



Thoughts of a Poet

I've been told to write a poem,
Goodness knows! what shall I say?
I've sat and chewed my pencil point,
And I've thought of it all day.

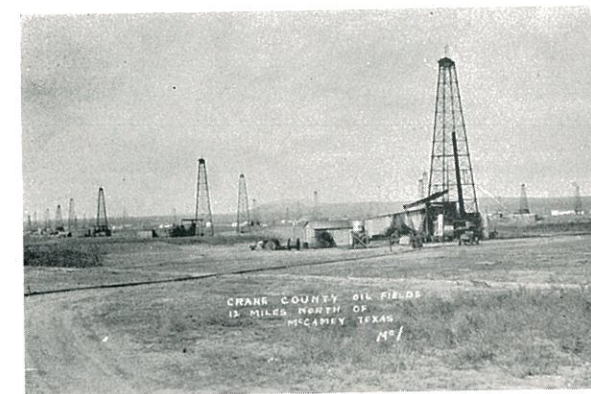
My mind is just so blank,
Oh dear! what shall I do?
And I can't wait no longer
For 'tis one day overdue.

I wonder how the poets
Write so much each year,
I've taken just a lot of time,
And it's not so good I fear.

I've used up all my paper,
I've no more pencil points to chew
And I've done the very best
A poor nut like me could do.

And when you grade this poem,
Won't you remember, Oh please do!
That it's the best I could write
When it's one day overdue?

M. A. T.



SENIORS