

## **AmeriCorps Poetry**

Twos mid-December, when all through the school,  
The students were sleeping, mouths leaking drool.  
The food drive bins were stuffed to the max,  
Cans spilling out at the fronts and the backs.

I wait for the break, with a child-like excitement,  
I can't wait to get out of my shabby apartment.  
Home for presents, family and the tides of Yule,  
But anyway, enough of me, back to the school.

A student of mine, one chronically gone,  
Has made it eight days, of the last nine.  
"Eight out of nine, what a bum!" you might say.  
But for this troubled young man, I'd say "It's okay."

It's not ideal, though these days it's plenty,  
After all, eighty percent is much better than twenty.  
"Good to see you, keep it up," I let him know daily,  
More of this, he'll no longer be failing.

So I guess the best present in this holiday season,  
Is a freshman who has at last found a reason.  
A reason to come, a reason to try,  
A reason to not let his future just die.