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Report on the Class Trip

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REPORT ON THE CLASS TRIP

Chris Bullard

The firemen led us in name order
up the tower where we watched
for flames in the combustible pines.
This made us thirsty, so the firemen
brought out their garden hose and we drank
water that tasted like rotten eggs.
I went looking for the bathroom
behind the rows of rubber overcoats,
and found where the firemen slept.
Above the bunks, rows of unstapled
centerfolds opened their blouses.
Ruddy breasts rolled out like fire trucks.
I felt the burn of embarrassment.
The girls in the class hadn't started to develop.
I still swam nude with boys at the Y.
On the way back to school, our teacher,
forty-ish, her hair like charcoal and ash,
directed the class to a charred patch:
"Firemen can't stop every fire."
We jostled each other and giggled.
The bus smelled of smoke and sweat.