

School Ambitions

Richard Hill

I'm thinking back to when at school.
The teachers thought I was a fool.
Playground games were none but noise.
When I was set upon by boys.

These really weren't such happy times,
There were much more unhappy signs.
I tried for decent qualifications.
But all I got were poor credentials.

I wasn't cool, I wasn't bright,
And I was yet to see the light.
No help, no good careers advice,
The future didn't seem too nice.

I set about my own cv.
Perhaps to work on welsh tv.
Careers advice declined ambition,
Of such career - try electrician.

There wasn't too much choice around,
Training jobs could not be found.
I set to find my own career,
No local jobs I fear.

And so I looked away from home.
In any good electric zone.
And with the help of people related,
I found a job - I was elated.

An apprenticeship was thus possible,
As electrician, living in a hostel.
I applied and thus to nurture,
I got a job, career and future.