

THE TEACHERS I REMEMBER

Miss Kober was a chemistry professor,
Making dangerous concoctions with flair.
Undeniably courageous,
Her excitement was contagious,
Mixing nitroglycerin with nary a care.
She also mixed martinis, alas!
She drank one too many right before her class.

She's one of the teachers I remember
When a dangerous project I try.
I think of Miss Kober
And stay safely sober,
Not winding up in the sky!

Miss Swanson was a teacher of distinction
With a background that took colleagues askance.
During parties she would rub in
Her degree from L'Ecole Lubbon,
That's an institution near the south coast of France.
A teacher checked it out, just for fun.
That French institution was a mental one.

She's one of the teachers I remember,
While perusing the help wanted lists.
If, while I'm applying,
I give in to lying,
I make sure the lie exists!

Mister Martin thought that boys should be athletic,
Always stoic and heroically male.
If you ever acted prissy
Or were, God forbid, a sissy,
He'd make your life miserable in every detail.
One Monday, Mister Martin was gone,
Arrested on Sunday in the Jones Beach john.

He's one of the teachers I remember,
When I visit the beach on a spree.
His lesson I heed. Oh,
A cop in a speedo
Will lead you to cop a plea.

So here's to the teachers I remember,
Not your normal role models, it's true.
Though some think they're rotten,
They won't be forgotten!
They taught me what not to do.
They taught me a lot,
What not to do!