

Quarter Past September

Jim Grant

When it's quarter past September
It's a magic time of life.

The school world of our children
Should be free of strife.

Our little people have waited and waited...
And waited for this day, only to
Learn that school is not
A place for play.

The teacher welcomes one and all
And asks them to sit still,
Most of the children are quick to comply,
Except for overplaced Bill.

The children were given their phonics
Lesson and asked to complete the job,
Everyone finished all their work,
Except for overplaced Bob.

The painters were careful with
The paint—the teachers said "Don't spill."
And all the painters got the message,
Except for overplaced Jill.

At recess time a reminder
Came not to run and race:
No one forget this simple rule,
Except for overplaced Grace.

At the Halloween party, the
Teacher cautioned, "Please don't
Spill your juice," and everyone was
Careful, except overplaced Bruce.

They love their big new pencils,
They love the color red.
Everyone knows the correct way to hold
Them, except for overplaced Ed.

The list of children overplaced is
All a too familiar case.

Shouldn't we watch for signals
And signs that children give
Off when they need more time.

Parent pressure—state law, too,
Send us youngsters before they're due.

High content curriculum we must abide,
But children keep falling by the wayside.

One hundred years from today,
What difference does age make, we'll say.

St. Peter won't stop you at the pearly gate
To ask your age when you graduate.

So many children in their prime
Desperately need additional time.

Let's make school a place to succeed
And give our children the time they need.