

Parents Breaking Rules

By Carole Gauntlett

Why *do* you insist that the teacher's not right?
That your son is a darling, honest and bright?

She's only *one* in a long line of those
Trying to help you to see through his pose.

His grin at you both is hollow and snide
And yet you continue to insist on his side.

The teacher nods now and declares that she's done
But beware of the feeling that something's been won.

For you're raising a boy with no thought for the truth
And this will follow him on well past his youth.

He might just be elected to office in time
And you will be there, cheering his climb.

What do you think now when you *know* that he's lying?
Do you remember your need for so strongly denying?

How do you feel when his women are misused?
Do you look at him now and *still* feel bemused?

Now tell me the teachers and coaches were wrong
Are you really still singing that tired old song?

Don't you see he's a menace filled with arrogant ways?
You'll need to own that for the rest of your days.

With the country in turmoil, your bill has come due
"Who should have known better?" comes right down to you.