



## Poem for Teacher

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

One was a teacher; the tools used,  
Were books and music and art.  
One, a parent with guiding hands,  
A gentle and loving heart.

Day after day the teacher toiled,  
With a touch both deft and skilled.  
The parent labored side by side,  
And all the values filled.

And when at last their task was done,  
They looked at what they'd wrought.  
The beautiful shape of the precious child,  
Could neither be sold nor bought.

And each agreed it would have failed,  
If one had worked alone.  
For behind the parent stood the school,  
And behind the teacher, home.

- unknown

