

when your predator shares a class with you

you clench your fist as they sit across from you on the opposite side of the room.  
you watch them laugh and smile as if  
they were not making you cry for help only days ago.

you stare at them and dissect the way  
their fingers meticulously fiddle with their jacket zipper  
the same way they tried to unzip yours.

you rearrange every single algebra problem  
wondering if there is a quadratic equation  
that can explain why this happened to you.

you tremble at the mention of group work,  
teachers ordering you to "partner up!"  
become a death sentence.

you watch your eraser shavings  
disappear into nothingness  
hoping you could someday do the same.

you do not raise your hand in class,  
when they are around  
you know you are powerless.

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you don't do anything.