

Ode to My Teacher

Once I was beckoned by a cause so trivial.
My impatient mind, so immature, got evoked to the utmost,
And compelled me to leave my house,
In the midst of the very lightning and thunderstorm.
Cried and they pleaded, my helpless begetters,
“Son! Don’t thou go out into the night so darksome!”
I boasted, “What to worry! Behold thou all! I have the lamp with me,
Just don’t make me cumbersome!”
I commenced to walk steadily hovering with confidence.
But, Oh God! The very gushing storm knocked me down in vengeance.
My lamp’s glow stammered, fell off, my heart beamed with fury and repentance.
I lost my path, I lost my hope, no one anywhere! I cried with penance.
Suddenly I realized a heavenly glow of glittering light, mesmerizing my very sight.
I ran forward and saw my teacher standing there, holding the lamp tight.
His face gleaming with heavenly smile and I surrendered myself with guilt.
He made my resurrection to make the very earth heavenward with bliss for me.
To my Teacher, to my Savior! I revere to thee!

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