

Sample Final Draft

The Watch glass

School is like a watch glass
That I am forced to enter
With people watching my every move.
When I trip
They laugh until I frown,
Then they lay off
And wait for my next move.
I do something good
To impress them in class,
But they throw it back in my face
With words I shouldn't hear.
I try to run away
But they don't seem to disappear.
I run to shadowy corners
But pointing fingers appear.
I run to the bathroom
But laughter breaks my ears.
I run away from class to class,
But they don't seem to stop.
I scream at the glass,
But it's too strong for me.
So, I wait and wait
For that faithful bell.
Then, it goes off
And breaks that evil glass.
So, I run home
Away from that evil prison,
Where I can find safety
At home
In my family's hands.