

Grade Eight

New.

Chains of elementary nightmares
are cast off and
it's 3...2...1 blast off
into the wired world of weird normality
commonly referred to as
high school.

It's the first day.

It is a well known fact
that on the first day of high school
all grade eight boys MUST
go through the coming-of-age ceremony
that is bathing
in a tub
of Axe body spray.
This apparently scares the predatory older grades away.

The year wears on.

New friends
New clothes
New smells
New you,
New existence
New everything.
Welcome to high school.

Grade Nine.

Discovery.

You are a child no more
as those past doors
close and new ones open.
You are becoming who you are going to be.
Every day you test
water, frigid or steaming
with the pinky toe
of your ego
and the water soon gets lukewarm.

Grade nines are an odd species.

They remain ignored and separate
to the rest of the teenaged kingdom.
Their ecosystem and way of life are entirely disconnected
from our own.
Grade nines are considered
temperamental, strange and exasperating,
and should be avoided by the general public unless
there is a trained professional nearby

As Grade nines are too busy asking themselves
the bigger questions of life
to function as human beings:

Who am I?
What am I?
Why do I feel fluttery in
my stomach
every time I'm next to them?
What do I wear?
Who do I talk to?
WHY?

Grade 10.
In Between.
Lounging in limbo,
lost in the lands of love
and losers.
Loaded with answers
to life's loftiest laments
in the form of lippy whiplash
and leers.

What do you mean we have to start planning for our futures?
Are you DAFT?
What do I want to be when I grow up?
Um.
Erm.
Uh.
A pirate.
Yeah. Definitely. A pirate.

You feel like a pirate.
No longer a lowly sailor, but not yet a proper privateer.
A trouble maker.
Such is the way of the tenth graders.
That, and the drama.

She's dating him
who hates them
because they pissed that guy off
and he dated her
who had a thing with her
but dumped her for him
who was a jerk and dated
her which was weird because she was in

Grade 11.
Comfort.
Dilemmas and drama
blur behind routine
as you know who you are
and maybe even who you will be.
Stop a moment.
Breathe.
Everything will be okay...
if you drink tea.

Then, crises.
I'm not ready for grade 12,
I'm not ready to leave,
One more year and I'll have to plan,
One more year and I have to figure everything out
Countdown to stress, T minus 10 months
Homework hits
Teachers are plotting against you
Friends cause chaos
Just drink tea
Just drink tea
Just drink tea

GRADE 12!
Goodbye.
This. Is. Goodbye.
Goodbye to these halls
To ninth grade falls that still occur.
Goodbye to teachers,
who taught us things worth knowing
and brought back what we forgot,
Goodbye to the things we bought
that we'd never bring with us.
Goodbye to friends
we'll never see again,
but that's why we have facebook.
Goodbye to the artroom,
Goodbye theatre
Goodbye Caf,
Goodbye classrooms
Goodbye lockers.
Goodbye pointless pressure
And hypocritical pupils
Goodbye teen angst!
Goodbye, morning bell
Goodbye, five years of heaven and hell.
This is grade 12.
I guess this is goodbye.