

Diane Cluck, My Teacher Died

oh since my teacher died
i am a student now
of whom i cannot tell
of what i cannot tell
i read his books for years
i've gone all through them how
i wanted one last fix
but he's not writing now
my teacher died
i was sorry
but i wasn't sorry
the night we said goodbye
i felt a crumbling school
my skin was sensitized
to air that rushed in cool
my teacher's eyes were gentle
as any man's have been
there are no superstars
there is no superman
there's only everyone
i learn from whom i can
my teacher died
i was sorry
but i wasn't sorry
my teacher died
and i'm a student now
of whom i cannot tell
of what i cannot tell