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The Scientific Method

I clogged the Kindergarten sink
With paper towels,
Just because
I felt bad that the school sink
Didn't have one of the
Grimey silver
Whacka-mole objects,
That cats like to meditate upon,
While you drain the remains of their
Fur infested drinking water,
From what they must perceive as an
Elaborate porcelain chalice
And usually you find that the
Quantity deposited into the sewers,
Is roughly the exact amount
You originally offered to them.

Even after I had fulfilled my experiment,
The faucet continued dripping,
And even at the age of five,
I knew that I would always lack
The plumbing expertise,
To fix the dilemma I had created.

I panicked,
Only because I was smart enough to realize that
Perhaps one to two hundred years from then
My ambitions would have caused
The school to flood
With musty restroom water and
If the school was flooded,
It would have to be closed,
And if it was shut down
For three or four days
The principal would have to cancel
The elementary school field day
And I didn't want that,
Because I knew how to
Cheat in tug of war

(No Stanza Break)

By nesting my sneakers
Beneath the apple tree roots
And I was also looking forward to
The potato sack race,
Because who would give up
The opportunity to hop around in a
Brown straw bag for ten minutes
Without repercussions?
And speaking of potential punishments,
My most pressing worry was that if
I accidently flooded the school,
And my teacher found out,
And told the principal on me,
Then maybe my parents would find out,
And if they knew that I had tried to
Conduct science during reading time
When I should have been re-reading the
Same yellow-paged chapter books
That I had already spoiled the endings to
Then, from experience I already knew that
My parents would not be happy with me.

All I remember
From that fateful day
Was that I colored in my number threes
With one half of an orange crayon,
And later I colored my house orange,
And the sun too,
And even though that was okay,
My trees had to be orange,
And the cat had to be orange,
All because I was too shy
To borrow anyone else's crayon.

My afternoon wasn't entirely orange,
Because I went to the nurse's office
And my Mom drove me home
Because I was sick
And I wasn't lying
Because my stomach really did feel ill
And I felt almost as though I had accidently
Started the timer for a bomb
In the Kindergarten bathroom,
And for all I knew,
I did,

(Stanza Break)

And I felt bad that I couldn't
Take responsibility
As I was driven away
With my guilt and regret
As the school was steadily being flooded
About one drop,
Every three minutes.