

ditch

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Trudging through the corridor,
Books packed dangerously tight upon my back.
Seams of the zipper barely managing a tenuous hold.
Another sickening, maddening day of lost thoughts.
Forced creativity and contrived intellectual fodder.
I'd do anything for an A . . .
I'd kill for a B.

Hundreds of other *me's* . . . only better.
Better thinkers, better learners . . . better book bags.
To hell with them, I am out of here.
Walking out the front door, the crisp air hits me like a punch in the face.
I can see my breath, and my breath looks bad.
Chicken sandwich and french onion chips . . . not a mint to be found.

Alright, just gotta get to my car.
Keep walking, don't stop to chit chat about that lame quiz.
Around the corner and up the endless collection of stairs.

My knees don't like the awkward climb, they didn't hurt this badly last time.
One more corner and there's my car.
THERE IT IS AND FREEDOM'S . . . mine . . .
Hello professor . . . Yes, I look forward to class today.
Wouldn't miss it for the world.

I hate you back pack.