# Toran







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

drawing with it.

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 d I see the world,

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 !? 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 sig 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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I see competition among us,
But out all I see is care,
She draws and Kwrite,
She is happy with school out, am I?

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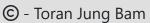
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