

Gee what have I done, what have I done?

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I decided to enrol at a college - just for fun,
Thought it would pass some of the days
But found I have to write poems and maybe essays.

Now, decades ago if my memory recalls
There were no small cosy classes - just cold draughts halls,
With old wooden desks and benches so hard
And fingers and toes feeling just like lard.

There was the teacher up front with a blackboard and chalk
Who went into a tantrum if you'd dare talk.
Oh! How we waited for that 4.00 bell
Just to get out of that living hell!

Just thinking of ending the lesson with glee
And hurrying home for a lovely hot tea.
Then sit by the fire all warm and cosy
Sprawled on the sofa and have a dozy.

The local school is where I went
But I think the head was a little bit bent.
"No coke for the boilers" he would yell out
"And any complaints - you'd get a clout!

But decades have passed - yes, over 70 years later
It's all computers, laptops and data
Rooms are so warm, and pleasantly bright
And with smiley faces around - oh, I'll be alright.

The tutor said at the beginning of term
"You'll write a book or verse - you'll learn."
Now these days of virus, lockdown and such
I just sit back, feet up, don't bother much.

My mind is now full of verses galore
'Cause I like to write novels and even more
It passes the time now I'm eighty-three
Such a relaxing old dear I may be.

But life passes and we all get by
Just sit back at life, I ask why?
Because we were all meant to be
Temporary creatures of this earth - and heaven our destiny.