

# Leonard Cohen, To A Teacher

(Leonard Cohen)

[Dedicated to A. M. Klein (1909-1972)]

Hurt once and for all into silence.  
A long pain ending without a song to prove it.  
Who could stand beside you so close to Eden,  
When you glinted in every eye the held-high  
razor, shivering every ram and son?  
And now the silent loony bin, where  
The shadows live in the rafters like  
Day-weary bats,  
Until the turning mind, a radar signal,  
lures them to exaggerate  
Mountain-size on the white stone wall  
Your tiny limp.  
How can I leave you in such a house?  
Are there no more saints and wizards  
to praise their ways with pupils,  
No more evil to stun with the slap  
of a wet red tongue?  
Did you confuse the Messiah in a mirror  
and rest because he had finally come?  
Let me cry Help beside you, Teacher.  
I have entered under this dark roof  
As fearlessly as an honoured son  
Enters his father's house.