

# 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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