

In the midst of Dewey's colorful halls,  
There's a dedicated teacher who gives his all.  
Mr. Colin, with his bright, warm smile,  
And cookies as rewards that make us feel worthwhile,  
Alongside simple slides,  
Yet filled with meaning that resides  
Deep within our hearts.  
Whether near or far,  
The words engraved on his slides  
Gently linger in my mind, never to part.  
Those role-playing sessions,  
Or the circles we'd gather in to discuss each lesson,  
Not only taught me so much more,  
But captured moments, bonding us evermore.  
Even if we may not meet again,  
The memory of him will remain,  
Of someone who gave his heart  
To teach us playful kids,  
Back in that tenth-grade start.