The Life of the Unsung Backpack

Beneath yonder smudged curtain-rod-holder,
Now sits my trusty schoolbook-loader.
It has shoulder-loopers and pencil-containers of pink so bright,
Ones windows-to-the-world can scarce contain the light.
Throughout the week this homeworkhouse is opened and closed,
As torture-by-numbers is completed and essays composed.
On Tuesdays it’s taken out to the family-transporter,
(Though gasoline is quite the guzzler-of-quarters)
And loaded inside with a high-flung arm-caper.
With hopes not to be buried beneath stomach-fillers, notebooks and papers.
All the rest of the hours - as the time-teller ticks - it goes where I go,
To Economics, to Chapel, it follows the day’s flow.
Until at last school time is over and done,
And I’m able to come home for car-cleaning, food and hopefully fun.
My pink, shiny pack is lugged up the stairs,
And placed in the clotheshouse along with all cares.
Though it does a good job as a shoved-paper-taker.
I’m glad to be free of that loathsome back-breaker!