

In the garden of our learning, you stand tall,  
Guiding us gently, with wisdom's call.  
With every lesson, bright and clear,  
You've painted pathways for us, year by year.  
Mentors of grace, with hearts so pure,  
Through stormy doubts, you've been our cure.  
With patience like the endless sea,  
You've unlocked doors for us to see.  
Your words carved stars in the ink of night,  
Turning shadows into beams of light.  
For every step, in hand you've walked,  
In the language of hope, you always talked.  
To you, dear mentors, we owe our flight,  
You've given us roots and wings of might.  
In art and verse, our thanks we send,  
For being our guides, our trusted friend.