

*Bobbie R. Coleman*

## **Life Science, Tenth Grade**

Smelling of Brylcreem and Pennzoil  
he passes me a note,  
Will you go steady with me? yes/no  
I'm to mark the proper box.  
I sit near the cabinet,  
in flat-chested Mrs. Nathan's  
life science class,  
where she keeps the jars  
of pickled guts, neatly lined and labeled,  
like the fruits and vegetables  
our neighbor cans each spring:  
human gall bladders, brains, eyeballs,  
a four-month male fetus, stored  
in glass and formaldehyde.  
They say somewhere in back  
are her tits, lopped off and preserved  
for the sake of science.  
He gropes me under the table  
I move away, not wanting my heart  
displayed in a Mason jar.