

A Boy's Remark to His Stomach

What's the matter with you? Ain't I
always been your friend?

Ain't I been a pardner to you? All my
pennies don't I spend

In gettin' nice things for you? Don't
I give you lots of cake?

Say, stummick, what's the matter, that
you had to go an' ache?

Why, I loaded you with good things
yesterday. I gave you more

Potatoes, squash an' turkey than you'd
ever had before.

I gave you nuts an' candy, punkin pie
an' chocolate cake,

An' las' night when I got to bed you
had to go an' ache!

Say, what's the matter with you?
Ain't you satisfied at all?

I gave you all you wanted. You was
hard, jes' like a ball;

An' you couldn't hold another bit of
puddin', yet las' night

You ached mos' awful, stummick.
That ain't treatin' me jes' right.

I've been a friend to you, I have. Why
ain't you a friend o' mine?

They gave me castor oil last night
becoz you made me whine.

I'm awful sick this mornin' an' I'm
feelin' mighty blue,

Becoz you don't appreciate the things
I do for you. *Julius A. J. Latil.

*I recalled this from a
Geastwick, Maine, where
was a little girl*

*Mae Allen Wright
1899 - 1988*