

The SENIORITIS of a MODERN HAMLET

by Christopher G. Inoue

Oh, that this too, too difficult homework would
burn
Return, and form itself into an "A,"
Or that the Headmaster had not fixed
His rules against self-expulsion. Oh God, God,
How dreary, dull, tedious and uninteresting
Seem to me all the classes of this school!
My mind is a garden of weeds
That grows to seed. Students dull and dead in
school
Possess it entirely. That I should come to school!
But two months gone, nay, not so much, not
two,
So excellent a summer, that was to this
Sleep to an exhausted body, so restful to my
thinking
That I might not betem the winds of study
Visit my mind too often. Heaven and earth,
Must I remember my facts? Why, I would hang
on to it

As if appetite for vacation had grown
By what it fed on; and yet within three months —
Let me not think of it; torture, thy name is
school —
A brief vacation, or ere these Nikes were old
With which I cruised the malls and the beaches
Like a vagrant, no cares, why I, even I —
Oh God, a student who possesses more
intelligence
Would have vacationed longer — returned to
school,
My hated occupation, but no more like the
summer
Than I to Einstein. Within a few months,
Ere yet the salt of most righteous tears
Had welled in the pits of my ungrateful eyes,
I enrolled. Oh, most wicked speed, to join
With such dexterity in hateful classes!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But rack my brain, for I must do my homework.