

Average

Every minute seems to last an hour.

Faint red glow of the numbers;

Do they mock and jeer?

Inky smudges on the pure, shiny, surface.

Squeal of tip, some sort of image drawn.

Bland blue paint chips, peels from the walls.

Is this hideous shade supposed to calm us?

Sickly green on the doors; the colours don't compliment.

Graffiti covered desks. Tippy, uncomfortable chairs.

Hideous white tile speckled with various colours.

Ugly old blinds attached to the windows;

Ancient text books with broken spines.

Loose looking, rectangular, fluorescent lights on the ceiling.

Stupid, annoying 'posters' stapled to the walls.

Prehistoric computers buzz with effort,

Scratching of pencils on paper filling the room.

Orchestra like sounds seep from the Music room;

Prickly professors slam closed wooden doors.

Lockers shut, sneakers squeal,

Bored students whisper when backs are turned.

Maps, that don't even identify the North West Territories,

Hung carelessly from picked at bill boards.

Video cameras peer coldly down into the hallways;

Just another day in a rural Newfoundland school.