The Unwanted Treasure

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Listen all ye to a tale,
Which starts at night in a stormy gale
A man moves slowly through the land,
With priceless treasure in his hand
He wants to share it, a light so dim,
But other fools will not let him
He carries values, he carries strength,
But it's not precious, so they think
He knows it is, he tells them so,
His gift will help them learn and grow
We will not take it! The mob cries out,
And far behind him, he hears a shout
Here come the riders, through rain and night
They thunder towards him armed to fight
He runs faster, he knows not where
Who and what he finds, he does not care
I irony, he thinks, he protects the prize
From to whom he offered it, the unwise
The men catch up, they strike him down
He lays disgruntled on the ground
They pry the treasure from his grip
And with the rainfall, his teardrops drip
They destroy it, break it down
His potential, shattered on the ground