

Two Sculptors

*I dreamed I saw 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 he used
Were books, music, and art.
The other, a parent, worked with a guiding hand,
And a gentle, loving heart.*

*Day after day, the teacher toiled with a touch
That was careful, deft, and sure,
While the 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 they would have failed
If either had worked alone.
For behind the parent stood the school
And behind the teacher, the home.*

Anonymous

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