

Math

Every day I troop into the room
Ready for another 70 minutes of torture
Wanting to shut my ears
But no! My mind won't allow it.

They said sometimes children die early
But I never knew that
They were going to
Bore me to death.

The board is wiped
Fresh and sparkling.
Hey, no one told me
Evil was clean.

But that cleanliness is soon
Dirtied
By the presence of the
Dreaded complicated figures.

Why do they make me
Suffer so?
Nothing can come of it
But sleep.

My eyelids grow heavy
My mind blinks
My shoulders sag
But before I nod off, let me say that

MATH STINKS.