Title: Teaching a Kid

Subtitle: Poetry

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The way to teach a child,
Must be quite mild;
To scald,
Is quite cold,
Not the way to mold.
All we will do;
Is make that child Untrue.
Don't we remember when we were that old,
Harsh words we could see right through;
Even though the adults held them quite true.
Said them till they were blue,
Yet would they listen to us?
This is torture,
Instead of nurture.
To get a response,
What have we lost;
At what cost?
Why have we strayed,
From the way,
Got old one day?
A child looks in purity,
This is an assurity,
Until they come to maturity,
Where they learn man's impurities;
Then lose their security.
Remember when we teach,
Careful with our speech.
Explain in a way they understand;
Instead of making commands,
Then they might hear,
Instead of run in fear.