



4-1-1974

### Classroom Battle of Wits

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#### Recommended Citation

Smith, Wesley E. (1974) "Classroom Battle of Wits," *Educational Considerations*: Vol. 1: No. 3.  
<https://doi.org/10.4148/0146-9282.2139>

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**CLASSROOM BATTLE OF WITS**

**by Wes Smith**

Toes tap to unheard music,  
Fingers play with hair.  
Nineteen unique expressions  
That say they are not there.  
Instead each mind is wandering  
A million miles through space,  
Leaving a fidgeting body  
And a slightly puzzled face.

There they are, slowly reclining, declining, inclining  
Towards their fantasies.  
Here we are, gradually refining, entwining, spit-shining  
Their mental capacities.

Funny Thing, though —

They make me want to tap my toes  
To that same tune they hear,  
And loosen up my necktie  
Because it seems so near  
Confining me, if you know what I mean —  
If I know what I mean, because  
I just can't seem to concentrate anymore.  
My mind's not what it once was.

There they are, supposedly learning, discerning, earning  
Their way into our grown-up world.  
Here we are, secretly burning, yearning, returning  
To the youth from which we've been hurled.