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Writing Club

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Very few knew we existed
They squeezed us between drama practice, robotics, and history club
Sometimes they forgot to announce us at all
We didn't mind... and did mind,
Most of all
it bothered us when one of us failed to show up
Because writing was collecting breaths,
falling for
each other's
words
and
thoughts,
rewriting silences, invisible lines, even though
silence was all we knew, all we ever had

We considered creating t-shirts and slogans
We counted on Poe and ravens to make us cool
But every other day but Thursday,
we hid our writing notebooks
When people mentioned poetry, we turned our heads

We were different and afraid

Sometimes we laughed so hard at our stories,
we forgot we had so little time and so much to say
We created our own proofs, postulates, and theorems,
We could have easily been the next Shakespeare or Stephen King

By now, one of us probably is

Eventually we grew into a steady group,
Friends gathered friends
Food was brought in
Some ditched basketball practice, others video games
We powered through colds and stigmatized sneers
We played all kinds of music
And we wrote and we shared

But in the end,
all we had was one hour, every Thursday afternoon
In the end, that was everything



Agie Behounek is a native of Poland. She is pursuing a PhD in Language, Literacy, and Culture at The University of Iowa. Her interest is in writing instruction and identity, looking at how writing can be a space for students to acquire agency, confidence, and voice. Prior to entering graduate school, Agie taught middle school language arts, where she strived to make her students fall in love with words. She can be reached at agie-behounek@uiowa.edu