

Protectors (A poem on school counseling)
By Christopher Whitsett

**We are the protectors of unknown dreams
Our shield is a computer screen, and our sword is a pen
Going over 400+ individual files hoping to help them polish into gems
but I'm misunderstood
between their parent's expectations and my districts desires is where I live.
Chosen profession because we love those kids
We fight a never-ending battle of grades for futures
hoping the words and interventions reach them
Often times spending more of mine on those falling behind
Then on those we wish to push up high
But don't get it mistaken I love this
Between the 154 emails a day meetings and calls I know I wouldn't change a thing at all
because I chose to be here
In the trenches of their future
because every child who succeeds is like a thousand slain dragons
We are gladiators for inspiration
reaching across grade levels to open eyes and remove misconceptions of the future
but I use words to soothe and direct and my pen to correct
While handling a sea of parental emails all in an effort to ensure
My clients. My students. My reasons. Do not fail!
Always aware. that although I can be the guide
It is they my students not I who can get them there!!
To the unseen future that awaits each new student at the end of every school year.
We are the protectors of Unknown dreams
School Counselors**