



The School Day Begins

It's Monday morning at 7:01.

You're still half asleep; your homework's half done.

Your shower is cold; your oatmeal's dry.

Your mother forgets to kiss you good-bye.

You're walking to school; it's thirty degrees.

Your fingers won't work; your toes and ears freeze.

Your zipper is stuck; your left sneaker squeaks.

Your backpack strap snaps; your soup thermos leaks.

You slip on school steps; you trip in the hall.

The toilet floods in the bathroom stall.

The gym door is locked; library's the same.

The principal greets you by the wrong name.

Your classroom is hot; the coat rack is packed.

Your bean sprout is dead; your clay pot is cracked.

Your pencils are dull; the sharpener jams.

Your fingers get crunched when your desktop slams.

Your math partner's gone; your neighbor is rude.

Your teacher's again in a crabby mood.

The morning bell rings; it is 8:01.

Come cozy up to the whiteboard,

Another school day's begun.