

School Seasons

One

It is optimism, energy
Reunion and the crisp smell
Of thick laundered cotton
Straw hats
The hubbub of corridors
The colour of classrooms
Sovereignty of teacher-ma'am or sir
Lessons are sharpened by the hunger of attentiveness
Routines
Are stridently set
Piously, positively, met.

Two

We are ready for the next thing, thanks...
Yet
Seven weeks are still to go!
Good grief. :(
We climb from weekend to weekend
Stepping through study from test to test
A hypnotic cycle
(Broken by moments of novelty)
Of mainly work and rest
Work and rest, work and rest...

Three

Holidays are like a mirage
But the good news is they're real!
So here we are
Staggered-towards
Enobled by longing
And when met
Just
Bliss:
Golden, This.
Those unbitten by boredom
Lose themselves in play;
Each is an adventure of a day.

Four to Eleven

Rinse and repeat the above seasons, student:

One, two, three

One, two, three

One, two –

Where did the time go?

Eep!

The year's all but complete.

Thirteen

Exams

A sacred spell

Descends to mark the season

And stays

And hovers

Its atmosphere suffusive

Textbooks propped beneath cereal bowls

Notes pinned to toilet walls

Disciplined sleep on eves of assessment

The way your brain's treated borders abusive

But the regime is fair, you admit

It is optimised and honed

For outcomes

For performance

For one fortnight, self-awareness melts off

And all is done in the name of

Exams.

Of exams.

Fourteen

Explosive exuberance!

Sunshine ricocheting off each slimy surface in your head

The world is good

The world is great!

You're on summer holidays

Three damn months!

That's a heavenly fate

To strip off the stockings

And dress as you please

And hang with your mates

And just shoot the breeze

And go here and there

With parents or not
Your spirits rise as the mercury shoots from warm to hot
The world is your oyster
The days are so long
There's so much to do
But nothing needs to be done
Sure, you love work
You cherish each part of the school cycle
But gee, nothing feels
Like holiday time...
Tis the season!
An open road of fun.