



MOMS FOR LIBERTY – HERNANDO COUNTY CHAPTER CURRICULUM & MATERIALS REVIEW COMMITTEE

Committee Chair: Julia Thomas
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Hernando County School District
919 North Broad Street.
Brooksville, FL 34601

RE: SHS "Poet X" (M4LHC – 044/2023)

October 11, 2023

Hernando County School District,

You will find an attached official challenge request from (M4LHC 044-23) for "Poet X" which is currently located at Springstead High School's media center. This book was discovered back on July 18, 2023.

"POET X" contains sexual age inappropriate content including: sexual activities that include almost pornographic scenes, masturbation, sexual nudity and profanity. However, every family is dysfunctional, in some way, it does not give teachers the right to supersede parental guardian or have child believe their teacher will save them. The book clearly shows a warning label for 18 years of age and up.

The actions of the media specialist or administrative staff in selecting this book currently violates H.B. 467 s. 847.012 (b) that media specialists are responsible for selecting books free of pornographic and sexually explicit materials. Furthermore, the Hernando County School District is also in violation of H.B. 1557 for teaching and/or introducing sexual orientation and gender identity to children, as well as multiple provisions of H.B. 1069.

As the newly elected Committee Chair for the Curriculum and Materials Review Committee of the Hernando County Chapter of Moms for Liberty, I remind you that besides the District of Hernando County Schools being in violation, it is not the responsibility of the District or any staff employed by the District to make a decision concerning these mature topics. District Staff should not be encouraging minors to read a book for adults only.

In closing, I'm calling on the Hernando County School Board to remove this book, from Springstead High School effective immediately, and in accordance with District Policy (*Media Specialist Handbook*), and H.B. 1069 which both clearly state that books can't be "disappeared" (*i.e., hidden*) but instead properly disposed of not only through steps outlined in the Media Specialist Handbook regarding the disposal of books, but also accurately noted as disposed of in Alexandria as outlined in H.B. 1069.

In Liberty,

Julia Thomas

THE SCHOOL BOARD OF HERNANDO COUNTY, FLORIDA

Request for Reconsideration of Media Materials/Instructional Materials

Instructions: Complete and return this form with all materials to be reviewed.

Please type or print..

PLEASE COMPLETE ALL APPLICABLE INFORMATION:

Have you read or viewed the entire material? Yes

Request Initiated by (first and last name) JT

Address : PO Box 1568 City Brooksville State FL Zip Code 34605

Telephone _____ Email (optional)

M4IHernando.CMRCCChair@gmail.com

Date of Request: October 11, 2023 Author: Elizabeth Acevedo

Title: Poet X

Publisher, Date of Publication/Production, Type of Media: Harper Teen 2018

School(s) in which item is used: Springstead High School

What first prompted your concern? Please See Attached

To what in the material do you object? (Please be specific, cite pages, frames, etc. Attach additional pages if necessary) Please See Attached

Are you aware of the judgement of this educational material by literary and/or authoritative critics?

Yes X No _____

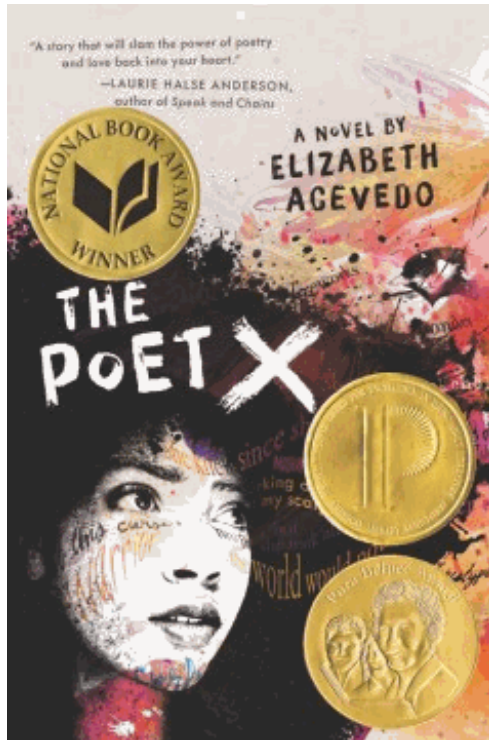
If yes, where? Name and date of publication: Amazon 2019, 2020

