

## 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.