

Eleven O'Clock on a Tuesday Morning

by Michael South

I did not half expect to find
A stranger when I first walked in,
But there she was, and right behind
My seat as if she'd always been.

We both exchanged our short hello's,
And she was so compelled to say
(As if I thought she would impose)
"I'm sorry if I'm in your way."

I told her she was not, and asked
Her what she studied, and she said,
"Material for my next class.
If I don't study now, I'm dead."

So lightly we conversed until
She checked the clock and gave a wince.
I wished her luck; she said "For real,"
And left, and I've not seen her since.