

# Celebrating Writers and Writing in our Communities

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## The Beauty of Ignorance

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# The Beauty of Ignorance

**By: Isabelle Unsigner**

*~ To My Parents*

Isn't it beautiful? The sight of eerie delight in her eyes?  
No one told them it would hurt.  
She tells them she wants to sail the seas,  
Instead she is taught the ABC's.  
"A... B... C..." And so on.  
As her giggles fill the room,  
The child breaks another glass vase.  
Her first steps could someday be her last,  
And she'd never know the difference.  
She shows you a story written in chicken scratch,  
About a girl who visits Neverland.  
Peter Pan couldn't save her.  
When she skins her knee, it hurts.  
"It stings! Why does it have to hurt?"  
They wish they had the answer.  
She is older now, a little girl in spirit.  
"I'm pretty much an adult! You can't tell me what to do!"  
But no one ever told her it would hurt.  
Keep being that little girl,  
The one who puts chalk stripes in her hair,  
And only likes her cherries in popsicles.  
The one who dances to Christmas music in August,  
And watches Teletubbies 'till bedtime,

The one who doesn't like the local news,  
Because it's "Grown up."  
Ah, the beauty of ignorance.  
That they wish you still had.  
Adulthood is not as fun as you thought,  
Is it?