

*The Poet-Teacher*

1.

Outside these walls  
one sees him rarely,

at dusk, perhaps,  
walking to his car

or slowly  
driving by,

about to disappear  
while the silly students

unaware, consider  
only each other.

2.

Where does he go?  
Will he, once

outside of town  
follow a winding road

through a secret wood  
and then, reaching

an almost Gothic  
house at last,

be seen  
from a lad's window

or met by  
his faithful dogs?

3.  
Imagine him, then  
after a quiet dinner

of some small hen  
and a glass

or two of wine,  
slipping off

to his room, where  
for one long moment

he sits  
at a fine piano

then intensely,  
but gently, plays.

—*Michael Culross*