
MASTER THE CONTENT



The Untouchable Gift

Poetry: Wisdom & Learning

Prepared by Armando Rodríguez

Introduction

Wisdom doesn't shout. It listens. It watches. Then it speaks.

This book is a poetic invitation to lean into lifelong learning—not just the kind that fills your head, but the kind that forms your heart. In these pages, you'll hear the voice of wisdom—sometimes firm, sometimes playful, always faithful.

Each poem unpacks timeless truths, where education is seen not as the stacking of facts but the lighting of fires. Where curiosity is crowned, listening is elevated, and questions are not threats—but gateways.

Whether you're a teacher, student, leader, or learner of life—may these words ignite your pursuit of wisdom that not only informs but transforms.

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THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

WHAT CANNOT BE TAKEN

They may take the gold from your hands,
And silence your songs with command.
But a truth once learned, a thought once known,
Becomes a kingdom all your own.

No thief can steal a sharpened mind,
No tyrant cage the truths you find.
For wisdom grows where fires burn,
And no one can unteach what you learn.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

TRUTH BEYOND CHAINS

"The beautiful thing about learning is that no one can take it away from you."

— *B.B. King*

They can silence your voice or shatter your pen,

Lock all the doors and do it again.

But knowledge once sparked will ever remain—

A flame in the dark, immune to the chain.

They may strip your name from the walls you have known,

But wisdom will speak in a voice of its own.

No power on earth, no decree or demand,

Can pry what you've learned from your heart or your hand.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

SHARPENED FOR CHANGE

"Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world."

— *Nelson Mandela*

Not forged of steel, nor cast in flame,
Yet mightier still than sword or name.
It carves through lies, it builds, it frees—
A weapon wielded silently.

With books for blades and truth for shield,
It marches on the battlefield.
No tyrant's reign, no wall so high,
Can block the mind once taught to fly.

So teach the child, and train the hand—
And change the world with thoughts that stand.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

REFLECTIONS IN THE FIRES

"A wise person learns from others' mistakes. A fool insists on learning from their own."

— *Unknown*

The fool walks proud through lessons burned,

Insisting pain must first be earned.

He sees the scars and hears the cries—

Yet boldly claims he'll be more wise.

But wisdom waits with quieter eyes,

It listens well, and heeds the cries.

Why trip where others' paths have failed,

When caution's lantern has prevailed?

To learn from others is a grace—

A mirror held in time and place.

The wise may stumble, but not blind—

They walk with history in mind.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

THE TRUE MEASURE

"Intelligence plus character — that is the goal of true education."

— Martin Luther King Jr.

A brilliant mind can solve and build,
Can map the stars, the oceans fill'd.
But wisdom bare without the heart,
Can tear apart what truths impart.

What use is genius, sharp and bright,
If not aligned with moral light?
The mind must rise, but anchored deep—
In justice sown, in mercy steeped.

The goal is not just thought refined,
But courage shaped with soul aligned.
For knowledge shines, but virtue steers—
The educated conscience clears.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

THE LEARNER'S PATH

"The capacity to learn is a gift; the ability to learn is a skill; the willingness to learn is a choice."

— *Brian Herbert*

A gift we're born with, soft and bright,
A spark that waits for winds of light.
A mind prepared, a hand that's trained—
Yet still, the will must be unchained.

For skill may sharpen, gift may glow,
But only *choice* will make them grow.
The open heart, the humble seat—
That's where true learning finds its feet.

Not all who *can* will seek the flame,
Not all who *know* will stake the claim.
But those who choose to learn and grow,
Plant fields of change the world will know.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

LEARN TO SERVE

"Don't just learn to earn, learn to serve."

— *Anonymous*

What good is gain without the grace,
To lift the low, to fill a space?
A mind that shines with selfish aim
Will leave the world much as it came.

But knowledge used with open hands
Can build up hearts and heal the lands.
To serve, not hoard—this is the art
That gives both wealth and soul its start.

Let learning be more than a climb—
Make it a gift, a work, a sign.
For wisdom's crown is not reserved—
It graces those who *learn to serve*.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

THE WISE INVESTMENT

"An investment in knowledge pays the best interest."

— *Benjamin Franklin*

Plant not your coin in fleeting things—

In rusting gold or jeweled rings.

For treasures fade and titles pass,

Like shadows slipping over glass.

But place your wealth in thought and lore,

And it will multiply far more.

Each truth you learn, each lesson stored,

Becomes a seed that will reward.

It grows not just in purse or pay,

But in the wisdom of your way.

For minds enriched will always yield

The richest crops in any field.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

THE SOUND OF WISDOM

"Knowledge speaks, but wisdom listens."

— *Jimi Hendrix*

The learned voice may fill the air,
With facts to show and thoughts to share.
But wisdom waits, with patient grace,
And finds the truth behind the face.

A mind that speaks may win applause,
But hearts that *listen* grasp the cause.
For louder isn't always clear,
And silence often draws us near.

So let your learning find its place,
Not just in words, but quiet space.
For those who truly seek to know,
Must let the wiser current flow.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

THE TRAVELING TREASURE

"Learning is a treasure that will follow its owner everywhere."

— *Chinese Proverb*

No chest of gold upon your back,
No jewels hidden in a sack.
Yet learning walks where'er you tread,
A silent crown upon your head.

It does not rust, it knows no chain,
It weathers loss, survives the strain.
Through every land, in every tongue,
It sings the songs the wise have sung.

You need not guard it night or day—
It lights your mind and shows the way.
A treasure deep, yet light to bear,
That follows you most *everywhere*.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

THE ECHOES WE IGNORE

"Those who cannot learn from history are doomed to repeat it."

