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!