

Opposite of Obtuse

First drops of sunlight grazing
Freshly shorn trapezoids
Palmed by a bespeckled first-grader

Three triangles later transforming
Into a bona fide robot analogue
Intent on exploring the depths of prisms

All the while sharing stories of superheros and cells
Of the day they mutated and he saw himself
Shooting webs out of his fingertips

Now sorting shapes and counting sides
Battling the smallest parts of his being
Until the bell chimes