



## IN-BETWEENER

by Sarah Ziman

Well, here is a puzzle I can't seem to fix.  
Am I in year seven? Or still a year six?  
Primary's over – it's finished, all done.  
There's no doubt about it; the summer's begun.  
I've taken my books home,  
I've emptied my tray.  
No need to rehearse  
for the end-of-school play.  
The hooks are all empty.  
My polo shirt's signed.  
I've sat all my SATs,  
left my first school behind.  
So, secondary's coming – a total clean slate –  
but that's in September, all summer to wait.  
I need a new backpack,  
I'll wear a new tie.  
The teachers don't know me  
and... neither do I.  
Just who will I be  
when I enter this school?  
A miniscule fish  
in a gigantic pool.  
Yes, I am a puzzle I can't seem to fix.  
Not quite in year seven, no longer year six.

