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# School Dreams: The Runaway Class

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## 1

The cage rattles at first slowly  
then louder and louder until the gates rip  
away from the windows  
in a spectacle of uncontrolled fury  
catapulting through a compliant sky  
they windmill to the oblivion  
of dark space fathoms upward  
the windows no longer barricaded  
stand still transparent and bare observing  
children as they look back at the windows  
the light intensifies a shade brighter  
every second in a rhythmical pulse  
like someone's pumping illumination  
from another world a blaze fires the glass  
to yellow white orange their eyes blinded  
by the extraordinary power of quick-paced  
infinitesimal moments packed into one picture  
of time frozen imprinted on students pointing  
their faces to windows shattering into a trillion  
specks of dust lit up and dispersing in air

## 2

the class sits in awe listening  
to slow faint whistles  
from space entering the room  
circulating through their ears

gliding inside bodies lifting them  
up for a dance around the room  
the brilliance of a new light  
is too much to bear  
they scramble around desks  
wild-eyed children  
with a teacher sitting befuddled  
pandemonium races through their heads  
and pushes them to open space as the wind calls  
with a gentle coolness to the skin and directs  
the students to a free world in front of their eyes  
dazzling in its glory *shout Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*

### 3

the wind curls itself around the student body  
leading them to the promised land  
of deep outer space  
initiating the million kids march  
one step into immaculate fluorescence  
and not knowing what to expect  
*yea but they walk into the valley of light*  
unaware rootless aimless one-by-one  
together they walk the plank  
at the room's end into waiting clouds  
that swallow them up their lives harmonizing  
inside a celestial canvas an escape to freedom  
withdrawal commences as they leap off  
the end of the world into a mile-high blue daze  
a separate reality sends a soothing flow of cool

against their faces leading to a shortcut through  
clouds and sky with yellows blues golds  
reflecting off their skin

#### 4

as the teacher stands motionless  
looking square into a white blaring rectangle  
mesmerized by its glow the mentholated  
stream filters through hitting his face and he raises  
his arms in desperation to the icy void crying out  
to anyone in space who will listen *where are you  
going? what are you doing? come back please*  
his hands sweat with fear he begs his students  
to reflect but the teacher's protests fade away  
into an azure sky and he realizes it's show time  
for the magic theater of the mind where the master  
watches the farce and becomes part of it  
because this episode won't click off and he knows it  
the pedagogue makes his move and enters  
the Broadway drama to pursue a runaway class  
and like his children he ventures out of the classroom  
into a playhouse of wild blue yonder

#### 5

*dream on dream on dream on* as students sail  
like gliders through infinity and join together  
in one heavenly step to the oblivion land of  
the lost and misbegotten who have left  
the premises of the school the caged box  
and all the zero hours driving themselves  
further into porous firmaments

our big sky country a paradoxical universe  
the teacher yields to the powers of light color  
wind and cloud as he jumps into a friendly sky  
a panicked voice pleads his case *come back*  
*please please* the discord of scared and alone  
stammers through his sad message in a Magritte sky  
echoing through the ozone and boomerangs back  
to his ears with the sounds of nothingness  
*no one's here no one's home nada nada nada*  
unbearable coldness and oxygen debt  
anesthetize him in a final moving portrait posed  
on a cloud with arms waving in the wind  
its soft fingers and luminous gleam lay tracks  
around his entire body and jumbled life leaving  
misty trails forged by heaven's perfect hands  
now holding up the communal wires  
between teacher and students

## 6

the wind blows inside pathways  
joining them together  
with tidings from the far side  
*we love outer space and want to stay here*  
*away from your world we found a home*  
*where we are untouchable because there's*  
*no reality except the one we see in our mind*  
*return? why?* as the twisted channels  
of haze nudge closer to the teacher's ear  
he listens to whispers of a mystical beat  
with dissonant moods and rhythms  
that have eluded this person like everything else

from today's events he remains on the cloud  
looking into new worlds *what are your chances  
of awakening? and then again where are  
the children? will they come down? can you  
find them cruising in a Magritte sky at peace?  
how can you make contact? and where will  
it lead you?*

7

but in pursuit of the exiles'  
elusive lives that you sketched for years  
by entertaining audiences going through  
routines the stages of your life to right here  
the invisible wall an exodus for students  
into aqua nirvana and you too  
made a choice because you walked into  
the vast entanglement *what are you  
searching for in the magic theater?*  
say good-bye to your Self you are out  
of the cage all those years playing  
el maestro and now the spectators  
have disappeared and look at you  
fallen on a cloud logging through space  
trying to recover what is missing *but  
what is? I ask you the students  
are absent mark them down in the white void  
and where does that leave you instructor?  
scanning the skies inside a foggy web  
tripping through the cosmos  
contemplating a return to your Self?*