Teachers…

You are the molders of their dreams
   The gods who build or crush
   their young beliefs of right or wrong

You are the spark that sets aflame the
   poet's hand or lights the flame
   of some great singer's song

You are the gods of the young, the very young
   You are the guardian of a million dreams
   Your every smile or frown can heal or pierce a heart

Yours are a hundred lives, a thousand lives
   Yours the pride of loving them and the sorrow, too

Your patient work, your touch, make you the gods of hope
   Who fill their souls with dreams
   To make those dreams come true