

Poetry Recitation

Sick 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 am 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 - are my eyes are blue -
It might be instamatic flu.
I cough and sneeze 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 ankles sprained,
My 'pendix pains each time it rains.
My nose is cold, my toes are numb.
I have a sliver in my thumb.
My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,
I hardly whisper when I speak.
My tongue is filling up my mouth,
I think my hair is falling out.
My elbow's bent, my spine aint straight,
My temperature is one - o - eight.
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,
There is a hole inside my ear.
I have a hangnail, and my heart is - What?
What's that? What did you say?
You say today is Saturday!
G'bye, I'm going out to play!!