

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.