

Trying to Think

By Ellie Davis

Most days I wish I was alone.

When I'm alone I can think.

Think.

Think.

Think.

That tapping pen is louder than the thoughts in my head.

Thump -

It's rhythmic -

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

My mind won't let me ignore the tick of the clock.

Together they make a song;

Tick-tock.

Thump.

Tick-Tock.

Thump.

Click.

Oh no, not another sound.

The pen tapper is now clicking too.

This new irritating song

clouds my mind and I just can't

Think.

Think.

Think.