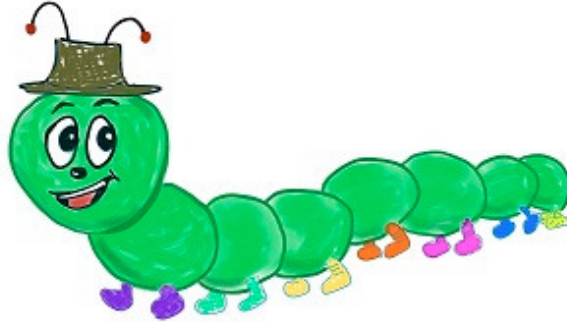


IF A CENTIPEDE HAD TO WEAR SOCKS



Lorraine Lynch Geiger

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to anyone who can laugh out loud and to all children who have funny-bones.

Happy Paint or Sad Paint

Tearful Ned clown
was wearing a frown.
He just couldn't giggle or smile.

Crazy Clown Billy
was really so silly
he couldn't shed tears all the while.

I asked sad old Ned
if he smiled while in bed,
or if Billy could cry anymore.

But because of the paint
They said it just ain't
so easy to change what they are.

I suggested they wash
all the paint off their face.
Just one scrubbing should be enough.

Old Bill looked at Ned
and happily said,
"That's something we never thought of."

Best Enemies

I don't think Harry's met Larry.
And I don't think I want him to.
For Harry hates blue eyes and Larry hates brown.
And guess who has brown? Who has blue?

Harry will not stand for straight hair.
And Larry will not stand for curls.
And guess who has straight hair? Why Larry.
And guess whose hair falls all in swirls.

Larry can not stand for tapping,
And Harry tap taps all the time.
Harry can not stand for humming,
And Larry hums even in rhyme.

I think if they met one another
Harry would whack the first whack.
But, I think that when they were finished
Both of their eyes would be black.

And I think if Harry got started
They'd both end up talking with lisps.
And all Harry's curls would be straighter
And Larry's curled up in his fists.

I shiver to think that they'd meet, though.
And I sure hope that they never do.
But I hear that they have the same dentist
And appointments tomorrow at two.

Who Has the Last Word?

Try playing go fetch
Without your old dog
Try winning a contest
When you've lost your best frog.

Try making a sandwich
Without using bread.
Try baking a fruitcake.
Without fruit your dead.

Try sewing long pants
Not allowing for legs.
Try eggs and ham breakfasts,
Forgetting the eggs.

Try eating your supper
When Mom's just cooked lunch.
Try smashing roaches
Without hearing "crunch".

Try pinching your buddy
Without him pinching back.
Try keeping a duck quiet
Without taping his quack.

Try skating on ponds
Without any ice.
Try licking your ice cream
Without licking twice.

Try counting five whistles
When two's all you've heard.
Try writing a poem
Without the last ...

Sara Jane Crizipplefronaspolanthol

Pretty Sara Jane
had a horrible last name
that was much much much
much much too hard to say.
So Sara Jane became
Sara What's-her-name.
And that's is what they call her
to this day.

I'd Like To Tour Around The World

I'd like to see the fiords of Norway.
And fish the ocean in a dory.

I'd like to go to Newfoundland.
I hear the icebergs there are grand.

I'd like to fly to Argentina.
I'd bring along my concertina

I'd like to take a boat to France.
But I don't think that there's a chance.

I'd leave this cage within the hour
If I could see the Eiffel Tower.

But there's this big ferocious cat.
And I am staying where I'm at.

Yuck Yuck Yuck

Mom is making me eat peas now.
Last week it was carrots and beans.
She says just try them by twos.
But, I'll hate them right into my teens.

I really, really don't like them.
Especially the carrots and peas.
Does mom think that by eating by twos
They'll taste better than by twenty-threes?

Even the dog doesn't like them.
I know this. I sneaked him a few.
I'm certain he'd like them no better
If I sneaked him a whole thirty-two.

Mom made some carrots last night.
And added some peas to the mix.
Maybe she thought I would eat them
Adding fifty and then thirty-six.

Today, she's cooking up split peas.
She figures she'll fix something new.
She must think I will at least try them
If she splits a hundred by two.

Let's Consider A Snake

Have you ever considered
That if a snake slithered
Along on a slippery slide
He would surely expose
His fingers and toes
And simply have no place to hide.

Oh, for goodness sake
You say that a snake
Doesn't have any fingers or toes.
And lucky for him
He stays pretty slim
So it's easy to hide as he goes.

All right, I agree
To a certain degree
He doesn't need fingers at all.
But toes would be handy
If the slide became sandy.
He could tiptoe along the slide wall.

But let's **not** consider
That snakes like to slither
Without any fingers or toes.
Let's consider instead
That when his skin starts to shed
He refuses to wear any clothes.

A Toilet Looks Better From the Outside.

Today I got flushed down the toilet.
Don't ask me just how I did that.
The water; it swirled and it twirled me.
And swallowed me right off the bat.

It burbled and gurgled and turned me,
And balled me all up like a pea.
Then right away rumped and whirled me.
Then curled me up into a V.

My shirt was all clingy and crinkly.
My best cotton pants were all wet.
But nothing on me got real stinky.
And I'm certainly glad of that yet.

My teeth sure did chatter, however.
And both of my eyes filled with tears.
All ten of my toes were much straighter
Than they'd been in five or six years.

The things that I saw there amazed me.
Like Legos I'd dropped at aged two.
And goldfish we thought had expired.
And turtles. (I'd lost quite a few.)

They all seemed so very content there.
(A lot more contented than I.)
I wanted SO out of that water
Before something smelly came by.

And soon I was gushed through the sewer
And swiftly pushed into the sea.
I hurriedly made my way homeward.
(I really did have to go pee.)

So just as a little reminder,
(Although it may sound somewhat dumb.)
NEVER stick your head in the toilet
To see where the water comes from.