

Hard Pill

By Journee Green

When he was elected class president
I was mad because it wasn't me
It didn't matter how good I would have done
Vice President is what I had to be
As time went on I disagreed
When asked which changes to make
If I was president it would be different
I would know which steps to take
He proposed a new lunch menu
Thought we should change the dress code
Asked to change the daily line up
To go outside to the bus we rode
I liked what we ate for lunch
The dress code to me was fine
If I was class president
The bus wouldn't cross my mind
At lunch Tim ate a sandwich
Suddenly his eyes were swollen shut
He ate school lunch but had an allergy
He didn't know the sandwich had nuts
The next day Kim cried before school
Every day she got picked on so bad
Her family couldn't buy her new clothes
So she wore all she had
In the afternoon the big kids jumped line
As the hallways the teachers had to roam
The younger kids would get lost in the crowd
And miss their bus to go home.
After all this I felt terrible
I just wanted to be president
I never sat down and thought to myself
What that really meant
I didn't think of others
I only thought of me
But now I listen to my president
And how he wants things to be
Right now I'm not a great leader
And That's a hard pill to swallow
But I know in order to be a great leader
I first need to learn to follow!!!

