

You ask, “What’s in my backpack?”

You ask, “What’s in my backpack?”
When I come home each day.
I wonder what you hope is there.
If it’s empty, is that okay?

I tell you about my busy day,
How the teacher watches over me.
We sing, we laugh, we share, we learn-
That’s the way it’s supposed to be.

You ask, “What’s in my backpack?”
I say, “Today it’s empty.”
I see the disappointment
As you look down at me.

School is much more than “things”
That you can see and touch.
It’s all of my life lessons,
And that means so very much.

For if you really want to know
What I do each day,
It won’t be on a paper;
You’ll know by what I say.

Please don’t look so unhappy
When you open the zipper wide.
What you are looking for today
Is all on my inside.

Ask me about my hands and ears,
My nose and my eyes.
Ask me what we talked about,
And if I remember why.

Each day we do so many things,
So many books to read.
Sure is nice my teacher knows
Exactly what we need.

That backpack on my back today
Carries back and forth my stuff.
If you want to know what I learned,
Listening to me will be enough.

My teacher wants to plant a seed,
Get my “love of learning” to sprout.
She wants it to last a lifetime-
That’s what school is all about.

It’s in my head and in my heart
That learning will take place.
“Childhood should be a journey...
Don’t look at it as a race.”

Written by: Donna Whyte, 2002