

# School Thoughts

I pass by the closed room,

Where students seem to meet their doom.

Adrift ,Afar, Wondering About

Looks from the teacher, scream and shout.

By happenstance, the door swings open

The eyes start, a thought lingers, a book opens?

The disbelieve, the skepticism of all ideas,

Keep quiet! They say to your thoughts.

Testing...Testing.. students so distraught,

Can a certain grade be bought?

Hope of luck to be beside me,

While the noose tightens, the hanging tree.

I care about love, not some foolish endeavor,

One terminates, the other is forever.

Making a passage from dumb to smart,

Is much like playing a game of darts?

**March 1994**