

my history teacher wants us to capitalize bible
Isabella Fiore

and i consider slashing her tires.
i will use my pen as a switchblade
and tear gaping holes. i want to be a nuisance,
as is she is to me with this bullshit.

next, i start a bonfire with her long scarves.
gasoline and match and as kindling i
use pages torn from one of my five personal
bibles. my mother calls me melodramatic.

when the teacher circles my lowercase letters
with her blue pen i decide to shove it up her
ass. i want to write a dissertation on the horrors
of the catholic church on the back of her jean
jacket. i want to slice her skirt into handkerchiefs
and use them to dry the tears of every child
who was abused by the clergy.

i want to tell her that i cannot even
consider supporting an institution that violates
my very being. i want to write every single paper
on the dangers of putting any weight into
organized religion. i want her to understand
that my mania serves a purpose.

i might be a pyromaniac but at least i am intentional about it.

my history teacher spends two weeks
on the less popular martin luther and
i regret taking this course. i spend the
whole class reading gay shit on tumblr and
trying to forget the period of time in which
religion had a chokehold on the modern world.

martin luther — not dr. martin luther king — believed
the catholic church was mired in gluttony and an
excess of power. for this he was put
on trial and forced into hiding. i seriously
debate replicating his peaceful protest but i really need
this grade.

in my final assignment i capitalize bible, and god, and
“him,” and everything else she asks. i hate
myself for it. when she hands it back
i shred the paper and use it to line my
cat’s litter box. little victories.

Isabella Fiore is a writer who chronicles her experiences through love, sadness, and figuring out what it means to be a queer "woman" in her world. Her publications include *Cathartic Lit Magazine* and *TEEN-ZINE*. When she is not writing, Isabella can be found baking, napping, or wrapping herself in a blanket like a burrito.