**That Power - Childish Gambino (2011)**

This is on a bus back from camp

I’m thirteen and so are you  
Before I left for camp I imagined it would be me and three or four other dudes  
I hadn’t met yet, running around all summer, getting into trouble

It turned out it would be me and just one girl. That’s you.  
And we’re still at camp as long as we’re on the bus  
And not at the pickup point where our parents would be waiting for us

We’re still wearing our orange camp t-shirts. We still smell like pine needles

I like you and you like me and I more-than-like you

But I don’t know if you do or don’t more-than-like me  
You’ve never said, so I haven’t been saying anything all summer  
Content to enjoy the small miracle of a girl choosing to talk to me

And choosing to do so again the next day and so on

A girl who’s smart and funny and who, if I say something dumb for a laugh  
Is willing to say something two or three times as dumb to make me laugh

But who also gets weird and wise sometimes in a way I could never be  
A girl who reads books that no one’s assigned to her  
Whose curly brown hair has a line running through it  
From where she put a tie to hold it up while it was still wet

Back in the real world we don’t go to the same school  
And unless one of our families moves to a dramatically different neighborhood  
We won’t go to the same high school

So, this is kind of it for us. Unless I say something  
And it might especially be it for us if I actually do say something  
The sun’s gone down and the bus is quiet. A lot of kids are asleep  
We’re talking in whispers about a tree we saw at a rest stop  
That looks like a kid we know

And then I’m like, “Can I tell you something?”  
And all of a sudden I’m telling you  
And I keep telling you and it all comes out of me and it keeps coming  
And your face is there and gone and there and gone  
As we pass underneath the orange lamps that line the sides of the highway  
And there’s no expression on it

And I think just after a point I’m just talking to lengthen the time

Where we live in a world where you haven’t said “yes” or “no” yet

And regrettably I end up using the word “destiny”

I don’t remember in what context. Doesn’t really matter

Before long I’m out of stuff to say and you smile and say, “okay”  
I don’t know exactly what you mean by it, but it seems vaguely positive  
And I would leave in order not to spoil the moment  
But there’s nowhere to go because we’re are on a bus  
So I pretend like I’m asleep and before long, I really am  
  
I wake up, the bus isn’t moving anymore  
The domed lights that line the center aisle are all on  
I turn and you’re not there  
Then again a lot of kids aren’t in their seats anymore  
We’re parked at the pick-up point, which is in the parking lot of a Methodist church

The bus is half empty. You might be in your dad’s car by now

Your bags and things piled high in the trunk  
The girls in the back of the bus are shrieking and laughing and taking their sweet time  
Disembarking as I swing my legs out into the aisle to get up off the bus  
Just as one of them reaches my row

It used to be our row, on our way off

It’s Michelle, a girl who got suspended from third grade for a week

After throwing rocks at my head  
Adolescence is doing her a ton of favors body-wise

She stops and looks down at me  
And her head is blasted from behind by the dome light, so I can’t really see her face

But I can see her smile. And she says one word: “destiny”  
Then her and the girls clogging the aisles behind her all laugh  
And then she turns and leads them off the bus

I didn’t know you were friends with them.  
  
I find my dad in the parking lot. He drives me back to our house and camp is over

So is summer, even though there’s two weeks until school starts

This isn’t a story about how girls are evil or how love is bad

This is a story about how I learned something and I’m not saying this thing is true or not

I’m just saying it’s what I learned  
I told you something. It was just for you and you told everybody

So I learned cut out the middle man, make it all for everybody, always  
Everybody can’t turn around and tell everybody, everybody already knows, I told them  
But this means there isn’t a place in my life for you or someone like you

Is it sad? Sure. But it’s a sadness I chose  
I wish I could say this was a story about how I got on the bus a boy  
And got off a man more cynical, hardened, and mature and shit  
But that’s not true. The truth is I got on the bus a boy. And I never got off the bus

I still haven’t...

1. **Answer this question in paragraph form (provide reasons WHY): Is this a poem or a short story?**