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Epistemicide: Art, Poetry, and Teacher
Resistance*

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Listen

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Abstract

This poem is an interpretive poetic transcription inspired by conversations I had with several children and adolescents from immigrant families. In teacher education programs, we often feel pressured to formalize curricula in a way that is oblivious to our students' needs. Both our teacher candidates and their future students deserve more and better.

Keywords

Education, Interpretive Poetic Transcription

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Cover Page Footnote

For the all children who want to be heard and the ones who trusted me with their words.

Listen!

Laura Zucca-Scott, Minot State University

I hate school

And I don't like teachers either

I came here

Because I had to

But I miss my home every day

I miss my grandpa and my grandma

And the sunshine on the hills

The tomatoes don't taste the same here

They taste like rotten water

People say I sound weird

But I don't

Not in my language

Not when I sing my songs

The ones I learned

When I was younger and happier

Back home

I have to learn what they tell me

But I don't care

Nobody really understands

This language is wrong

You cannot speak the truth with it

Only empty words

Like promises never kept

And when they tell me
I need to try harder
I don't want to
Don't feel bad for me
I just want you to understand
I need my voice
To be heard

No more singsong answers
I do, we do, you do
Let's all try this together
My brain does not need anesthesia
I need to speak the truth:
Before you teach me
Listen to me