

TERROR (The Speech to a highschool writing class)

What am I doing here?  
I'm not a public speaker.  
As every minute passes,  
My resolve is growing weaker!

I know my subject—  
Because I wrote all of it  
So why am I so worried  
I'll make a mess of it?

Time is up. Here we go.  
I hope that they'll be kind.  
If I sound scared and shaky,  
Maybe they really won't mind.

After all, they are just like me—  
They like to write, too.  
I know this is supposed to be fun,  
But I hope I can make it thru'!

I did!!!