

## **One Day in English**

by Tin Cetic

Everyone prepared a poem to read that day,  
Yet when volunteers were requested, all of them put their hands away,  
Eventually, as I expected, only girls read,  
And I was too busy sleeping to hear what anyone said,  
Confusing phrases filled my head,  
As I struggled so painfully to go to bed,

With surrender, I decided to pay attention,  
Since I'd rather listen to them than go to detention,  
They spoke too quickly for me to fully understand,  
And my decision to stay awake was worse than I'd planned,

Poetry like this was written 300 years ago, I smiled,  
Back when Emily Rutherford's clothes were in style,  
These men who read poetry in theaters were dressed as women, I  
thought,  
To resemble these figures, I'd rather not,  
Women volunteered first, I stated,  
Surely it's because poetry and feminism are related,

Chris Park stared at me blankly, thinking I made no sense,  
While Matt Rasmussen, the angry Republican, jumped to defense,  
What do they know, I thought?  
Why would I act like some normal person I'm not?  
I've always argued against the entire class and why stop now?  
This is my behavior, my purpose, and vow,

But yesterday, an idea came to me while I was quickly taking a drink,  
I'll write a poem to see what they think,  
If they don't mind this speech of mine to a reasonable degree,  
Perhaps I'll reconsider my views of poetry