

Lost Between The Cracks

Nine years of age he could not read nor write a simple word.
The marks upon the classroom board meant nothing to his sight.
A volunteer was asked to come and work with him apart
To help him learn and find the cause and set the matter right.

She found this child could talk with ease when speaking of his life
That he had lived in many states where work his Dad could find.
He held his pencil clenched in hand; drew trees and house and sun.
Of letters he had not a clue; no record in his mind.

The volunteer was trained to help with children such as these.
She read to him from storybooks that held his interest fine.
On sandpaper she wrote an "A" and "B" and "C" and "D".
He traced letters with his fingers and soon could write a line.

She showed him how each letter had a name, and with a sound
Could form the words within his mind when set down in their place.
His eyes would fill with wonder then and he would quickly smile.
And she would laugh along with him as words his hand would trace.

But came the day too soon, too soon, that he was moving on.
His father's work was over now. He knew would come this day
That they must pack and hit the road and find another place.
She wished him well, she hugged him tight, and watched him walk away.