

TEACHER

by Kimya Humphrey, Sr.

2010

Sitting, listening to your words, thoughts erupt in my mind
like fresh lava from a volcano. Sending them higher, catching
fire a desire in me I thought no longer existed, damn...
I almost missed this.

Now every word I read plant seeds in the open fields of my mind,
growing tall rows of opportunity that make me face me,
and enables me to see my dreams as reality,
and it all started because you invited me,
igniting in me a fire that burns hotter than fish grease.

So much time spent here by people who are free,
mainly women who are not afraid to argue or disagree with me.
Your courage amazes me as it pulls forth that which I hide inside
like tears that suddenly over-flow from my soul in the middle of
the night. Now who of you will admit to such an awful sight?

Your stage is a chalkboard where your hands dance to a tune
I call "Inspire," romancing closed hearts until they open
and reach for something higher. Passing grades become hands clapping
that show our appreciation to you, for you, and from everyone else
including myself,
this poem is simply one way to say from our heart,
thank you, for helping us express our inner-self.

Mr. Julius "Kimya" Humphrey, Sr.

P37812/5-N-20L

S.Q.S.P.

San Quentin, CA94964