

CLASSROOM BATTLE OF WITS

by Wes Smith

Toes tap to unheard music,
Fingers play with hair.
Nineteen unique expressions
That say they are not there.
Instead each mind is wandering
A million miles through space,
Leaving a fidgeting body
And a slightly puzzled face.

There they are, slowly reclining, declining, inclining
Towards their fantasies.
Here we are, gradually refining, entwining, spit-shining
Their mental capacities.

Funny Thing, though —

They make me want to tap my toes
To that same tune they hear,
And loosen up my necktie
Because it seems so near
Confining me, if you know what I mean —
If I know what I mean, because
I just can't seem to concentrate anymore.
My mind's not what it once was.

There they are, supposedly learning, discerning, earning
Their way into our grown-up world.
Here we are, secretly burning, yearning, returning
To the youth from which we've been hurled.