

## Gifted

By Judith K. Schulze

Golly! I just took a test  
That says I'm different from the rest.  
What am I? Well, I must confess...  
I'm "gifted."

The psychologist said right from his heart,  
"I fear that you are rather smart  
And from this day you are to start...  
Being gifted."

I think I turned six shades of green  
And developed pains down to my spleen.  
I asked, "Whatever does it mean?  
This word 'gifted'?"

He said, "You have a high I.Q.  
I wish, my child, that I were you!  
Why I'd give an arm or leg or two  
To be gifted."

My thoughts immediately went adrift  
And each idea I did sift.  
At last I said, "Give me my gift.  
Then I'll be gifted!"

He laughed for all that he was worth  
And nearly doubled up with mirth.  
"This gift you have you've had since birth.  
You've BEEN gifted!"

I thought and then when he was done  
I asked, "Am I the only one  
In this whole school or under the sun  
Who is gifted?"

He named the two or three percent  
Of students who to classes went.  
And then I knew just what this meant,  
About gifted.

It could be the best news I'd heard,  
But then I thought about a word  
And screamed, "But, must I be a nerd  
If I'm gifted?"

He laughed again when I was through.  
"My child, you'll always be just you  
But smarter than all except a few  
'Cause you're gifted."

"Will I be perfect? Get all A's?  
Make the Honor Roll? Get lots of praise?  
Have no homework nights and easy days?  
Well, I'm gifted!"

"No, others may expect such things;  
Just do your best. Be sure it brings  
True joy to YOU! You'll soar on wings  
And enjoy being  
Gifted."