



If these walls could but talk!!

If these walls could but talk,
And share what they know!
I'd gain wisdom
for I am so eager!

Listen to the teacher creating
when there is no paper, no board,
no chalk,
Listen to the children asking for
books,
There is nothing to read, nothing
at all."

Look at the radiant faces when
the voice is heard,
"Here is a parcel from afar—
Boy, it is heavy, What could it
be?"

"Books, books, that's what it is!!"

Listen to the children shouting in the field.
Just one mitt, but a multitude to divert.
Look at the court where basketball is played
Is that a ball, or a flat balloon, at best?
Hands and feet – though hurting
Are no excuse for players.
Laughter arises, and joy runs unrestrained
"If there are not toys, who cares?" Let us play!"
"Mama brought some soup.
We warmed it on old pot-belly."
"Yeah, it's delicious"
"Have some more, there is plenty more still."

Listen to the bell-ringing one more time.
“The game is over, it’s time to come in,
Girls enter first, orderly boys follow behind
Take out your slates. Let’s have some more drills.”

“Teacher, I can’t do this; I don’t understand!”
Look at the older student come closer and whisper;
“Don’t worry, young lady, I will stand by your side.”
“Let’s start with the easiest,
There’s still some more time.”
The room turns into a mosaic of small groups
As peers tutor peers in their task.
Who is in command now? Is anybody in charge?”

O, that these walls could but talk,
and share what they know!
I’d gain wisdom.
If it were not for these walls, no memories would remain,
“to you I am indebted, to you I acclaim
“Teach me more of that old science,
so your wisdom will not be in vain.”

Raul