

Unity

I dreamed I stood in a studio
and watched two sculptors there
The clay they used was young child's mind
and they fashioned it with care.
One was a teacher, the tools he used
were books, and music, and art.
One, a parent, with a guiding hand
and a gentle, loving heart.
Day after day, the teacher toiled
with touch that was deft and sure.
While a parent labored by his side
and polished and smoothed it o'er.
And when at last their task was done,
they were proud of what they had wrought.
For the things they had molded into the child
could neither be sold nor bought.
And each agreed he would have failed
if he had worked alone.
For behind the parent stood the school,
And behind the teacher, the home.