

Poetry To My Students by Nina Pick



JOSH MACPHEE, 2014 (VIA JUST SEEDS)

To My Students

I'm so sorry, we are teaching you all the wrong lessons, repeating the fictions of anxiety replicated on computer screens. I'm sorry that we drag you out of your body and into your head, wrenching you from your gentle center, your own innate knowing. I'm sorry that we have taken your inborn love of the earth and replaced it with videogames, and then fed you pharmaceuticals to numb your grief. I'm sorry that we weld you to reason at the expense of intuition, homework at the expense of heartwork, science at the expense of mythos, and capitalism at the expense of everything. And I'm so sorry that our voices have silenced the wisdom at a stone's center, in the heart of a seed, in the mouths of animals and rivers, in the stars' far-reaching, time-traveling light. Go out of the classroom and into the forest. There you will find your true teachers shimmering with answers to questions we never taught you to ask. Let the rain wash you free of your human education. Follow the light of those stars.

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