Complainant's Signature

Julia Thomas

Date October 11, 2023

THE POET X



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains profanity; sexual activities; sexual nudity

Young Adult

By Elizabeth Acevedo

ISBN: 9780062662828



3/5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
4	<p>Shake my head as even the drug dealers posted up near the building smile more in the summer, their head scowls softening into glue-eyed stares in the direction of the girls in summer dresses and short skirts:</p> <p>"Ayo, Xiomara, you need to start wearing dresses like that!"</p> <p>"Shit, you'd be wifed up before going back to school."</p> <p>"Especially knowing you church girls are all freaks."</p>
5	<p>Taller than even my father, with what Mami has always said was "a little too much body for such a young girl." I am the baby fat that settled into D-cups and swinging hips so that the boys who called me a whale in middle school now ask me to send them pictures of myself in a thong.</p> <p>The other girls call me conceited. Ho. Thot. Fast. When your body takes up more room than your voice you are always the target of well-aimed rumors, which is why I let my knuckles talk for me.</p> <p>Which is why I learned to shrug when my name was replaced by insults.</p>
25	<p>Last year, during youth Bible study, he wasn't so strict. He talked to us in his soft West Indian accent, coaxing us toward the light. Or maybe I just didn't notice his strictness because the older kids were always telling jokes, or asking the important questions we really wanted to know the answers to: "Why should we wait for marriage?"</p> <p>"What if we want to smoke weed?"</p> <p>"Is masturbation a sin?"</p>
28	<p>X: You make out with any boys while you were in DR.?</p> <p>C: Girl, stop. Always talking about some boys.</p> <p>X: Well if you didn't kiss nobody, why you all red in the face?</p> <p>C: Xiomara, you know I didn't kiss no boy. Just like I know you didn't.</p> <p>X: Don't look at me like that. I'm not proud of the fact that I still ain't kiss nobody. It's a damn shame, we're almost sixteen.</p> <p>C : Don't say damn, Xiomara. And don't roll your eyes at me either. You won't even be sixteen until January.</p> <p>X: I'm just saying, I'm ready to Stop being a nun. Kiss a boy, shoot, I'm ready to creep with him behind a stairwell and let him feel me up.</p>
32	<p>And I get all this attention from guys but like a sancocho of emotions.</p> <p>This Stew of mixed-up ingredients: partly flattered they think I'm attractive, partly scared they're only interested in my ass and boobs, and a good measure of Marui-will-kill-me fear sprinkled on top.</p> <p>What if I like a boy too much and become addicted to sex like Iliana from Amsterdam Ave. ? Three kids, no daddy around, and baby bibs instead of a diploma hanging on her wall.</p> <p>What if I like a boy too much and he breaks my heart, and I wind up angry and bitter like Mami, walking around always exclaiming how men shit, even when my father and brother are in the same room?</p>
40	<p>Mami put her hand out but didn't take them.</p> <p>Instead she backhanded me so quick she cut open my lip.</p> <p>"Good girls don't wear tampones. Are you still a virgin? Are you having relations?"</p> <p>I didn't know how to answer her, I could only cry.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>She shook her head and told me to skip church that day. Threw away the box of tampons, saying they were for cueros. That she would buy me pads. Said eleven was too young. That she would pray on my behalf. I didn't understand what she was saying. But I stopped crying. I licked at my split lip. I prayed for the bleeding to stop.</p>
64	<p>Papi was a mujeriego. That he would get drunk at the barbershop and touch the thigh of any woman who walked too close. They say his tongue was slick with compliments and his body was like a tambor with the skin stretched too tight. They say Papi was broken, that he couldn't get women pregnant, so he tossed his seeds to the wind, not caring where they landed. They say Twin and I saved him. That if it wasn't for us Mami would have kicked him to tomorrow or a jealous husband would have shanked him dead.</p>
85	<p>A boy's face in my hands, but he's nearly a man. Memories of Mami's words almost lash my fingers away but still I brush upward, against the grain and prickle and bristle of a light beard at his jaw. His cheekbones rise like a sun; the large canvas of a forehead. A nose that takes space. 'This is a face that apologize for itself. The boy moves his body closer to mine and I can feel his hands drop down from my waist to my hips then brushing up toward these boobs I hate that I now push at him like an offering, his hands move so close, our faces move closer— and then my phone alarm rings, waking me up for school. In my dreams his is a mouth that knows more than curses and prayer.</p>
130	<p>In bed at night my fingers search a heat I have no name for. Sliding into a center, finding a hidden core, or stem, or maybe the root. I'm learning to caress and breathe at the same time. How to be silent and feel something grow inside me. And when it all builds up, I sink into my mattress. I feel such release. Such a relief. I feel such a shame settle like a blanket covering me head to toe. To make myself feel this way is a dirty thing, right? Then why does it feel so good?</p>
321	<p>"In Aman's arms I feel warm. In Aman's arms I feel safe. In Aman's arms he apologized. In Aman's arms I apologize. In Aman's arms I want to forget. In Aman's arms my mouth finds his. In Aman's arms my hands touch skin. In Aman's arms my shirt comes off. In Aman's arms I am shy for a moment. In Aman's arms I am beautiful beautiful beautiful. In Aman's arms I feel beautiful. In Aman's arms my jeans unsnap. In Aman's arms I show myself. In Aman's arms naked skin rubs against mine.</p>

