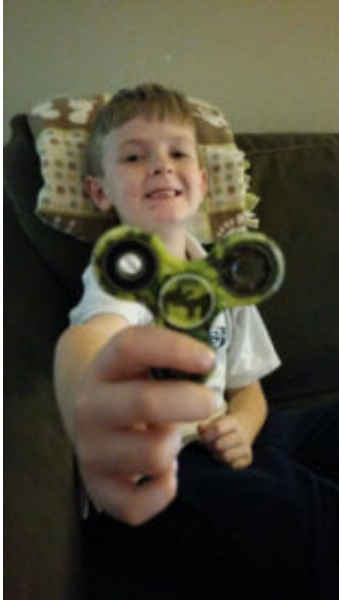


Lament of the fidget spinner

This is a response to Rita Buettner's blog post singing the praises of fidget spinners. Though I'm a huge fan of Rita AND her poem, I can't stand fidget spinners. Although they are not a problem in my art classes at St. Joan of Arc School, I can't imagine trying to teach with a whole bunch of those atrocities spinning around the room!



P.S. I did buy one for my seven-year-old son Collin at 7/11 one morning as a bribe because I wanted him to go for a run with me. It does not go to school with him. (But, if it does, it will be finding a new home!)

This obnoxious toy from 7/11,
Has nearly every kid in heaven,
But as a teacher and as a mom,
They're getting in the way of my job!
These spinners move and twirl, you see,
Disrupting and disturbing me!
What's that sound? That whir? That hum?
It's coming from Sylvester's thumb!
"Stop!" I say, then with a clang

It hits the table with a bang!

And then before me, colors fly,

A metallic rainbow across the sky.

I cannot focus in the noise

And chaos caused by these obnoxious toys!

“Put them away!” I tell the class.

“Or they’re mine!” They disappear fast.

When Grandad taught, it was comic books,

And baseball cards; they’re what he took.

He brought them home to my dad,

A Nolan Ryan rookie card he has!

I said “School is not the place for toys,”

When I broke down and gave a fidget spinner to my own boy.