

The Final Express(ion)

Poetic Doodle – An EDU 508 Acrostic

written on a plane from Orlando to New York

b.r.crandall

i. *Lisa Pye*

Love. Love is teaching and
I love to believe in hope –
soaking it
all in as a dope on Sisyphus's rocky slope.

People are people who
yearn to learn. The trick, I guess, is finding how to
earn our special moments while we have them.

ii. *Jodi Burnash*

Juxtaposed to our
opposites – those hypocritical
doppelgangers and Willy Wonka *Bizz Wangers* –
I find myself before a mirror.

Bryan, you dork (a cork pops in celebration of an
unbelievable revelation of another predictable disappointment),
Ripley, (believe it or not),
now is the first second of eternity – and once again I
arrogantly send father time back to bed. I can be a
Siamese twin, sure, in my
head, but like Esperanza and Angelou, *I rise, I rise, I rise.*

iii. *Abbey Diplacido*

Adolescents are whacky
birds – they're not
boisterous bozos calling ozone depletion
everyone else's fault – it's just that,
you understand, someone needs to be blamed.

demons?
I don't think so. That's lame –
Pernicious, pubescent, cold pricklies?
Let me think about that for a second...
ahhhh, no. It isn't that either.
Crazy, energetic spazagazoinks from planet *Life's not fair?*



I would have to say, *not quite*.
Delirious dancers doing a disco
on every infinite moment of a mood? Perhaps.

iv. *Peter Mishler*

Poetry, she taught me, is a tug-of-war between
ego and soul – a fast pace of words and a
textual stroll to understand the
existential comprehension for the
ridiculousness of it all.

Man, was Ruth on the ball of
illogical logics and her logical prose.
She taught me to finger wave my nose at
how scholars wish to
leash our ideas into boxes and frames.
Earth, she reminded us, transcends their data and claims. She preached,
Remember to speak, dear poets, and always to be heard.



Ruth Stone

v. *Michael Gugliano*

Mondays aren't as bad as Tuesdays.
It is on Tuesdays you realize you lost the weekend
cuz' you had to plan, grade papers and deal with
housework. On Tuesdays you're egregiously
angry. Tuesdays are bad because, as the week
evolves towards hump day, Wednesday, you're
left knowing you need more time.

Guess what? By Thursday you're fried from four-day
ulcers, and your heart pulses that nothing
gravitated as you planned on Sunday night, (most
likely later than you
intended) and you begin to realize
all the catch-up chaos of your entire Saturday.
Nope, Tuesdays are pretty bad. And Fridays?
Oh, there's a reason we scream "T.G.I.F!"

vi. *Molly Zarookian*

Muses are a teacher's friend.
Odysseus knew this (and so did Ulysses) – that
loving the journey
leaves better rest at night.
Yes, finding spirits, the chorus of those
zillion charms and inspirational imps who

arrive to a writer's mind, is the only way to help your
reader find their way home.
On and on we travel, &
omnipotently unravel the
randomness of chaotic structures,
illogical conjectures
and statistical errors swallowed by the Cyclopes.
Nope. This dope prefers Dionysius and another glass of wine.

vii. *Robert Kelley*

Religion is a smile
on a dog, Edie and her
bohemians sang to me in the 80s and I remember their words
each time I want to choke myself before I get too deep.
Relax. Just do it, Frankie
theoretically claimed on his way to Hollywood.

Keep coming back. Keep coming back...back... back, I'd hear
Edie cry in the cassette player of my past. And I always wished I could just
let it be like those British bug-boys did in the 60s
letting father McKenzie have that
ex-rated tabloid affair with Eleanor Rigby.
Yes, I need lyrics to survive.

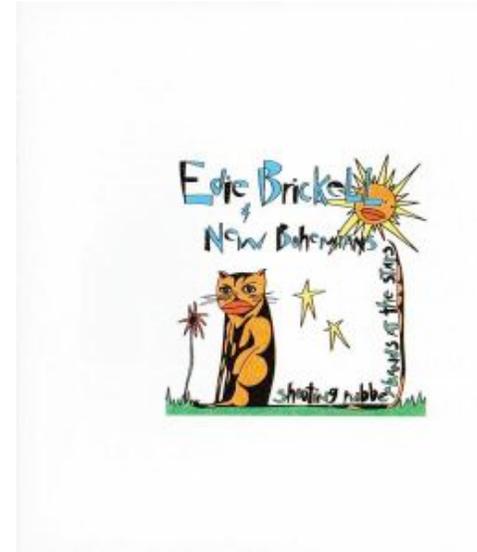
viii. *Jessica Marchi*

Just when I found my voice,
everyone left for the evening. I wanted to
sing, bring, and fling my poetic
songs to the rights and wrongs of my
imagination, but vocally the procrastination of my
chords left me silent.
All of us who try to make

meaning in this masquerade,
arrogantly try to dream our masks away. In
reality, such silence has something it's trying to say. A
cacophony of muteness might be the
harmonic display we needed all along – Sometimes,
I'm just unable to hear this melodious song.

ix. *Brittany Marciano*

Bryan, do you
remember your first year teaching?
I recall it vividly –
The day my seniors skipped class



to sneak a breakfast at Burger King without me,
and the day
Nadia and Daschanda covered my truck,
yours truly, with maxipads and tampons.

