

First Day
Sheila McKamy

First Day...

She looks really nice as she stands at the door,
I slump forward to meet her, staring at the floor.
What will she see when she looks at me?

Will she see me?
The teenager standing in front of her, hoping for a fresh start, a new year.

Does she only see the labels?
Has she read my file?
Did she already judge me as the trouble maker, the one who can't learn?

There is a file on me, and it usually beats me to the door.
It tells all about me and my past...
I guess they have to be told, so that they can plan for me.
Oh, how I wish I was a kid with no labels...a blank slate...

They say that I am LD and that I have ADHD.
I don't know what all those letters mean, I just know school is hard for me.

I hope that this teacher will be different.
I hope that she will give me a chance.
Be patient with me.
I promise to try my best...
Please see me and not my file when you look at me!

Give me a chance to show you what I can be.
I might surprise you at the things I can do.
Please see me!