

**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.