

POEM OF THE WEEK

Chocolate by Michael Rosen

Look at me, look at me,
I've got chocolate.
It's the end of the party
They've given me chocolate.
Look at me, look at me
I've got chocolate.
I must keep my chocolate
Where no one can get it.
Where shall I put it
In my bag? In my pocket?
No. In my hand. I'll keep it.
Look at me, look at me,
I've got chocolate
And I'm going home to eat it.

And we walk down the street,
It's a sunny day and hot
For me and my chocolate
And I've got it, I've got it,
My fingers are round it
Tightly closed round it.
Look at me, look at me,
I've got chocolate.

And we get to my house
And I rush in and shout
'Look at me, look at me,
I've got chocolate.'
'Let's see, let's see,
your lovely chocolate...'
And I open up my hands
To show them the chocolate...
...and oh no!
What do you know!
That lovely big bit

Of beautiful chocolate
Has gone all soggy
Mucky and sticky
Like a handful of mud
is all I've got,
Is a big sticky mess
Oh no, oh yes!

'Look at you, look at you
what are you going to do?'
And I stop and I think
And I think and I stop.
What's in my hand?
What have I really got?
Is it still chocolate?
Is this mess chocolate or not?
I know what
I'll just try a little taste
I take my tongue to my finger
And my finger to my tongue
And YUM!

Look at me, look at me
lick lick lick
chocolate lick
lick it, like it
like it, lick it
sticky, sticky chocolate
lick it and lick it
til there's nothing left
not one little bit

I've eaten my chocolate.
Look at me.