

Sick of the Sofa

Sticky, icky medicine, may your spoon be small
soupy, gloopy syrup, I don't like you at all!
Slimy grimy menthol, I don't want you on my chest
but feeling tired and poorly - I like that even less.

One minute I'm cold, next minute I'm hot
I found a funny-looking spot.
My eyes are blurry, my head is dizzy
my skin is feeling kind of fizzy.

I've been watching telly since half past three
it's not as much fun as I thought it would be.
I'm sick of water, milk, and juice
I need to let my wellness loose!

Dad says, "Stick it out, my son!"
Nan says, "You're not the only one!"
My brother says, "You look like poo!"
I say, "Next week it will be *you!*"