

The Good Child

The good child is not rude,
does not eat food with her fingers,
uses instead a knife and fork or spoon as
civilised people do.

The good child does her best,
attacks with zest each parental ambition,
achieves the required results with grace
and does not fail.

The good child does not stare
at the place where a purple, hairy wart
haunts the face of some slightly related
adult aunt.

The good child does not run,
have fun with other children in the street
when there is work to be done indoors
on her education.

The good child knows her place,
does not disgrace her self with tantrums
when she feels neglected and rejected
by those supposed to care.

The good child is not afraid
of ghost or shade that screams the terrors
of the night beset with awful dreams
and strange imaginings.

The good child seldom cries
but lies asleep in the darkened room,
a little plaster saint who troubles no one.

The good child can not remain,
will not refrain from speaking her mind
when she has put away her childhood
and is grown.

Even the good child will turn,
will burn with rage that age imparts
to all as they grow, begin to know
life's injustice.

The tale of Henry Bloe

To amuse the child, young Henry Bloe,
would play with his brother,
Peek a Boo!

And then one day, young Henry B,
startled the babe with,
Book a Pee!

The frightened child stood up and grumbled
and out of his high chair
he tumbled.

Now baby Bloe being rather stout,
Once on the ground he
rolled about.

He rolled and rolled across the floor.
He rolled right through
the kitchen door.

And Henry could not help but laugh,
as baby brother rolled
down the path.

'H' held his sides and rocked with joy,
to see the little
wobbly boy,

Rolling down towards the gate,
the victim of
uncertain fate.

Then at the gate, was Henry's mother.
She bent to snatch up
little brother.

"What have you done? You bad boy, you."
She smacked and smacked,
Young Henry Bloe.

"Just playing, mum," Poor Henry said.
With out his supper
he went to bed.

And Henry never did again
the awful thing
that caused him pain.

One thing's for certain with master Bloe,
he never again played
Peek a Boo!

