

*I am the one who spent her days,
enduring all your squawks and brays
and the wearisome demands
of runny noses, spelling and addition
and you dare to call for my contrition!*

The simple candour of that moment caught
the bond between the teacher and the taught.
Then the stones flew one by one
until their long awaited work was done
and all began to quietly disperse,
proud to rid the country of that curse.