Bored to Tears

Written by Eric Clayton

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I will not learn from you
Because I won't learn the truth
No I won't learn from you
So you can keep talking till your face turns blue

Why won't I learn from you?
That question should be turned on you.
Why should I when you clip my budding blooms
And then sit around and rehearse my doom?

If you come to me, with an expectation of failure
Then you'll find that.
You'll find what you're looking for.
You come to me, with the assumption that I am too scared to learn
But am I the one scared?

Am I the one who fears job loss if I stand up for?
Equity, decency, creativity, and openness?

Am I the one who fears the scrutiny of a critical eye that just might
Find that the methods and practices you are using are just not working out?

Am I the one who fears school boards?
Administrators
And unions?

Am I?
Well, Am I?

No I'm not the one that’s why.

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No I'd rather learn about how I am part of that 7%
That’s hip to your lies and what you represent.
I rather learn what’s on the street; see that's what's up. That’s
tangible and that
Education is legit.
And I ain't afraid of nothing, no one, no way you know I represent.

This is mind to mind combat.
You limit my options and try to force feed fairy tales of your concoction
Down my throat and call it essential knowledge.
There is only so much of your nonchalance and hate I can take in.
Till I vomit and vow that I would rather die of starvation.

I'd rather experiment with the different tactics I can use to divert your
Educational courses.
I will not be a willing traveler in this journey to a new world.
A world of your creation that I have no place in.

You want me to believe that people like me had no value
That I add no value.
That in the future I will be of no value.
My question to you is where is the value in that?

You a peddler of despair
Peddler of ridicule
Peddler of failure
Peddler of negativity
Peddler of stereotypes
Peddler of insensitivity.

There is no hope I thirst, under the heat of a beating sun
And you come along and pour a bottle full of salt on my tongue.

So

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You call it a textbook. I call it hateful propaganda
I call them weapons of mass mind destruction you didn't have to go to
the Middle East
To find them.

I feel like a vampire. When I look into your mirror of history
I see no reflection.
I feed on your anxiety, your frustration, and your fears.
I suck the blood from your effectiveness
You become nothing but a feeding ground.

How can I take your ideals seriously?
When you don't take your ideals seriously.
You uphold the viewpoints of the majority that expunges, placates,
eliminates and replaces
And you call that a democracy?
Seriously.

Seriously, you are boring me to tears.
You stand there talking to me but it's as if I am not even here.
Who am I?
You don't even know.
You don't even care.
And when I voice my opinion, my viewpoint, when I exercise my vocal chords
To put this fanatical game in check.
You put me down and say you are not down with being politically correct.

Bet, I hear you loud and clear. Roger that got your message 10 - 4
Over and out. What's the most dangerous part of the cobra? his mouth.
But I rather take a hit of his venom than the type that you spit.

This core knowledge you keep pushing
You want to see an equation?
This is a formula for failure
An insult to my intelligence
and it's those kinds of attacks
My mind is fortified and my feet are planted and set against.

What you call failure to learn
I call successful rebellion.
If you deny my importance
Then I’ll deny your importance
And if you are not important
Then this here what we are doing, in this hot, decrepit, poorly ventilated,
Drab, dreary, depressing classroom
Isn’t important.

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