

The Derivative of Life

Another day of stress begins,
Putting up with students and tests, it never ends.
Here all day and half the night;
Sucking down coffee as if it's part of my bloodstream,
And a headache strikes me once more.
Middle of class and time has slowly passed.
To continue teaching, you would rather not.
Before you can say another, the student that argues raises their hand;
Complaining on the insides, you fake friendliness and listen.
Everyone stares as you attempt to answer the remark,
Students are students that will never change.
Some irrational, some you don't mind.
Using your personal power rule, you dismiss class and leave it behind.
Walking to your office, a line of students awaits.
"We want good grades! We want bonus points! Give us more! More!"
I can only try to help, but I am not a wizard.
They want good grades,
They wish for bonus points.
We can't just dish it out,
It is of hard work and completion of one's hard work to succeed.
More hot coffee calls out to me;
Becoming a necessity of peace and content.
Grading stacks upon stacks;
Research and three more books to read,
As another day of stress and love for one's job has come and gone.

—*Sal Gable*