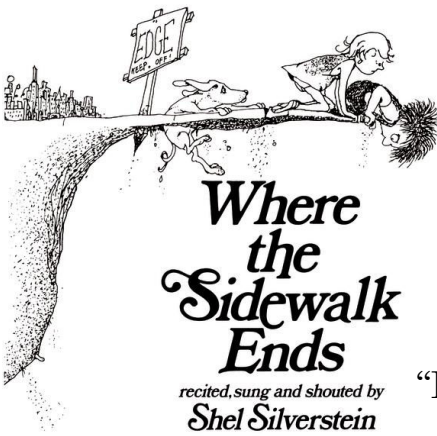




**Where
the
Sidewalk
Ends**
*recited, sung and shouted by
Shel Silverstein*

“SICK”

A poem by Shel Silverstein

I cannot go to school today,
Said little Peggy Ann McKay.
“I have the measles and the mumps,
A gash, a rash, and purple bumps.
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,
I’m going blind in my right eye.
My tonsils are as big as rocks,
I’ve counted sixteen chicken pox,
And there’s one more - - that’s seventeen,
And don’t you think my face looks green?
My leg is cut, my eyes are blue –
It might be instamatic flu.
I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,
I’m sure that my left leg is broke –
My hip hurts when I move my chin,
My belly button’s caving in,
My back is wrenched, my ankle’s sprained,
My ‘pendix pains each time it rains.
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,
There is a hole inside my ear.
I have han gnail, and my heart is – what?
What’s that? What’s that you say?
You say today is ... Saturday?
G’bye, I’m going out to play.

