**the poem**

*by*

***the guy who wrote this***

*age 8*

hello, dumdum

I’m the inner child you’ve heard so much about

I like food

today I have new shoes

they give me pleasure and satisfaction

I suppose I should care what they cost

whatever that means

but nyah nyah nyah I don’t

tomorrow I will go to school

wearing my new shoes

they will be shiny until I forget to look at them

then I will kick at a frog and jump in his puddle

and my shoes won’t be new anymore

then I will have lunch

who cares about stupid shoes anyway?

when I get home from school

I will watch cartoons and scratch my itch

I will hear do this and do that and I will ignore it

finally it will be suppertime

and everyone will forget to tell me what to do

until I put peas in my nose

then I will go to bed

and lie on my back with my feet in the air

I didn’t do my homework, but I’ll think about my shoes

sort of it bothers me, but then I don’t care

nyah nyah nyah etc.