

The “Big” Moments

A series of poems written by Lauren Sewell

First Day

Walking through the doors, unaware of what to come.
Unfamiliar faces, am I the only one?
I am definitely the minority here,
Out of place, creeping up is fear.
Fear of failing, or not being listened to.
Fear of misunderstanding scares me too.
I have to do this, I have no choice.
Time to be a mentor, let them hear my voice.

Put on an Act

So many faces, and so many thoughts.
Some spoken out loud, while others are lost.
Thoughts that are hidden, hiding students from themselves.
Thoughts without belief, to prove something to someone else.
The only way to truly survive,
Is to hide in what I'll call “the cool kid” disguise.
Making inappropriate jokes, using foul language,
The only ways to avoid social anguish.

A Breakthrough

Maybe we're more similar than we think,
Maybe communication is the missing link.
I sit down and begin a conversation,
We take turns letting out our frustrations.
About school, work, and life at home,
She seems surprised she's not alone.
Her eyes light up, she feels listened to.
Finally she begins the assignment due.

The Final Hour

I sit and reflect as the clock ticks by,
Looking around the room, I see my students try.

I think back to that very first day,
It's unbelievable the progress we've made.
I hope they keep with them the memory of me
And remember how beneficial starting a conversation can be.