

## **The Lonely Teachers**

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.

*like clocks and paths to graves  
they wind down  
as our first bodies  
shoot up*

.

*our teachers are lonely  
in their knowing  
we are all contrast  
black and white our images  
our teachers know the gray*

.

*we are the kings of sun-days  
they meek  
week-day advisors to the throne*

.

*our hearts beat  
theirs tick*

.

*in our relative futures  
biological clocks are roaring*

.

*on some-days the books are closed  
and the raging river cries out:*

.

*damn the taciturn sea!*

## Our Real Teachers

.

.

*These teachers were invisible  
discreet as sex and seasons' change  
they only spoke in happenings  
their only lecture was our pain.*

.

*We all grew along their blackboards  
until like angels we fell down  
far smarter than we realized  
they made our silence into sound.*

.

*They used our stretching bodies' ache  
and the high arching of our bones  
to make their hard lessons  
come home come home come home.*

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