

## Midterm

I'm tired of Science  
I'm sick of it, I say!  
Yet I stumble through it --  
Everyday.  
It whips me and beats me  
Makes me feel like a fool.  
(No exception, I'm told, but rather, the rule.)  
Science for breakfast,  
Dinner and lunch.  
It must be a Theory  
Never inkling or hunch...  
Determined Empirically  
Smothered in Proof.  
(Hiding my ignorance by acting aloof.)  
I scuttle and crawl  
Flap flimsy, worn wings  
Trying to grasp incomprehensible Things.  
Wounded and winded,  
The whole of me sore  
I hold out my plate --  
And ask for more.