

My Yearbook

by Linda S. Paslov, Ed.D.

Yearbooks are a treasure:
A memoir of good times.
Mine brings me much pleasure;
Nostalgia triggers rhymes.

Decades have long passed since
My graduation year.
Photos serve to evince
Fond mem'ries I hold dear.

As I thumb through its pages,
The portraits stare at me.
I marvel at the ages
My classmates seem to be.

Black and white, these mugshots
Just beg to be consulted.
"What life path did you plot?"
I utter, quite exulted.

I listen to their stories
And one by one I learned,
They often laughed at glories
They claimed they really earned.

But I am drawn to those who
Have "teacher" by their name.
For I, like them, just knew
That this choice would lead to fame.

Not fame as with some film stars
Or legendary jocks.
Not like a boss of guitars
Or even renowned docs.

The fame I sought was being
That someone who's recalled
For bringing out and seeing
The best in one and all.

I turn the pages gently,
And find *my* teachers there.
I look at them intently,
I thank them as I stare.

They found their life's vocation
And did their very best.
After graduation
I knew that I'd been blessed.

So here I am, years after,
A teacher like themselves
Who found that fame sought-after
In yearbooks on some shelves.