

**SECOND PLACE
TIE**

The Galling Weekday

BY

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My raucous alarm clock rings once more,
I turned off the nuisance and put my feet on the floor.
The tiredness I felt was something I couldn't abhor,
but today was Monday, a day I couldn't ignore.

I garnered my books which was an arduous task,
I hopped out the car without anything to ask.
I went into school with a fake joyful mask,
and anxiously drank from my small vacuum flask.

I feel like a vagrant searching for a home.
Even though there are people, I still feel alone.
The feeling of eyes judging me chills me to the bone.
I need to get to class, but the location is unknown.

Minutes to hours, hours to days.
Straight into the dilatory clock I gaze.
I feel like I'm being embroiled in my essays
And I gaze at my test with a grade of dismay.

The bell sings once more, it's 3:25!
I'm finally leaving the place I can't thrive!
I feel vivacious, awake, alive,
But tomorrow is Tuesday, how will I survive.