

Sick Day

By Ken Nesbitt

I'm feeling sick and getting worse.
I think I'd better see the nurse.
I'm sure I should go home today.
It could be fatal if I stay.
I'm nauseated, nearly ill.
I have a fever and a chill.
I have a cold. I have the flu.
I'm turning green and pink and blue.
I have the seats. I have the shakes,
A stuffy nose, and bellyaches.
My knees are weak. My vision's blurred.
My throat is sore. My voice is slurred.
I'm strewn with head lice, ticks, and mites.
I'm covered in mosquito bites.
I have a cough, a creak, a croak,
A reddish rash from poison oak,
A feeble head, a weakened heart.
I may just faint or fall apart.
I sprained my ankle, stubbed my toes,
And soon I'll start to decompose.
And one more thing I have today
That makes me have to go away.
It's just as bad as all the rest:
I also have a science test.