

Teachers

Teachers, like hopeful farmers,
plant our fields and water daily,
hoping for sunshine,
even as the clouds roll in.

Teachers, like Bering Sea fishermen,
ride the swells,
some days hauling big catch,
other days leaden with the weight of worry
and empty nets.

Teachers, like parents,
extend arms, ideas, tissues,
fielding questions with endless answers,
mending, band aiding, nudging.

Teachers like fire-stormed Redwoods,
spill seeds from our cones,
mulching, protecting,
draping our shade along rocky coasts.

Teachers, like Detroit assembly line workers,
mass producing, welding, painting,
buffing the surfaces to a sheen for
the demanding days and years to come.

Teachers, like Genies let out of the bottle,
ready and willing at a moment's notice,
casting spells, granting wishes,
never knowing when we might run out.

Teachers, like carpenters
with an eye on our plans,
as we measure, cut, and
nail each board into place.

Teachers, like hopeful farmers,,
feeding the world.

Mary Palmer Nowlan