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Ode to Professors

In the world that is shifting too fast, too wide
Where knowledge must race against information tide
Chalk once in hand now is digital glow
The blackboard gone, gimmicks whiteboards show.

A Professor stands with wisdom vast
In halls, the lectures' spells are cast
With looks and thoughts that enshrine
They mould young minds, a guide divine.

Through screens students learn
Disengaged minds discern
A flood of distractions in virtual space
Empty halls, barren gaze.

Oh! once classrooms had eager eyes
You mentored to challenge the skies
Thou sculpted young minds
Is passion for learning left behind?

Their voice, a river, slow & deep
Knowledge flows and eruditions seep
Facts, skills, and civility they illuminate
Ignite wisdom to change fate

The flora of their gardens bloom
Aroma spreads beyond classroom
Pruned, shaped, fragrant pubescent
Balmy bouquets for brotherhood sent

From chalkboard to whiteboard they embraced
Screens, clicks, files and mails paced
Burdened yet they strive to teach
Souls in classrooms are theirs to reach

A Professor stands tall at the helm
Heart to guide, though dream to chase overwhelm
Nurturing sanity where respects delayed
Paltry paycheques, painful propositions, perseverance flayed.

From gaffers grip to green horns gaze
You strive in silence through endless haze
Courtesy and dignity you deserve
For cradle of creativity thou preserve.

Precious people Professors prepare
Society's jewels they ornate with care.