— *George Santayana*

The past is not a distant shore,
But footsteps echoing once more.
Its lessons written, scarred, and signed—
For those with eyes and humble mind.

Yet some will walk through fires anew,
Though ashes whisper what is true.
They close their ears, dismiss the page,
And dance within the ancient cage.

But wisdom bends to history's cry,
It asks not *if*, but bravely *why*.
For only those who choose to learn
Can steer the wheel and break the turn.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

SEEN AND STUDIED

"To acquire knowledge, one must study; but to acquire wisdom, one must observe."

— *Marilyn vos Savant*

The books will teach, the pages speak,
Of laws and truths the learned seek.
But wisdom hides in silent things—
In how the sparrow folds its wings.

You study stars to know their name,
But watch the night to sense its flame.
You read of love in ancient verse,
Yet see it best where actions nurse.

For knowledge fills the scholar's shelf,
But wisdom watches—not itself.
It sees, it weighs, it waits to move—
And learns not just to *know*, but *prove*.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

OPEN OR FALL

"A mind is like a parachute. It doesn't work if it isn't open."

— *Frank Zappa*

A sealed-up mind may look quite neat,
All packed with pride and incomplete.
But knowledge waits in open air—
You'll miss it if you do not dare.

The fall begins when questions rise,
And doubt becomes a gift, not vice.
For thoughts that stretch beyond the known
Will find new skies to call their own.

Closed minds may drift, but never soar—
They fear the winds, they hug the floor.
But open wide, the mind will land
With truth in reach and wonder in hand.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

THE KINDLED MIND

"Learning is not about filling a pail, but lighting a fire."

— *William Butler Yeats*

Not buckets brimming, row on row,
But embers fed that rise and glow.
True learning isn't stored or shelved—
It burns, it leaps, it finds itself.

The facts may stack, the notes may pile,
But flames ignite what makes it *worthwhile*.
A question asked, a spark well-placed—
That's how the heart of thought is traced.

Don't aim to pour—ignite, inspire!
Fan every mind into a fire.
For passion taught will travel far,
Like lanterns chasing down the stars.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

THE QUESTION IS THE KEY

"Real learning comes from asking real questions."

— *Anonymous*

The answer waits—but not unshaken,
It stirs when real questions are awaken'd.

Not shallow asks or scripted lines,
But wonder born where truth entwines.

A question deep, sincere, and raw,
Will crack the shell of rigid law.
It digs beneath the surface bright,
To find the root, the hidden light.

For answers fed may fill a test,
But questions asked will stir the *rest*.
So teach not just to answer fast—
But how to ask the ones that last.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

FLAME OVER FLOOD

"Education is the kindling of a flame, not the filling of a vessel."

— *Socrates*

Pour not the facts till minds are drowned,
Nor weigh young souls with hollow sound.

For knowledge isn't merely stored—
It's sparked, ignited, felt, explored.

The flame begins with awe and why,
A glow beneath the question's sky.
It flickers first, then starts to climb,
Fed not by weight, but thought and time.

The vessel leaks, the liquid stills,
But fire moves with breath and wills.
So teach not just to know the name—
But kindle hearts to feed the flame.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

THE LISTENING ONES

"The best learners are always listeners first."

— *Anonymous*

The wise don't rush to take the stage,
They turn the leaf, they read the page.

Before the voice, before the pen,
They *listen* once... and then again.

For learning's not a thunder shout,
But quiet paths that wind about.
It waits in whispers, tone, and pause—
In silence kept without applause.

The ear, not mouth, becomes the gate
Where truth walks in, both small and great.

So let the learner first be still—
And let the *listening* shape the will.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

ROOTS AND FRUIT

"The roots of education are bitter, but the fruit is sweet."

— *Aristotle*

The early soil is rough and dry,
With furrowed brow and weary sigh.
The plow of effort, sharp and deep,
Turns restless days and shortened sleep.

The lessons bite, the hours drag,
The path feels slow, the spirit lags.
Yet underneath, a seed is fed—
By every tear and word once read.

And then it blooms—the taste, the light,
The harvest born from toil and fight.
For though the roots may sting the tongue,
The fruit is sweet when labor's done.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

THE COURAGE TO ASK

"The man who asks a question is a fool for a minute, the man who does not ask is a fool for life."

— Confucius

A blush may rise, a room may stare,
When one dares ask what's hanging there.
The pride may sting, the voice feel small—
But silence is the costliest wall.

For questions are the keys we hold
To open truths, both new and old.
And better one brief, humbled spark
Than endless years in learned dark.

The fool is not the one who tries,
But he who nods and lives with lies.
So ask, though doubt may cloud the task—
The wise began with just one ask.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

FOREVER AND TOMORROW

"Learn as if you will live forever, live as if you will die tomorrow."

— *Mahatma Gandhi*

Drink deep the well that never dries,
Where questions stretch beneath the skies.

Let every dawn unveil the new—
A truth to chase, a thought to chew.

But let your heartbeat mark the day,
As if no time were left to stay.
Speak love out loud, hold nothing back—
For life is brief and roads go black.

Learn like the stars will never cease,
Live like this breath may bring you peace.
For wisdom thrives when both are known:
The endless mind, the fleeting bone.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GIFT

THE PATH IGNORED

"To know the right path and not take it is the beginning of foolishness."

— *Anonymous*

The trail was clear, the signs were true,
The light broke gently through the dew.

The voice within said, *This is right*,
Yet fear still whispered, *Not tonight*.

To know and pause, to see and stray,
To turn from wisdom's open way—
Is not mere drift or harmless game,
But folly dressed in reason's name.

For knowledge held but left undone
Is like the shadow of the sun.
The wise may fail, the brave may fall,
But fools ignore the clearest call.