

Unity

I dreamed I stood in a studio
and watched two sculptors there.
The clay they used was a young child's mind
and they fashioned it with care.

One was a teacher.
The tools she used were love, books,
music, art, and her special interventions.
One was a parent,
a guiding hand and certain expectations.

When at last their work was done,
they were proud of what they had wrought.
For the things they had worked into the child
could never be sold or bought.

Each agreed they would have failed if
they had worked alone.
For behind the parent stood the school,
and behind the school stood the home.