

There's something strange about this lady,
The one assigned to give creative prompts.
I'm sure we all felt it straight away -
Her elevator doesn't reach the top.
Perhaps it was her flannel,
or the way she made us sing.
Mayhap that one day she gave
Repeated mumbled greetings.
Regardless of the signals
(Many details I'll forego),
One day she demanded that
We take home a potato.
“That's crazy,” thought I,
Along with everyone else.
She wouldn't explain her reasons,
Though I'm not sure that would help.

Then the mind kicked in,
Spinning var'ous yarns.
Was she dropped while young,
Slid from mother's arms?

Or maybe she'd been born that way,
With greatly upset hormones.
I truly feel sorry for her –
She may have earned a dunce cone.

Does she have any kids,
Which eas'ly drive one up a wall?
Still worse, drive one crazy.
Is there a doctor we should call?

It could have been the Fall class,
As lazy as they were.
Apathy is quite enough
To make madness occur.

Or maybe there were monsters
That had hid beneath her bed.
I have heard that some exist
Which suck brains straight from one's head!

What if a family curse,
Woven by an evil witch,
Was laid upon at birth
To give all their minds a hitch.

And so these thoughts continue,
Each more elaborate than the last.
I feel a bit insane myself.
(Still, this class is quite a blast.)
Yet I remain confused,
As I stare into these eyes,
Wond'ring if there's logic
To why she gave us unfried fries.
But I guess anything is possible,
And I suppose that just goes to show,
That any of these could be the reason
For which she gave us a potato.

I'd like to make it known,
Oh, dear professor of mine,
Don't take this at its word –
There's fiction in every line.