

The Sculptors

I dreamt 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, and the tools used
Were books and music and art:
One was a parent with a guiding hand
And a gentle, loving heart.

Day after day the teacher toiled
With touch that was safe and sure.
While the parent laboured by the side
And polished and smoothed it o'er.

And when at last their task was done
They were proud of what they wrought:
For the things they had moulded into a child
Could neither be sold nor bought.

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