"The Holes of Notebooks"

One, two, three, the clock ticks
I'm sitting at my desk taking notes in my blue notebook
Four, five, six, the student taps his pen repeatedly against his desk,
Seven, eight, the door shuts, making a clicking noise
Nine, a piercing noise echoes through the halls,
The booming sound continues, shouting in the distance
I freeze, putting my pen down beside my notebook
Ten, I gaze around the classroom to see my classmates,
The color draining slowly from their faces, eyes wide in realization,
The clock continues to tick, eleven, twelve
I hoped for time to freeze, and correct itself, it doesn't
Time is continuous, the blaring sounds down the hall approaching
Thirteen, the clock ticks
I retrace my morning
I ate a bowl of cereal only two hours ago
I said bye to my mom only two hours ago
Fourteen, I sit under a desk, once used for class
Now, my shelter of survival
The clock ticked again, and the darkness of the room
engulfs the faces of my peers
The clock ticks again, Fifteen, I am only Fifteen years old
Sixteen, our backpacks have become shields
Seventeen, I touch the now-dampened sleeves of my hoodie,
I brush my tear-stained cheeks, each tear,
reminding me of reality
Why?
When is it enough?
How many lives have to be taken,
How many have to be injured,
How many parents have to come home to an empty house
To realize that notebooks should only have three holes