

## ROBERT HANDICOTT

### ONE MINUTE'S SILENCE

The bugler was off,  
and some of the kids  
are still giggling.

Outside  
the Grade Twelves  
who didn't have to come  
glove softballs  
in the mellow afternoon.

But the Juniors  
lean heavy on the backs  
of the chairs in front of them,  
shuffle  
from foot to foot,  
heads  
vaguely bowed.

It has something to do  
with the old thin man  
with the stick  
who has just addressed us,  
presenting the school  
with this year's book.

A cameraman  
pans—and reaps  
a self-sown crop  
of V for Victory signs.

**Reveille**

(the fast one).

Troy, the class pest,  
turns quickly:

“Can we go now, Sir?”