

“Minute Hand”

Each day feels the same
Ticking by on an endless clock
One hour ends and another starts
We're counting the seconds until the day stops

All the students sit in their rooms
And listen to the voice of of a teacher
Who tells us that we all are important
But still doesn't accept late work

The day continues on
Class ends, and we lay on our beds
We think about homework
Only some of us actually do it

It's the best situation
We tell ourselves that we are lucky
And know the school is working so hard
To keep the gears turning

15 minutes pass by
And we are late to class again
Too busy laying on the floor
Counting seconds is better than math

But as we go to click “join meeting”
We get a text
A “where are u dude?”
From someone who noticed we were late

And it makes us smile
Knowing we matter just a bit
The tick of the clock is quieter
And we text them first tomorrow