

Through the Eyes of a Teacher

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For years I watched a mystery unfold
Growing from innocence
A child like any other
In a cluster of boys soft and bold
Standing out in a space of its own
A promise in his quiet ways
But struggling to maintain a hold
On the tasks getting out of hand
For he felt alone and deprived
But never to anyone was this secret told

Taking their toll on innocence unguarded
Points in time sneaked by
Twisted and thorny they crushed every desire
And soon he was lost to the wile and hoax
Of the world of drugs and smoke
School was just a place for friends and fun
Study was the last thing ever to be done
His name was on every list that displayed trouble
Too often he was the centre of attention
Hurled through endless fines and even suspension
Teachers always complained
A foul fish was he named
For every odd act he was to be blamed
To my office he often came
Sent by teachers who knew not
How to handle a boy gone insane

The victim of my wrath many a times
Strangely I never saw any rebellious signs
He had a reason and logic
For every blame put to his name
His dignity he struggled to maintain
Taking every reprimand with pain
To me he felt quite sane
My reactions I was forced to change
His defiance I realized
Was his tactic for survival

For being an orphan as was he
In a world so treacherous
In a family not so fortunate
To have much luxury or even guidance
Left on his own, he was forced to see
How the weak were crushed
Their needs feelings and desires
Away in the wilderness often thrust

And I remembered those years
When a little boy was he
Innocent was his smile
Yet mysterious were the eyes
There was never a complaint
Rather he was quiet and in restraint
The change that was there
In the days of his adolescence
I could see it was not real
Deep down he was still the same
Charismatic was his personality
For children old and young
Who followed him as their boss
Though he never called them for this cause
He was bold and daring
A heroic symbol for so many

Recognizing his virtue of truth and honesty
His quality of leadership admittedly strange
I knew he could be great
If only some things could change
To my office I often called him
Talked to him but listened much more
Engaged him in work that was rewarding
Asked teachers who were close
To work on his confidence and poise
That may change his outlook on life
Put him on a journey to help find
His worth for real that was
Through praise that was genuine
For the little tasks that he did
Giving weight to his opinion
To his ideas and to his suggestions
We managed to change some atrocious signs

Trying to give him the confidence
That for me he was like a son

I talked about his strengths
To everyone and on every front
Momentary were his misdoings
Openly I tried to convince everyone
And soon he became a friend
I trusted him but respected his privacy
Believed him in whatever he said
Helped him in making decisions for himself
Failing in most subjects he was
Till the Cambridge University exams he took
Where up and above to many he stood
Giving just a glimpse of the intelligence he possessed
But he was in danger of faltering again
Betrayed by some not convinced of his worth
My message to him that I for one cared
Convinced him that of opportunity there was no dearth
And I was happy when one day he said
Teacher you were on my side
When most of them had left
You believed in me and that gave me courage
For you I have love and respect

Till this day today
I meet him with zeal
He makes sure he's there
For every little chore for me
And I believe that one day
He will grow up to be
A man of strength and values
Not common in the world today
He will be the leader of virtue
That was once misguided
But was always there
In the core of his nature
But somehow I feel this too
For whatever he's gone through
Though he is a friend to so many
Inside him there is loneliness
Though many he can influence and mould
His own life for others in the world
Will always remain a tale largely untold

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