**The staffroom of broken dreams**

What happens in the staffroom? I don’t really know.

Children are forbidden; they’re not allowed to go

through that door, where teachers talk

and angels sing but devils walk.

They’re huddled in groups, tuning into the news,

sipping their coffee and expressing their views.

Wild, withered witches, gathered in throngs,

composing laments about education’s wrongs.

Dreaming of the lifestyle! What a ‘Lotto’ win brings!

But ripping up their tickets and broken wings.

Old Mrs Hall sits in the corner,

chatting to a student, trying to warn her.

*‘Run away Abigail, I can see it in your eyes.*

*Don’t follow my footsteps to a job you despise.’*

Sporty Mr Benn sits next to Mrs Hall,

wearing a tracksuit and clutching a ball.

*‘I once played for England’s under eighteens*

*but a terrible tackle ended my dreams.’*

Slim Mrs Moon sits next to Mr Benn,

marking her books with a ballpoint pen.

*‘I once danced in pantomimes, the Queen of the stage*

*but my lucky break eluded me; I waited for an age.’*

Big Mrs Foy sits next to Mrs Moon,

doing her impression of a hot air balloon.

*‘I once was a supermodel, as thin as a rake*

*until I discovered chocolate and cake.’*

Young Mr Grice sits next to Mrs Foy,

staring at the screen on his brand new toy.

*‘I was going to be a doctor but I flunked my final tests,*

*so I ended up in class, teaching nuisances and pests.*

Happy Miss Molloy sits next to Mr Grice,

planning a lesson using seven-sided dice.

*‘I LOVE my job so much, you just wouldn’t believe!*

*If you’re a moaner or a groaner, then…*

**Why don’t you leave?**

*Poem from ‘My favourite trainers’ © 2016 Paul Delaney*

***www.pauldelaneypoetry.co.uk***