

Plucking Poetry from the Air

By CS Reid



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Monday Morning

Calliope tossed under her bedcovers, refusing to open her eyes inside her sunlit-filled room. Monday mornings were always the worst! Soon, her mother would be pounding on her bedroom door, shouting: “Rise and shine, C! Rise and shine!”

It would make getting up an even harder endeavor.

Tap! Tap! Calliope recognized the familiar tapping reverberating from her bedroom windowpane. She forced one eye open and centered on two beaming faces, laughing hysterically through the window. The faces belonged to none other than Paisley and Stevie—her closest amigos since the first grade. The three friends knew everything about each other. Calliope sauntered slowly across the floor and pushed the window partially up. A cool breeze stirred the curtains, and Calliope wished she had stayed under the covers.

“Are you planning on going to school today, C?” asked Paisley while twisting a long strand of bubblegum around her index finger.

“Yeah, I’m going. But, I would rather be practicing my moves!” Calliope said, letting out a yawn as she did a perfect sidestep.

“Man, C, you sure can dance!” quipped Stevie, hoisting his palm in the air to give Calliope a hi-five.

“Thanks, Stevie. That’s why you’re the president of my fan club. How’s membership?” said Calliope, smiling in a condescending manner.

“Three members and counting, yourself included,” chuckled Stevie.

“Well, you’re going to have to drum up some more members,” said Calliope, sliding her closet doors open.

“Did you finish your environmental poem, C?” Paisley asked quizzically.

“It’s a work in progress, but it’s getting there. The final draft will be very power-ful,” Calliope replied confidently, remembering that she had actually forgotten to finish the poetry assignment.

“Well, it’s due today. We’re in middle school now, C. In the sixth grade, teachers don’t accept excuses. Here comes the bus! See you in class!” Paisley bellowed, racing for the bus stop with Stevie trailing behind her.

Calliope shut the window and skipped toward her bathroom, muttering the lyrics to a new

song she had scribbled down in class yesterday. She turned the faucet on and watched the steam swirl above the basin like vapor in a witch's cauldron.

“Rise and shine, sleepyhead! I gave you extra time this morning, but this will not become an everyday pattern. Rise and shine, C!”

Calliope shouted: “I hear you—and so do all the neighbors!”

She closed the bathroom door and began brushing her teeth furiously so that she could make it to school by the second bell. The last thing she wanted was another tardy slip. Fifteen minutes and counting! She moved at lightening speed, thankful she had taken her bath the night before. Gazing at herself admiringly in the mirror, she declared: “Miley Cyrus, I’m giving you a run for the money!”

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