

# Reading English

**Beitrag von „wolkenstein“ vom 7. Februar 2005 00:13**

To every teacher there's a season  
that guides his mood and governs reason  
that colours teaching aim and style  
listening is worth your while:

For Dudelhuhn my guess would be  
that she's a spring - because, you see,  
as sweetly as a bird's first song  
she dudels for us all day long  
and though subject to changing weather  
she calls forth colours, flowers, feathers,  
and generally pulses quicken -  
no question: a sweet spring(ly) chicken.

Heike, on the other hand,  
seems to come from summer-land:  
no mildness here - it's heat and passion  
that rule in feelings and in lessons  
a sun that reaches densest fog-heads  
rarely rain, but then in buckets,  
summer's light and summer's thunder  
make the students all the stronger.

A fall is tricky - but if you will  
Philo might just fit the bill  
a teacher of so many colours  
and where he walks, mind's harvest follows,  
quick of word, books as his aide,  
he's rained on many a blind parade  
and sometimes, if you get the hint,  
he is a little full of ...

For a teacher of the winter-kind  
a certain Klingon springs to mind  
sometimes harsh, and yet with icy clarity  
and underneath the austere edges - charity  
protecting that which lies yet sleeping.  
And strong walls to keep in

the heat of a warming winter fire -  
a style of teaching I admire.

Finally, as stands to reason,  
the rhyming teacher also has a season:  
the world he teaches, as you might have thunk,  
is upside-down, singing, and usually drunk.  
Laughter to tears, and tears to laughter,  
he teaches the here and now - and the ever-after.  
With masks of death and masks of life  
this teacher's season has the number five...

Argh-argh-argh, will somebody enter me for the bad poetry contest? I'm sorry, it's late, last night was even later and my harp is out of tune...

G'night unto you all,  
w.