



Latin Homework

The book from which I read not understood,
Lines and letters blur in my sleepy eye.
I think to go to bed, perhaps I should,
But read another page with tired sigh.

When words go through my mind I cannot catch,
I read again but do not comprehend,
Glance at my phone to try and find a match,
Perhaps I'll find some knowledge one will lend.

There seems to be a glimmering of light,
An answer out of reach, but yet nearby;
A picture in my mind, though out of sight,
Will soon on pages of my notebook lie.

The clock ticks on, I still sit pen in hand,
And there goes time, trickling away like sand.

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