The Phonics Lesson

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“Kuh ahh tuh, Kuh ahh tuh,”
The first graders chanted as one.
The teacher flashed a toothy smile—
Her phonics lesson had begun.

“Kuh ahh tuh, Kuh ahh tuh!”
The chant once more was heard.
The principal outside, passing by,
Asked herself, “What is that word?”

“Kuh ahh tuh, Kuh ahh tuh!”
“Pray tell—what are they saying?
It can’t be cut or cot or kit.
Pray tell—what are they bellowing?”

“Kuh ahh tuh, Kuh ahh tuh!”
In unison, once more the roar.
The puzzled principal turned around,
And peeked inside the door.

“Kuh ahh tuh, Kuh ahh tuh!”
Once more the students exclaimed;
And written on the board was cat—
The poor word a being maimed.

Now one can learn to read with phonics—
No doubt a useful tool.
But cat can never be kuh ahh tuh—
Even when learned in school.

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