

# Math Trauma

by Andrew Wang

Sitting there bored into a coma  
I slowly peered over at the sheet

The room was silent  
Not one soul made a sound  
Besides the repetitive scratching  
Of our pencils

Math, king of boring  
Day after day hour after hour  
Scrit scratch scrit scratch

Annoyed and aggravated  
I peered out the window  
Seeing a beautiful ocean blue sky  
And the dirt brown trees swaying  
Ever so gently synced with the wind

I resumed my campaign against  
The malicious math monstrosities

Finally dreary from the long hour  
I handed in the test  
And received the reward of  
Freedom