

Northwest Journal of Teacher Education

Volume 17
Issue 3 *Confronting Teacher Preparation*
Epistemicide: Art, Poetry, and Teacher
Resistance

Article 3

11-22-2022

Listen

Laura Zucca-Scott
Minot State University, laurazuccascott@gmail.com

Follow this and additional works at: <https://pdxscholar.library.pdx.edu/nwjte>



Part of the [Bilingual, Multilingual, and Multicultural Education Commons](#), [Educational Psychology Commons](#), and the [Teacher Education and Professional Development Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Zucca-Scott, Laura (2022) "Listen," *Northwest Journal of Teacher Education*: Vol. 17 : Iss. 3 , Article 3.
DOI: <https://doi.org/10.15760/nwjte.2022.17.3.3>

This open access Prelude is distributed under the terms of the [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 4.0 International License \(CC BY-NC-SA 4.0\)](#). All documents in PDXScholar should meet [accessibility standards](#). If we can make this document more accessible to you, [contact our team](#).

Listen

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

Creative Commons License



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-Share Alike 4.0 International License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/4.0/).

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