

by Shel Silverstein, 1974

I have a Band-Aid on my finger,
One on my knee, and one on my nose,
One on my heel, and two on my shoulder,
Three on my elbow, and nine on my toes.
Two on my wrist, and one on my ankle,
One on my chin, and one on my thigh,
Four on my belly, and five on my bottom,
One on my forehead, and one on my eye.
One on my neck, and in case I might need em
I have a box of thirty-five more.
But oh! I do think it's sort of a pity
I don't have a cut or a sore!



by Sandor W., Chicago, 2016

I sit and linger in this glade,
After a shipwreck left me laid
On this thin island, and I'm afraid
No shrug or shake'll make this nightmare fade.
Holding a flambeau, I have prayed
For cappuccinos or lemonade;
For gemelli pasta with marinade;
For spiced chai and marmalade.
Behold! A gorgeous feminist mermaid,
Wearing just a quantum of eyeshade,
Appears and says, "Oui! I'm Adelaide."
Then sits to compose a serenade.
I make an appeal for medical aid.
As a placeholder she offers a balm, homemade.
"I hereby declare," she begins to persuade,
"You use this instead of a Band-Aid!"