

Sherwood Essay Poem -Ian McDaniel

You get up one morning in your comfortable bed
To get in the car that's as small as a shed.
You drive for an hour to get to camp
But it's not the kind where you need a lamp
You set down your gadgets and unload your stuff
If you're carrying it there, it might be quite tough
You go the dining area and get your name tag
But it's made out of leather, not a small rag
You're waiting another hour to get your supplies
But dinner is chicken, not Shepard's pies
You set up in the castle with your blanket and all
But there's still a bit more for you go haul
You go back outside to see a magic show
That strange magic trick made some say "Woah!"
You head to your bunk beds, and get ready to shower
But only after a card game with a toaster superpower
You take your shower, no cold water yet
But after five minutes, you're with people you've met
As you drift off to sleep, you're told a fairy tale
But this early people haven't gotten their mail
You wake up in the morning, to the sound of bagpipes,
You jolt out of your bed, for blacksmithing hype
You eat breakfast quickly, and head to your class,
To see lumps of metal, with a small amount of mass
Eventually you go to lunch, where the staff are handing out
Care packages the campers knew without a doubt
You head to lunch and play a card game
But that one guy keeps winning, what a shame
As you advance through your classes day by day
You'll make chainmail art or do molding with clay
At the end of it all, as you walk out the door
You'll want to go next year, to experience more.