

A Teacher's Lament

We do not study history much any more.
Nor do we read grand literature.
It is irrelevant, so say the savants.
Only our feelings matter, and
We cannot talk of pain, or death,
They may remind us of other miscreants.

Humankind is basically good, they say.
History suggests otherwise, literature too.
So we will not examine those issues.
After all, feelings are the thing today.
Who dares to stop and suggest
Our self-centered lives are flimsy tissues?

We do not read history much anymore,
Nor do we read grand literature.
Perhaps we should look at ourselves today
And admit that somewhere in our teaching
We have been both wrong and foolish.
Ignorance is a terrible price for us to pay.

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