

Quality Control

Rats in a maze
Skulking behind the thick red books
Conditioners offer shampooed words
We worship our own gods
the Lord of the 4.0 G.P.A
the Goddess of the SATs
we play the T.V game show
—if the letters read A, A, A—we win
if not, we pick the other door
and walk through
to a life where
we never reach the cheese
to a place where
the altars of the 'A'
do not exist.

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