chill* this ref cries

they jerk back to innocence

### **3 Returning to the Classroom**

i wail to line up as the pugilists recede  
and everything falls into place  
bodies erect facing forward eyes glued front  
we begin our daily sojourn upstairs in silence  
with a primal beat to the cadence of their steps  
till we arrive at the classroom our safe house  
reflecting through the darkness terrorized  
by our beginnings a lunchtime fight

### **4 Sanctuary of the Self**

i retreat inside myself to correct  
this free fall leaving me whirling  
into the fury of *why am i here*  
with no answers but the blank of nothingness  
speed balling us through humdrum daily life  
the class files in as one girl gives a dirty look  
under her breath she mumbles something  
*what can she say?* her lips tense up  
then seal she becomes transfixed  
fusing into the gray-tiled walls  
after seeing me turn into a piranha  
shooting diabolical messages  
the boys are ready and walk in slowly  
i watch their every move look into the void  
with an anxious glare they hurry past  
as a riot of feelings circles classroom walls  
bounces off ceilings bangs into floors  
consuming me with anxiety trying

to fulfill its unknown prophecy

## 5 Classroom Fight

i lament to myself

*forget the cruelty take it easy you'll be fine*

*good good good* i snap out of it

my eyes focus on a single frame in the room

a vortex of two boys squaring off

chairs and desks scatter and crash

forging a ring with fists held high

the class gushes from the room

I follow behind the watchdog staring at

these soldiers of misfortune

who scan us all with idiotic stares

the raging bulls meet my contempt

as i rant about school the temple of light

sanctuary of ideas seeds into flowers

extraordinary landscape of dreams

all of creation tumbling down the abyss

i exclaim before departing *do what you want*

*we don't care anymore do what you like*

but it never happens the lonely warriors freeze

a two-sided mirror flashes back their torment

a snake pit crawling with cobras and rattlers

smashing their way into the contenders' eyes

who behold *in-sight* the unimaginable

reflected in the glass *themselves*

the titans revert to their lifeless states

they can't holler with thunder

hurl lightning bolts at an audience who

never cheered *kick his butt mess him up*

that mirror failed everyone broke away  
leaving the combatants with no one's eyes  
to follow them but their own

## **6 Back to the Present Moment**

now i am at my desk  
contemplating the cruelty of perception  
the world charged at me i spun around  
in turmoil with incriminating outbursts  
the gathering surge pushing me all over  
devastated by the mind's oppression  
with no clue as to how i lost my center  
i'm flying away *i can't stop now*  
i embrace the corners  
vanishing into the speed of spiraling  
screams images echoes whispers scents  
cascading into me blowing my presence  
off the edges a descent into anxiety  
i grab hold of the wooden desk  
my desperate hands feel  
its friendly firm warm calm skin  
conveying its secret bond of silence  
and stillness soothing to the touch  
from object to subject i am returning  
to earth to the desk feeling its pulse  
huddle up inside focus my eyes look forward  
touch the desk again smooth the path  
feel the flowing surface remove my hands  
cross them in my lap breathe deeply  
*now*