

Two Sculptors

--author: unknown

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 books, music and art.
One a parent who worked with a guiding hand
And a gentle, loving heart.

Day after day the teacher toiled
With touch that was deft and sure.
While the parent labored by her 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 molded into the child
Could neither be sold nor bought.

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