Page	Content
	In Aman's arms kisses and kisses. My neck and ear. In Aman's arms fingers touch my breasts. In Aman's arms I feel good. So good."
326	We have to stop. Because now we're lying on the couch and ha on top of me. And his kisses feel so good, everything feels so good. But I also feel him pressed against me. The part of him that's hard. That's still an unanswered question I don't have a response for. And when his hand brushes my thigh and then moves up— I know why island people cliff dive. Why they jump to feel free, to fly, and how they must panic for a moment when the ocean rushes toward them. I Stop his hand. I pull my face from his kiss. He is breathing hard. He is still kissing me hard. He is still bumping up against me. Hard. "We have to stop."

Profanity	Count
Shit	2

Universal Book Content (UBC) Rating

0	1	2	3	4	5
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Mild Non-Explicit Violence No Nudity No Profanity No References to Sexual Activities No Drug or Alcohol Use 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Mild Non-Explicit Violence Non-Sexual Nudity No Profanity No References to Sexual Activities Mentioning of Drug or Alcohol Use 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Moderate Violence Non-Sexual Nudity Moderate Profanity Inexplicit Sexual Activities Drug or Alcohol Use 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Explicit Violence Sexual Nudity Explicit or Frequent Use of Profanity Sexual Activities No penetration, cunnilingus, fellatio, or ejaculation Drug or Alcohol Abuse 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Aberrant Violence Explicit Sexual Activities Ejaculation and Sexual Penetration (oral, anal, vaginal, fingering) Explicit or Frequent use of Profanity Aberrant Drug or Alcohol Abuse 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Explicit References to Aberrant Sexual Activities
Appropriate for all audiences	Might have minor issues for young readers	Suggested minimum younger teen	Suggested minimum older teen	Definitely adult only content	Might be arrested for reading at school board meetings

F.W. Springstead High School


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FIC ACE

The poet X

Acevedo, Elizabeth.

[book] (2018.)

a novel by Elizabeth Acevedo.
HarperTeen, an imprint of HarperCollins Publis...
361 p. ;22 cm.
9780062662804

Poets

Harlem (New York, N.Y.)


★★★★★ (0)

Novels in verse

Xiomara Batista feels unheard and unable to hide in her Harlem neighborhood. Ever since her body grew into curves, she has learned to let her fists and her fierceness do the talking.

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