



HCSITA

Students Corner

Poetry

*Thank you,
teachers!*



I will always be grateful for
everything you did for me.

Happy teachers' day!

Dear Teacher,

Thanks for infusing hope in me,
igniting my imagination,

and

instilling in me – a love of learning



My Teacher

**She is my joy and happiness
She is an amazing footstool to stand
She only deserves the best
And in the classroom she is the best.**

**She is the spark, the inspiration
The guide, the candle to my life
Books, sports, homework and knowledge
She is the pillar of my success.**

**I am deeply thankful that
She is my good teacher
I thank my teacher for being
Such an amazing source to my life.
She has amazed and inspired me daily
And for that I am thankful to my teacher
My teacher, you are so rare
Thank you so much for your care.**

**Miss Sigam Gamlin
Class III**



For a Dearest Teacher

**God understood our thirst for knowledge
And our need to be led
By someone wiser;
He needed a heart of compassion
Of encouragement and patience
Someone who would accept
The challenge regardless of the opposition
Someone who could see potential
And believe it was best in others.....
So He made a teacher
He made you my dearest Teacher.**

**HAPPY
TEACHERS
DAY**

**Master Vedant Raaj
Class VII**

Dost nahi the
Par Jaane kyun **Teacher Ek Dosth**



Main bejiljhak
Har dil ki baat,
Unse keh jati thi.
Shayad humaare saath
Woh bhi apna
Bachpaan jiya karte the
Woh apne sapnon ko humaare saath
Ek nayi neev
Diya karte thi.
Saansein toh sab late hai,
Par jeena humne unse sekha
Unke kisse kahaniyon ko
Humne apna mana
Jab shoor macha ke,
Pareshaan kiya
Unhone humaare ser
Par haath diya.
Aur saalon ke
Tajurbe ko
Ek mushkaan mein dhaal diya
Kabhi maara bhi
Kabhi daanta bhi
Aur kabhi kaan kneech bhi
Kabhi haal chala ki
Khairiyat poochhe
Unhone humein sambhala bhi.
Bhool kar apne sapne woh
Humaare sapne sakar kiya
Jeevan jeena
Ka gyaan diya
Di humko ek
Pechaan nayi
Har galti par phatkara bhi
Har jeet par hum par naaz kiya.



Marina Tatin
Class X



My Guiding Light

Like the fire needs a spark to burn
And a vehicle need a hank to turn
Teachers, you are my guiding light
In the darkness you give me sight
Every time I fall deep,
Or when sometimes my consciousness sleeps
You help me get up
You make my conscience up
From the bottom of my heart
Thank you teachers.

The present moment we are living in
I know it is hard but you cheer me to win
Teachers I really wish we meet again
Writing from the blackboard, the chalk and pen stain
I know the day will come soon
The now empty classrooms
Be filled with shouts and laughter
The empty hall
Will be buzzing with children and loud speakers.

I want to hear those scoldings
Want to laugh again because of the jokes
And just keep smiling.
But even during this crisis
Looking at how the world is
You'll still be that guiding light
Which always keeps shining.

Barista Buragohain
Class VIII



Live those days again

Feels like ages we met

**In the now empty benches we sat
Shouting at the top of our lungs
Sudden silence right when you come...
Want to live those days again
Want to join the same old lane
Just want to live those days again.**

**Those days when we used to make voices
During PT those loud sighs and noises
The excitement in the air when the holidays
approached
But now this endless maze, I'm bored
I want to hear those shouts again
Lectures and scolding, want to hear them again
Just want to live those days again.**

**This waiting, it's dreadful
Looking on the screen, it's painful
It's already September again
I miss everyone, I want to travel again
I hope this waiting will end soon
Cause without you I feel like a broken tune.**

**Barista Buragohain
Class VIII**