The Last And

John K. Samson

So, I'm the first one in again,
with the quiet and the window growing snow,
when I hear the furnace rouse itself
from its slumber, somehow suddenly I know,
as my eye stops on one curled up in my lesson plan
that I'm just your little ampersand.
When your voice springs from the intercom
with announcements, and reminders, and a prayer,
I remember how you made me feel,
I was funny, I was thoughtful, I was rare,
but like the jokes about my figure
kids think that I don't understand
I know I'm just your little ampersand
After christmas holiday
you never asked to drive me home again
sometimes in the staff room I
catch your eye with "why'd it have to end,"
but I know from how you worry at your wedding band
that I'm just your little ampersand
At the last conjunction after every other and
I was just your little ampersand

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