

The School of 2020:

Never quite focused, always fazed out;
That's all school even is right now.
Rolling out of bed, straight to my desk,
Sit for eight hours; no questions to ask.
A pile of textbooks sits on my floor,
Carpet looks 20 years old, maybe more.
Worn only sweatpants for 7, 8, weeks;
Shoes feel foreign, strange on my feet.
We hide behinds icons, with videos off,
Mics muted, no talking, not even a cough.
Staring at screens, for 8 hours or more;
We really took school for granted before.
Back then we were selfish, wasting their time,
Now we're all tired, no reason, no rhyme.
Never quite learning, info fades out;
Ask what I've learned, my mind fills with doubt.
Forgetting the knowledge, day after the test;
Sometimes I wish teachers would give it a rest.
But I know they're trying, we students are too,
To make sense of this chaos, this mess, this zoo.