

Because My Students Asked Me
By Taylor Mali

what i would want them to do
at my funeral, i told them:

write & perform a collective poem
in which each of you says a line
about what i was like as a teacher,
about how i made you reach for stars
until you became them,
about how much you loved
to pretend
you hated me.

*You mean even after you die
You're going to make us do work?*

