

DEAR TEACHER...

I know you're rather busy
First day back, there's just no time
A whole new class of little ones
And this one here is mine



I'm sure you have
things covered
And have done
this lots before
But my boy is
very little
He hasn't long
turned four

You're right, I have to leave now
It's time for him to go
I'm sure he'll learn so much from you
Things that I don't know

Yes, I'm sure they settle quickly
That he's fine now without me
I know he has to go to school
It's just so fast, you see

It seems like just a blink ago
I first held him in my arms
It's been my job to love, to teach
To keep him safe from harm

In his uniform this morning
He looked so tall and steady
But now beside your great big school
I'm not quite sure he's ready

So, when I wave goodbye in a moment
And he turns to walk inside
Forgive me if I crumple
Into tears of loss and pride

Do you help them eat their lunch?
Are you quick to soothe their fears?
And if he falls and hurts his knee
Will someone dry his tears?

And what if no-one plays with him?
What if someone's mean?
What if two kids have a fight
And he's caught in between?

I know as I give
him one more kiss
And watch him
walk away
That he'll never
again be
wholly mine
As he was
before today.



By Emma Robinson

PACEY IS THE PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR CHILDCARE AND EARLY YEARS

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