

My Virtual Boat

By: Sarah H.

Most kids spend their time sitting in class,
Sleeping through lectures and praying they'll pass.
For most, school is pretty much simply a chore,
A task, a punishment, an ordeal, nothing more.

For those kids, I feel sad, mournful pity.
But that's why I've made up this quaint little ditty,
Because that's not how I spend *my* day,
In such a dull, boring, dismal way.

Rather, I can go to school whenever I choose
Without a uniform, makeup, or even shoes.
I can fill my mind with information galore!
The Internet is a sea of knowledge, and I stand on the shore.

I look out at that ocean and wonder what's there.
Then I ready myself and fill my lungs up with air,
Diving in deep, where I find so much to see!
Books to read, films to watch – I think you'll agree

The VHS is basically the coolest thing ever
And now I can use my class as a lever
To get accepted into the college I want.
In their face my VHS class I can definitely flaunt.

You see, before VHS, I didn't know what to do.
There are so many options, you'd have a hard time, too.
A doctor? A lawyer? A professional chef?
So many careers yelling at me, I almost went deaf.

I took European Film and Literature, and that's when I found
A passion for analytical research in the books does abound
In me, inside, where it counts the most.
Those other careers were totally toast.

Connecting the dots across time and generations –
The lessons in literature can be learned in all nations.
There is so much to read and so much to be known
And so many children who want to be shown

What it means to really read a good book,
What it means to really take a good look
At the world all around them, with its struggles and troubles,
Popping their safe, boring little bubbles,

And opening up students to a new world of intrigue.
The mind of a child will never know fatigue.
It is such children that I want to teach.
Into their minds do I want to reach

And leave there the lessons that I myself know now,
Of what, why, where, when and how,
From Pasternak's Russia, icy and cold,
To Hemingway's Spain, defiant and bold.

I can't wait to teach my students to swim
So that their worlds will no longer be darkened and dim.
Instead they'll be lit by a book-fueled fire.
Thanks to VHS, it is to such lofty heights I can aspire.