

# Shoulder

By Kathryn White

To school, every day,  
I would haul my backpack,  
Which I set on the floor  
To begin every class.

Six folders, three binders,  
Two books in the sack,  
With plethorized papers  
And packets attached

One day, funny thing  
I did notice was that  
The load did not leave  
When I set down my pack.

Right there, on my shoulders,  
Still rested the weight;  
When I shook out my muscles,  
It would not translate.

It pushed on my figure  
And dragged me right down  
So when I put on my backpack,  
I fell to the ground.

Six folders, three binders,  
Two books in the sack  
With plethorized papers  
And packets attached

And still, funny thing  
That I don't know in fact:  
Why the weight wouldn't go  
When I took off the pack.