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He was talking and disrupting class. Again. You asked him to quiet down. He kept on yapping.

You asked a student nearby to get his attention. Hey and a tap, tap. No luck.

You lightly tossed the chalk. It dropped on his shoulder, fell to the floor. He stood up and demanded an explanation.

You told him if he couldn't be quiet he could leave. He left, said he was going to get you. His thick finger stabbed the air.

Your Head demanded an explanation and formed a special faculty-student committee to investigate. The student made a chart of the chalk's trajectory. You'd never seen him so engaged.

The student newspaper said you had to go. Chalk Thrower scrawled on your office door in ink. An apology was demanded, and counseling.

Your colleagues shunned you. Except for Jackson. Jackson, who sleeps with his students whenever he can. He put his arm around you. Make love, not war, he said.

Jim Daniels is a poet and also a friend of several faculty at GVSU. These poems first appeared in Exquisite Corpse and 5AM.