

A REFLECTION ON TEACHING

It seems to me
That I use my voice too much
Leave my classroom
Parched
 (Which means I've failed again)
Because I've poured my
Words out and over them
Flooded their own thoughts with
Wave
 After wave
After wave
 Of my own

Giving no respite for onehourandthirtyminutesand (20 minutes) plusseventymoremin-
utes

Except for
 Those few in the middle

And shouldn't I be
Asking questions
 Or collecting them?

Helping us to wake up from the anesthetic (of CONSTRUCTED RESPONSE)
More like a compress
 Than a fire hose

Or maybe everything above is
all wrong
And I should be
 stirring embers
To light
 our next moment together

And then the next

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Jan. 2022