

Test

I do my best
To pass each test,
But it is plain to see

That when I try
My answers fly
Quite far away from me.

The numbers dance
And letters prance.
They always keep me waiting.

I can't recall
One fact at all.
It really is frustrating!

With heavy sighs
I close my eyes,
Just trying to remember.

If May were here
I wouldn't care,
But it is still September!



Agenda

Has anybody read this thing? Does anybody care?
It's got all kinds of information, lots of it unfair.

Like:

Wear your pants the proper way. No food inside the classroom.
You'll need to carry your agenda just to use the bathroom!

Like:

Do not share a locker; you have got one of your own,
And don't use electronics like your iPod or your phone.

Like:

Hallways are for walking, so don't carry drinks around,
And anything left on the floor belongs to Lost and Found.

Like:

Don't be late for class or you will end up in detention.
If you do something really bad, they'll give you a suspension.

Those do's and don'ts and will's and won'ts can drive me up the wall,
And I thought school would be more fun without these rules at all.

But yesterday somebody spilled his soda on the floor.
I slipped and landed right outside Miss Johnson's classroom door.

And someone had his iPod on today in study hall.
The music was so loud, I couldn't concentrate at all.

So now I'm starting to believe that rules are not so bad,
And "Follow the Agenda" is the best we've ever had.

Undone

My book bag strap has come undone.
These textbooks weigh at least a ton!
I broke a nail. I broke a lace.
My hair is flying in my face.

At lunch I couldn't find a seat.
I didn't have a thing to eat.
Then something spilled and stained my dress.
Why do I look like such a mess?

Too many people in the hall.
I'll never reach my class at all!
I've got a minute, not much more,
Until my teacher shuts the door.

She really won't appreciate
My coming into class so late.
A few more steps—I'm very near...
OH, NO!
Is that the bell I hear?

