

Daydreamer

He looks like any other student in math class,
slouched in his chair, shoulders hunched forward,
staring dead ahead.

He's got a look of intense concentration on his face,
as if he's noting each and every word

but really

he's flying a fighter jet
through a dawn sky streaked with sun
and smoke
and plane exhaust.

The drone of the teacher's voice
matches the roar of his machine guns.
As his classmates solve equations,
he makes his stand against the countless enemy,
sending scores of their burning planes plummeting to the earth.

He fights the endless onslaught
until the lunch bell rings
and the shrill sound cuts through his imaginings
like an air raid siren.

He jumps, blinks a few times,
then slowly begins putting his books away.

In his mind, the jet soars on to victory.