

Teaching Dreams

By Cecil W. Morris

Some nights

students return to me

like salmon to their spawning bed.

They shake my hand

and sit across from me

and tell me what they have done

what they will soon be doing.

I remember all their names

and just where each one sat

in my classroom.

Still, when they tell me

what they learned,

it's not what I remember teaching.

<https://www.weareteachers.com/poems-about-teaching/>