

Riot Drills SA

**Siren sends her shrill reminder
That there is unrest here
Somewhere
That somewhere
Words are transforming themselves
Into bombs
Hurling themselves across fields
As stones
Yearning to be heard
Longing for a voice
To streak a black line across a white page**

**But we are watching our teacher
Lock the door
And we bite our tongues
Words now stifled to whispers**

**Quick girls under the desks
Pull your bags in
You know the drill**

**And we murmur out in muffled laughter
The Fear Game
Maybe today it's not just a drill
Who knows this little school anyway?
Maybe today the rocks will come
Who would want to scare little girls anyway?
Maybe today we'll die
Who would want us as little coffin protests anyway?**

**And the desks heavy on our heads
Tell us an educated lie
As we crouch from some vague fear
We daren't write about**

**Can you stop talking Bianca
This is serious**

**We shuffle and stare at each other
As words withdraw, leaving us
Schooled in a hostile silence
Where we speak an enemy into being**

**But this other doesn't come
The school gate is still shut tight
And Siren sends us back to the surface
Of a wordy watery white world
Where we smile - almost disappointed**

There will be no broken glass today girls.