Not too long ago I had an epiphany about this class—What barbarians you people are. Now, tell me if I'm wrong but I thought this was a poetry class, yet everybody—everybody but me that is—spent the whole hour and a half talking about eating.

It started with somebody talking about eating baked beans everyday overseas in some country. Then before I knew it, the conversation turned into a type of a conversation that of animal massacre butchershop. Some body began talking about chopping off turtles’ heads, dipping them into eel sauce and eating them; cooking lions’ balls deep fried and thin sliced, and eating them with ketchup; and chewing on a nice, fat, birds head with a nice bottle of wine. Then that somebody said she doesn’t do that anymore because the animals that she ate are now her friends, yet she who the one who deliciously, joyfully gobbled them up like one jolly clown. That’s like a robber stealing twenty millions dollars from a bank and years later haughtily apologizing for stealing the money without returning any of it. Yea, as long as he’s sorry! As if?

I don’t know who said that but that somebody is in this room. That somebody sits in this vicinity, right there to be exact! if I’m not mistaken. I don’t know which uncouth, low-life planet you come from but you disgust me. In fact, you all disgust me! Because as
far as I can remember somebody jumped in and said, “have you eaten a snake. They taste so good. I love snakes!” Who said that? What’s wrong with you! You wanna get lepaspary or something! As if that wasn’t bad enough she went on, “Ostrage are good too. My uncle owns an ostrage farm and every summer we murder a few of them and we barbeque them on the grill rare...Posoms are pretty good too. You should kill them and eat them because they go through your trash and make a mess. You should just kill them and eat them.” Then another person jumped in and said, “if you own a horse you should keep him locked up in a cage so his muscles don’t develop. It’s much easier to chew him that way.” Before I could shake my head and catch a breath to all this genocidic talk of innocent animals, certain individuals ran out the class not to throw up on the bathroom floor but to get something to eat! “Hey you guys, you’re making me hungry!” Who said that! You know exactly who you are! Yes, I’m talking to you, you, you, you... all of you! You low-life barbarians make me sick to the stomach that I wanna barf all over my new shoes.

If you despicable human beings who are all disgrace to human race keep this up, before you know it you’ll turn into cannibals—eating little babies, your friends, siblings, your parents, grandparents. And your classmates! That’s it. I’m getting the hell out before I blink and get eaten alive by you barbarious, uncivilized monsters!

I hope y’all burn in hell for mass murdering and eating all those little, harmless animals!...
NIKKI GIOVANNI

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15 October 2005

Mr. Cho:

Your paper of October 10 is disturbing to me.

From the beginning of this semester I have had the impression that you did not wish to be a part of this class. You usually have a ball cap pulled over your eyes as if you are asleep and when I have asked, as I did several times, for you to at least push it back a bit, you did not comply.

I am not sure why you enrolled in this class but I feel I am not being a help to you either through your writing or sparking your imagination.

If you would prefer some other creative writing professor I will be more than pleased to do all in my power to help you make the change even at this late date. If you feel you have enrolled in error I will be pleased to allow you to withdraw with no prejudice.

I think you need to consider whether or not you wish to continue with me and this class and if so please make time so that you and I can discuss what steps you will need to complete to be brought up to date.

Sincerely,

Nikki Giovanni
University Distinguished Professor

Cc: Lucinda Roy
Alumni Distinguished Professor
Chair, Department of English