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## The Fool

by Paul Hunter

He'd always been the jester.  
He'd always played the fool.  
But when they laughed behind his back  
they thought he was a tool.

He could mimic all the staff.  
His comedic skills were slick.  
He even made some teachers laugh.  
But others thought him thick.

The drama club was his true home.  
His talent shone out bright.  
He left behind his mimicry.  
His ambition was alight.

King Lear's fool was his favourite.  
He thought Bottom was a twit.  
"Better a witty fool  
than a foolish wit".

But he was always cast  
to play the fool or clown.  
OK for a while maybe.  
But it soon got him down.

For he had always yearned  
to play the hero or take the lead.  
But nobody would listen.  
He wanted to be freed.

Against their better judgement,  
they cast him as the lead  
He learned his lines and practised hard.  
He hoped he would succeed.

The performance was a triumph.  
He was cheered by all the school.  
He had finally proved them wrong.  
For he was nobody's fool.