

Long Gone by School Days

Ah the scraping of timeworn tabletops,
Scratched and tinkered by puerile minds,
Speedily scripting drivels.

Ah the smell of venerable carpet,
Trodden and treated to absconders,
Whose footsteps fade into memory.

Ah the craving of lunch hour's fury,
A quick rush of sugar, dough, and nicotine,
Fuelling learning's deadline.

Ah the indignant stern corrections,
Stifling the sordid, immature chatter,
Paving way for hearts of stone.

Ah the cold, dark, narrow hallways,
Moulding the cloistered lambs,
Shuffling squeezed and breathless.

Ah the impatient final moment's bell,
Awaiting its longing liberty call to raise,
Long gone by school days.

Giuseppe Gillespie - Aug 2020