

*This is poem about how school is usually seen and can be a horrible experience, but then when it's over, it's sad to look back on the good memories; and it's hard to admit that, but it is.*

### 'The Last Five Years'

At the door  
Deep breath  
I cling to my mother's hand, clammy from the "nervited" feeling in the pits of my stomach  
I see my friend skipping up to me  
Smile reaching the creases of her eyes  
"It's not that bad" she says, out of breath from laughing (I presume)  
Deep breath and through the door

At the door  
I'm dressed in a uniform I don't like  
It's uncomfortable and itchy  
My mother is crying  
"Oh my little girl, all grown up"  
It's embarrassing  
5 years that's all  
5 years of repetition  
5 long years that I am sure will drag out to eternity

At the door  
Wipe the tears  
"Un-redden" the eyes  
Makeup does the trick  
Look pretty  
Act pretty  
Feel pretty  
Just 2 more years

At the door  
Endless brown of tables and chairs await us  
Everyone's legs a blur as they tap on the floor to a constant rhythm  
*This is what you're here for*  
*The last 5 years come down to this*  
Although I am reminded constantly that it doesn't matter  
Then why?

At the door  
Final push  
5 years feeling more like 5 minutes  
Looking around, I see faces that I don't want to disappear

The so called torture that haunted me in past years is now over  
Weird feelings of nostalgia and dare I say sadness fog my brain

At the door  
I cling to my friend's hand, strong and firm as we know we have made it  
Tears roll endlessly  
However a difference:  
These tears are ones made from joy that hold memories  
We let them fall as we walk through the door

**Isabelle Punter**