More? How

about prom where the counselor wouldn't let Lomax
romance on the dance floor with his Skateboard, so the entire
class left the ballroom taking the skate party outside.
I did everything wrong at first, but everything right.
Also, the kids loved the fact I wasn't able to focus with my
nearsightedness and strabismus eye -
Oh, and when I gave the commencement speech at graduation, I did cry.

x. *Lauren Buttimer*

Laughter teaches
all of
us. The
randomness of scratched
eyes or Bry's
noxious smell(s), always funky

buttering skunky the belly rolls
underneath an umbrella of smiles.
*The thesis paragraph needs
to follow at least three paragraphs
in full support, until the writer
meanders to her conclusion. And
each of us must grow "smarder"
remembering to, hardy har har, offer more golden stars.*



xi. *Crista Minicozzi*

Cafeterias need to serve falafels at least once a week.
Really they do, with cucumber sauce and hummus.
I think they should add eggrolls, sushi and Thai soup, too.
Since we're at it, why couldn't
they pull out hot salsa
and crispy tortilla chips every once in a while?

Man, what about cookie-dough, a scooped smile of
icecream with hot butterscotch?

No nuts please.

Imagine lunch with fresh European pastries glazed with
chocolate or white, sugar frosting.
Or what about a caramel cappuccino? Great. Now I have a
zillion cravings, and I'm

zonked from all my ravings because
I've made myself hungry. See what school poetry does.

xii. *Sara Nicolodi*

Shakespeare laughed, cried,
and lied to historically
reach into our western soul –
All the world's a stage, eh?

*Nay, ho – it is a tale told by an
idiot, strutting and fretting*, but admitting how
crazy a vote matters, while giving the
Obama, yo' mama, generation more
love and drama as it splatters in an unrehearsed performance
on Broadway. It's
Disney's magical kingdom and, *Alas, poor Yorick*,
I must choose before I'm *heard no more*.

xiii. *Catherine Rowe*

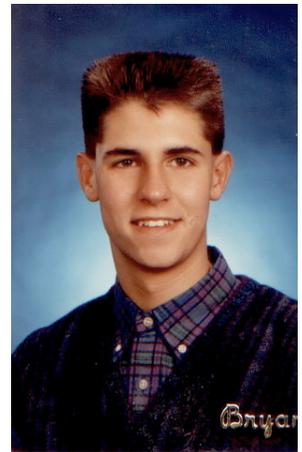
Cicero-North Syracuse High School – my alma mater.
All of us odd ducks with boxed haircuts in hot water and
too much hairspray. The
hallways drilled us up the down staircases where
each of us did the adolescent
race of popularity, first times and parties. Me?
I was one of those smarties who knew I
needed money, so I worked full time to
earn enough to pay for my undergraduate degree.

Really, we were all just young and
on good days, I think
we were innocent and free. Yet,
each of us were destined to unpredictable reality. This is simplicity.

xiv. *Brittany Baggett*

Boy, Tituba's a character, isn't she?
Randomly victimized for her otherness
in a puritanical mess of witch hunts and truth? What about
the lies those girls
tell, shrugging their shoulders
and thinking, oh well? They dance at
night, to unleash spirits in fright
yelling envy, spite and hatred in a flux.

But it's bollucks – and I'm aghast at such



Bryan Ripley Crandall, Class of 1990

academic paintings of Polluck:
green, red and yellow hysteria, splattering purple
grapes in frenzied wysteria that creeps, mysteriously on
eye-witnessed local news.
This is why I don't mind teaching the blues.

xv. *Jessica Tacinelli*

Just when a crew walks to the other side of the stage, another arrives
eager for, "What are we gonna do this year?"
See, they have no fear and for them
September brings a new adventure.
I realize our job is to work the conveyor belt of
creativity, assessment and another pile of essays to grade –
always wishing someone else will come to our aid.

The other epiphany came
about year three – when I
connected the dots to learn
I was never going to get rid of them, you see.
No. They return. They hang on. They
even write stories about you in college, and you – you are
left behind to close the door, only to open it the next year and
let another crew of fledglings arrive.
Is there a better way to feel so infinite and alive?

xvi. *Kelly Chandler-Olcott*

Kryptonite? Is that it?
Each of your students wonder if it makes a super hero,
like you, falter from time to time...If
Lex Luther, your nemesis, might
yodel, "*We got you now, Superwoman* –

Can you get yourself out of this one?"
Hwa Gwa Gwaaa (evil laughter!)
And then Gotham City worries, "*What do we do
now?"* – oh wait, that's Batman! Yes, you are the
Diva of literacy, the
lover of multimodal complexity who cherishes
every text emailed, written or
read. That is why we need to get you a title from within our head.

Orangina Otis of Huntington Hall?
Linguistic Laverne of the assessment Mall?
Calling Mt. Olympus, the R.L.A.C. chair, y'all?
Over the rainbows and through the woods,
the smile you offer nurtures all of our moods (oif, forced rhyme)



The Wonder! The Warrior! Thank you, Kelly.