

UNTITLED

Robert Frost wrote  
a poem  
about misgivings

Every year he built a wall  
between land and land  
tree and tree  
man and man  
renewing the barrier Time had stealthily contrived  
to bring low.

And then one year he wondered  
Why he wanted that wall up.  
We style ourselves Holy Bearers of Reason, unique among beasts,  
but Robert Frost  
could find no reason for the wall to be,  
no force but of habit keeping it up.

The man on the other side  
had been taught  
that good fences make good neighbors

by his father.  
These things are often passed down through generations,  
but I worry  
that if we teach our young  
to build these walls  
higher and higher  
then a day will come  
when the walls cannot be breached  
from either side  
and the gates are barricaded with a mighty quagmire of social taboo  
such that its crossing becomes more inconceivable  
with every passing year.

Robert Frost wrote his poem, a warning dire  
but the world heeded only the man  
blinded by his well-meaning forebears  
who said:

“Good fences make good neighbors”  
I don’t want, in my haste to help my children see what I deem “right,”  
to place before their eyes sun-shades so vividly the hue of my choosing  
that they are blinded  
to the world around them.

It is up to us—the youth of today—to guide those who follow us  
but to let them decide for themselves

to help their neighbors,  
and to think twice to build trust with their neighbors,  
before building a wall.

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