

The second diagnostic poem two of the SAT collection.

By Angel Valerio

You taunting clock
Are you block
Me and lock me
Out of a future?

Slowly watching in a giddy glee.
As my fortitude
And knowledge
Slowly slip away
At each question you
Send my way

It's three fifty seven
And it feels like heaven
To be halfway done with you

Then you send in the numberd reserves.
Brought me to my knees
You reach zero
and we will see who is indefeat