

The Tale Of Homecoming

It was the first dance of the year
Homecoming, worth all the cheer
Everyone could go, it would be like a show
No matter if you were accompanied or not
Everyone expected the freshman, small and loud
Thinking “we’re in the big leagues now”
Next came the geeks, clean and meek
Singing along to every known song until their lungs were weak
Of course we have the jocks, nonchalant and coming in a flock

Entering under arches, the music had a groove
Everyone getting ready to bust a move
Freshman traveling in giggling packs
Pointing and gossiping on peoples turned backs
They try, and fail, mousing with the rest
The fear of being trampled is the best
Around the outskirts of multiple pits
Lie the geeks, content in their fits
Even if they know they were obnoxious and loud
They sang to every song extremely proud
Casually late came the jocks and their dates
Ready for anything if that was the case
Creator of the mosh pits and cliques
All recording to get killer snip-its and clips
As the dance winded down, everyone trickled out
Knowing it was a night never to forget about