

### **Try and Build One Better**

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My teacher once was a man,  
I don't remember his name.  
His voice was poetic,  
His mind was amazing,  
And his face will remain in my mind.

One year we showed up to school,  
The man was no longer there.  
His desk was all empty,  
His classroom was all bare.  
But there stood a silver box inside.

It knew all of our surnames.  
It knew all our history,  
Box knew all of the dates.  
Box called out the questions.  
Only showed equations every day.

Box taught us all the standards,  
Box gave us every exam.  
It marked us when tardy,  
It robocalled our moms.  
Each year it stood there just like the man.

Box connected to our phones,  
Box checked on all our laptops.  
It kept all our records,  
It was never off track.  
Never a sick day, never a glitch.

It never said good morning.  
It did not know of my fears.  
Box would not ever smile,  
Box could not ever cry.  
We had to build a much better one.

I took up my math homework,  
I went over every line.  
I learned to build a box,  
That could listen to you.  
A Box like the Man, with a Heart too.