

Kneecap

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Recommended Citation

Myers, Grayson () "Kneecap," *The John Carroll Review*. Vol. 76: Iss. 1, Article 44.

Available at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol76/iss1/44>

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Kneecap

Grayson Myers

It was second grade,
when my neighborhood buddy
and I got caught wiggling our
kneecaps in the bathroom.
It was as if they could be removed
and snapped back on again like
Legos
- but we were too scared to ever
try.
Often, we were blamed
for goofing off in class.
Fake farting (armpit or mouth),
paper airplane wars, and even the
occasional spitball.
Mrs. Kailin, the hardest and
strictest teacher
at Pinehurst Elementary School,
must have been teaching one of
her world famous
cursive writing lectures.
(to which she only taught us up to
the letter k,
thank you for that by the way).
I can't say I remember how both
of us ended up there,
but I can almost guarantee
it was due to the totally not
boring,

stupendously extravagant,
cursive writing lecture described
prior.
We must have been gone
for 30 minutes or so once
she decided it was time to search
for us.
To her surprise, we were in the
boy's bathroom
laughing about how our kneecaps
wiggle
and could be snapped off like a
Lego.
And in true Mrs. Kailin fashion,
she threatened to tell our parents
which almost instantaneously
turned on the waterworks.
I can't say I remember how both
of us ended up here,
but I can say how easy I was able
to cry back then.
If time existed like Legos, I'd
rearrange the pieces
and bring you back to life.