After School

By: Charlotte S.
After school, when no one's there,
something happens that will make you stare.

It happens when all is still and silent,
and out comes the homework assignment.
Next comes out the rulers,
though you can't see it and neither can the schoolers.

The scissors are jumping.
The tape is drumming.
The pencils are tightrope walking.
The glue is just plain talking.

The markers are doing the tango.
The chalks are painting like Van Gogh.
The paper is tending to its garden.

The books are drinking milk out of the carton.

The Crayons are throwing confetti.

The highlighters are getting all sweaty.
The folders are taking care of the fish.
The head phones are licking their dish.

The lunch box is boxing.
The back pack is out rocking.
The water bottle is acting like a janitor.
The pencil box is doing math with diameters.

After a while, the sun comes up.

The pencils begin to shout “Hey, wait up!”
"We all need to rest."

"For here come the children pest."

"But don't feel sorrow..."

"We'll be here, same time tomorrow."