

Poem: 'My side' | Why I hate School |



## Poem: "My Side"

*I hate my school*

"a poem by me  
combining a child's  
doubt and my  
questions."

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## Background

I believe this can be a bit of a rough poem about

**school.** I wrote this poem from the perspective of a child with my present thoughts. "My side" is a poem by me combining a child's doubt and my questions. The child is me in the poem myself, in my normal school life's thoughts.

I look back and I don't like my school life. I see the **pressure of routine, uniform and competition.** Where now I am out and I am alone with me. After I realized the whole "society" ( in a bad term) was my own belief against me. And then I saw the beauty of the outside world. I wrote this poem for a belief to myself that I am **better than that student in school** and **greater than those report cards.**

I added a "she" in this poem as a symbolism of myself attaching myself in school. A self of survival and safety in me. And I assign my love for drawing with it.

I know that our world isn't all rainbows and sunshine but for a child it is wonderful and lovely,

as it was for me. And it is shown in this poem about the outside world. Also I **didn't try rhymes or sounding techniques**. All I wanted to perform was to share my thoughts as a poem and so here it is poem without much rhymes :-

Did you read this poem? : ['Oops! I forget the rest'](#)  
[| Poem about death & old age](#)

## Poem

### "My side"| Why I hate school

I look out and I see the world,  
I see motion and then I see me,  
Me who is unknown or me who is a student,

I see those colorful clothes outside,  
And these shitty ones on my side,  
I see a handsome man with long hair,  
And I see short ones on my side,

I see world that is real,

And I see us preparing for world that is nowhere,  
Because I see love, sharing and moral values outside my window,  
But I see ruthless , anger , tramas , rashes within this window,  
And I wonder what world I am preparing for ,  
Is it the one that is there that is best as it is,  
or the ones that remains after we destroy this,

I see competition among us,  
But out all I see is care,  
She draws and I write,  
She is happy with school but, am I?

Do my parents care about love?  
Does my teacher care about us?  
I hear everyone is selfish,  
So I ask why is my heart melting for the poor and sick?

Maybe A long run forever from this all, will show me?  
But what am I seeking?  
I believe it is living,

Again I see outside world that is happy of dropouts and

nongraduate, that is living,

And I see a world of machines and a pen on my side that is downloading!

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