

I love my teacher who taught me to read and write,

Who taught me to live and learn and experience what's right;

To say sir and madam and respect the rights of others,

To look to God and ask questions for the teachers answer loving.

And the beauty and the terror and the danger of being wrong,

Was to understand the punishment and change to live so long;

For to question is to understand and to answer right or wrong,

For to make a mistake is brilliance because we value it so long.

I love my teacher even though they despise me looking at the skies,

Where I dream of future romances for money always tricks and lies;

And I write poetry and songs and live to love, eat and drink,

And it's important to make a difference and change the way we think.

And the reality is a subtle one of boring, interest to possess,

That we want to have too much in life but must settle for the less;

For the gravity has weight and magnitude to everything address,

That the problem with the property is the sin we must confess.

I love my teacher because they stand all day and talk to me,

About facts and truths and relationships between things that must be free;

And you can't count the amount of gratitude in all of what is worth,

For you must relive and repeat everything right after they say the word.

And then there's reason to laugh at them who think they are so wise,

When everything they know points to them and all who should ask why;

So I love my teacher because I learn how to live and love my life,

And think of myself as I ought to, for the best teacher is my wife.

Signed,

Another Person