I was told to write a poem, for Poems in your Pocket
It was from Ms. Smith  And I knew I couldn’t drop it
I tried to write a poem  While sitting in bed
But I couldn’t think of one  So I tried the floor instead.
I thought about it hard,  But one didn’t come to me
So I tried to change the subject  A poem about what I see.
But I couldn’t see much,  Because my eyes were closed.
And my room is kind of lame  So I didn’t want to be exposed.
So then I just sat there,  Wondering what to do.
When it came to me, a poem!  From a certain point of view
A poem,  Where you can see in my head,
And I thought of that poem,  The one you’ve already read.