Tears of Fear: Reflections on Being a Student Teacher

Tears of fear run down my face,

The skies ahead seem filled with clouds of grey,

I can only hope that I will be okay.

On Friday morning I hear my alarm clock blast

I'm getting ready to teach my class,

The students are gonna give me so much sass,

My practicum I don't know if I'll pass.

Two students pass a jacket across the room,

On my FA's face there is a look of gloom,

I feel like my fate is surely doomed!

I just wanna hide in a corner and lick my wounds!

Tears of fear run down my face,

The skies ahead seem filled with clouds of grey,

I can only hope that I will be okay.

My teaching career has only just begun,

With proper preparation it'll be lots of fun!

Sometimes I'll want to shoot my students with a gun,

But in the end I'm sure we'll all learn a ton!

A hopeful smile plays on my face,

The clouds of gray are clearing away,

I firmly believe that I will be okay!