“To a child being naughty”

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When I taught you

at eight to learn

courses, whispering tenderly

beside you

as you ignored homeworks

in your happy daydream,

my own mouth rounding

in angry when teachers told

me your homeworks

all the white,

I keep waiting

for the sound

of your appearance as I

shouted to ask you

why you do

this, more naughty

with age,

giggling, giggling

from your mouth, laughing

like elfs

I claimed

front you like a

devil saying

no dinner.