The Professor

I once had a professor who reminded me of a street lamp
His lectures sleep inducing, with the ability to make time stop
Or go by unbearably slow
His assignments equally humdrum
One morning, during his class,
I found myself in quite the conundrum:
My spirit died.

Noticing spirit blood on his hands,
He hurried to recite some magical foreign incantation
My newborn spirit rising from its own ashes
Somehow more alive
With new eyes on fire, burning.

He doesn't remind me of a street lamp, anymore
Rather, of someone in charge of keeping them lit
And because I memorized the incantation
I'm a lamplighter, now, too
It isn't the easiest job
And must be done, at minimum, once a week.

He was my favorite professor
The lectures I heard, but didn't listen to,
Are now living in my subconscious
So, now, two years later,
I've found that sometimes when I speak,
Variations of his words come out.

And they don't put anyone to sleep.