

So done

I sit down and look at my notebook,
Why is this so hard?
I know this, I know I do,
But I can't get it,
so I ask you.
You don't know,
and neither do I.
Please tell me why math makes me cry.
It's late time for bed,
But there's this assignment I haven't read.
I didn't procrastinate,
I just can't concentrate.
I put music on,
I turn it off.
Will this endless cycle ever stop?
And when I'm instructed on what to do,
I know that I may never be as smart as you.
That's okay,
I didn't like the subject anyway.
Funny how the moment you're bored,
It looks so fun to go outdoors.
But I must be firm, stay on it.
Is this task over yet?
I know I'm lucky to be in school,
But sometimes it just seems too cruel.
I wish I knew what the teacher was saying,
While I see my siblings playing.
I'm so done,
I'm not having any fun.

I just wish I understood the material.

I think I might eat some cereal.

I'm so done with school,

Although some of my subjects are pretty cool.

I like my electives, and English too,

But when it comes to math,

I don't know what to do.

I want to be done,

Please?