Why Biochemistry Should Not Happen on Fridays

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BY: LAUREN LEE

Once upon a time there was a girl
She hated Biochemistry till she wanted to hurl
If it weren't for her friends, she'd be ready to die
All she wanted to do was to kill & to cry

The professor did his best to make her fail
She went insane, her mind derailed
She would not give up, she would not quit
Despite her insides throwing a tempest fit

The professor - so large, round & plump
Continued on with his worthless intellectual dump
On & on & on he droned
Till everyone in the class so loudly moaned

Till the cows came home & exploded there
Unmilked & unhappy - yes, life unfair
Dr. Seuss’ worst nightmare, a reality now
If life were so simple as being a cow

His worst nightmare brought to life
Good grief, the horror, the strife!
Of microscopic alien creatures waging war untold
And O for someone to be so bold

To O for a minute contemplate homicide
Someone must end this tyrant, & that I do confide
And birth new thoughts of freedom reign
Let me pass this class & join the sane!

In happy living of unmarred joy
End this professor, yes! That’s the ploy!
I just want to live and be free again
To fly like a bird and sing like a wren
Never to engage in such stupidity later
Could make me a believer & not a science hater!