

Exams Fever

*Yes, I stand and read in the blazing sun,
but perish the sun!*

Damn the wanton glare of her searing heat!

*Her discomfort compares not with the ague of
my nerves as this dreadful hour draws near!*

*Right now, like a heavy raw hide
slumping on buckling stakes,
a griping disease hangs in
the air above my sweating head.*

*Right now, like the furious thrust
of blunt pestles in the hands of
angry housewives pounding badly cooked yams,
my troubled heart rams against my sweating ribs.*

The hour draws near!

*My doctor had ordered seven hours of unhalted sleep
every blessed day, but God! For the past six weeks
I have been doing only some forty winks of REM sleep.*

*And now my eyes are barren of their crystal lusture;
caffeinated liquids course through my upset nerves,
yet I still stand in the sun to browse, perhaps I might
be able to grasp the last possible point before the roll is
called for this dreadful exam to begin.*

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