In 'Lessons of Another Kind', poet Leslie Owen Wilson reflects on the two-way learning process that occurs between teacher and students. Any teacher who expects to be the only vessel of learning in the classroom, doesn't understand that students can often teach us as much as we teach them.

Wilson tells us that a teacher can, in fact, "metamorphose" within a "new scholar's skin", and can become the one who is learning, and not just teaching.

## Happy World Teachers' Day to all of the staff!

## **Lessons of Another Kind**

I came to teach,
To see what I could find
Inside my students' deeper selves.
I came to try and open minds
Before they were seamed shut.
I came to channel passages,
Hoping to connect hearts to heads
And hands.

I came to entreat,
To coax ennobled thoughts,
Ideals, and love of self and others.
I thought that this must come from inside out
Into the essence of their beings,
Into relationships,
As connections to words and deeds,
And pedagogic styles.

I came to probe,
And sometimes poke,
To make them think,
And laugh
At small and narrowed views.
For I wanted them to see,
With their own eyes,
Beyond the limitations of closed
perceptions
Into the beauty and the pain of others'
views.

I came to teach,
But learned instead
That they had just as much
To say to me.
Their lessons were often raw,
Sometimes unformed and yet complex.
I came to give and yet was given.
For through their gifts I saw anew
That I must learn to guard against
complacency, conclusions,
And the allure of too soon ends.

I came to grow,
Unknowingly
To shed my false, new scholar's skin
And metamorphose
Into to something new
And strange –
Something far beyond the shadows of
my old instructive self.

I came to teach but was changed in other ways,
And now remember that life is still a two way street.
These were lessons
I needed to commit to memory, again.
Perhaps it is enough to say, I came to teach but learned instead.

## Leslie Owen Wilson