



## End of Term

poem by Anne Bell , illustrated by Cheryl Orsini

I make some silly mistake in maths—  
 ‘What were you thinking of, Daniel Malone?’ says Miss McGee.  
 ‘What were you thinking of?’  
 ‘I don’t know,’ I say,  
 but I do—  
 I was thinking *It’s only three more days.*  
 And I was thinking of how summer smells of mangos  
 and salt and mouldy towels and suntan stuff;  
 and of the youch of hot sand on the soles of your dancing feet,  
 and the cool ooze where the comforting waves wash in.  
 And of Mum, who fusses about kilojoules and vitamins and things,  
 saying, ‘Let’s just have fish and chips for tea tonight.’

And I was thinking of going round to Maxi’s place,  
 and of us lying under the tree in his backyard, watching the sky between  
 the leaves  
 and not thinking,  
 just not thinking of anything at all.