

Sample First Draft

The Watch glass

School is like a watch glass
that I am forced to enter
with people watching my every move.
They laugh until I frown,
then they lay off
and wait for my next move.
I do something good to impress them,
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 sure enough
I can find safety
in my family's hands.