

ON EDUCATION

He always wanted to explain things.
But no-one cared.
So he drew.
Sometimes he would draw
And it wasn't anything.
He wanted to carve it in stone
Or write it in the sky.
He would lie out on the grass
And look up in the sky.
And it would be only him and the sky
And the things inside of him
That needed saying.
And it was after that
He drew the picture.
He kept it under his pillow
And would let no-one see it.
And he would look at it every night
And think about it.
And when it was dark,
And his eyes were closed,
He could still see it.
And it was all of him.
And he loved it.
When he started school
He brought it with him.
Not to show anyone, but
Just to have it with him like a friend.
It was funny about school.
He sat in a square brown desk.
Like all the other square brown desks
And he thought it should be red.
And his room was a square brown room
Like all the other rooms.
And it was tight and close and stiff.
He hated to hold the pencil and chalk,
With his arm stiff
And his feet flat on the floor,
Stiff,
With the teacher watching
And watching.

The teacher came to him
And spoke to him.
She told him to wear a tie
Like all the other boys.
He said he didn't like them.
And she said it didn't matter.
After that he drew.
And he drew all yellow
And it was the way he felt
About morning.
And it was beautiful.
The teacher came and smiled at him.
"What's this?" "Why don't you
Draw something like Ken's drawing?
Isn't that beautiful?"
After that his mother bought him a tie.
And he always drew airplanes
And rocket ships like everyone else.
And he threw the old picture away.
And when he lay alone
Looking at the sky,
It was big and blue and
All of everything,
But he wasn't anymore.
He was square inside
And brown.
And his hands were stiff.
And he was like everyone else.
And the things inside of him
That needed saying
Didn't need it anymore.
It had stopped pushing.
It was crushed.
Stiff.
Like everything else.

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