Asides from poetry, what have you learned?

* to follow through with a very tough task
* to overcome your fears
* to edit and edit until you are proud
* to do work at home because you wanted to
* to share your inner thoughts and feelings
* to be open minded to other’s thoughts and feelings
* to be creative with words beyond what you thought you could be
* that your teacher is proud of you!

My Portable – A Poem about my Portable

50 hours a week, my portable is like my home. A home with flickering lights and an oversized mini fridge that create a small buzz. A home with the smell of dust and warm paper that make a nice aroma around the room. My walls seem smaller today than usual. My work seems piled higher than Mount Everest and I have more marking than a London subway station. My portable is like my boss, always handing me work and showing me no gratitude for all the work I do for it. Am I a gear? Am I part of an overwhelming machine, turning and turning and looking for directions to go? STOP! What about my lesson plan that sits on my desk, unfinished as I ponder what kids in 2019 want to learn. Its currently 4:46, my wife is making chicken for dinner, but yet here I sit in my home away from home.

What does my portable expect? It wants innovation, collaboration, exploration with a pinch of questioning, reasoning, and creative and critical thinking? It wants pedagogy, competency, and geology, all with the latest technology? There's a new curriculum with diverse learning outcomes. Stuck under the desk lies some cheeky chewing gum that I have to overcome. Am I supposed to do all of this without any benefit to my personal income? I'm a teacher, counsellor, lawyer and judge, all thrown together. The family of marmots that live underneath my portable remind me of the job I must whether. They remind me that my portable is just a home.

My portable is like my home. At home, we care for each other. At home, we listen and communicate. At home, we are a family. My portable isn't a place where everything needs to be perfect. My portable isn’t a place where magic needs to happen and I most certainly am not a wizard. My portable needs to be a place where everyone feels at home. Where my students feel a sense of belonging. Where my students feel safe to take that first step to try something new. To challenge themselves. I'm not the sage on the stage delivering lecture after lecture. I'm the guide on the side, inspiring minds and meeting students stride for stride.

I pack up my things and leave, turning around and letting out a sigh. As the cool evening air hits my face, I could have sworn my portable whispered "goodbye".