



I hear that...

She joins our desks to make a bed
and stacks up books to lay her head
she grades our papers while she sleeps
and in her hand her red pens leaps,
fail -fail-fail! fail-fail-PASS!
she hands them out next day in class.

When morning comes she tidies up
grabs her toothbrush and her cup
and joins the rest to freshen up
they speak of us, comparing notes
and talk in code ...
(*we are the "g-o-a-t-s"*)

In one long line all nice and neat
they grab their food and take a seat
a glob of this a blob of that ...
Ewe -Yuck -SPLAT!

And for dessert there's applesauce,
when all is done they brush and floss
and comb the hairs upon their heads
matted by their makeshift beds

They greet us all with a big smile
and walk desk by desk and isle by isle
they think of their children each one by one
writing down what we like and think is fun

The hard work is done it's now time to play
it's their house by night but our classroom by day
for all their real work is after-hours
using teacher's only superpowers!

So next time you hear, know it's true
all of the work that they must do
they do it for the love of kids
"g-o-a-t-s" like me and YOU!