

CARELESS FEET

a poem by MARTIN GARDNER

My boy, I'm very much ashamed
To see you standing there,
With both your feet upon the seat
Of Mother's favorite chair.

You *know* the bottoms of your shoes
Are muddy as can be,
And they're making lots of dirty spots
That everyone can see.

Remember that a chair is made
So people can sit down.
It's not a thing on which to spring
Like a silly circus clown!

