

The new school year



School,
still closed,
stays quiet, expectant. With
empty corridors, classrooms vacant.
Fresh, sugar-papered, clear display boards,
ready in the corridors. Cupboards closed and textbooks stored.
Mopped shining clean, the stairs await, the clatter of the children's feet.
Tidy shelves and scrubbed down doors, windows washed and polished floors.

The building, breathless, waits and waits.

Next day, the clamorous children flood into the corridors,
trailing mud. Hoodies, anoraks, drenched with rain, make
mountain tops on hooks again. Sports bags into lockers
stuffed. Brand new shoes already scuffed. Shuffles, scuffles,
smiles and greetings. Happy, chatty friends all meeting.
Sun tanned cheeks and neat, trimmed hair. So much news for
them to share. Side by side they straggle through, to waiting
classrooms, teachers new. Hustling, tussling, desks soon
claimed. Bustling, rustling, new books named. Soon all
is calm. All settled in.....The new term starts.

Let work begin.

Outside, a flock of birds, more accurate than the old school clock, anticipate
their snack at break, of scattered crisps and crumbs of cake,
and all along the wall, they wait.

Inside, deep at its very core, the building sighs and breathes once more.



by Brenda Williams