

FINGERPRINTS

By Irma B. Williams

One day an old archaeologist
While working in the Middle East
Unearthed an ordinary clay pot
With the potter's fingerprints creased.

Fingerprints in that hardened clay pot
Were quite obvious to behold;
The prints were unmistakably clear
Though they were hundreds of years old.

There's another kind of imprinting
With prints unmistakably clear;
They're impressions made on a child's life
By the teacher the child holds dear.

O it matters that you are molding
A life, through eager eyes and ears,
And that you're leaving infinite prints
In a heart for eternal years!