



Behind A Raised Hand

You walked into the class that day,
your face was angry, not here to play.
You asked me something very clear,
“What’s the formula for the area of triangle?”

I stood there blank, I didn’t try,
I was in silence,
and that was when your hand did fly,
you gave a slap I didn’t understand.

But now it’s been ten years or so,
and there’s something I want you to know.
Today, I am a teacher too
and I finally understand you.

You didn’t slap me out of hate,
you wanted me to change my fate.
You saw the danger I couldn’t see,
you wanted something good for me.

So now I thank you, from my heart,
of love once shown in harsh embrace.
Today, I teach with care and pride,
A student once — now in your place.



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