

"Why do I Have to Clean My Room"

Why do I have to clean my room
when I would rather play?
The crayons scattered on the floor
are hardly in the way.
I almost never trip upon
my basketball or drums,
and I don't pay attention
to the cake and cookie crumbs.

Why do I have to clean my room?
I think my room looks nice.
There's pizza in the corner,
but it's only half a slice.

I'm not at all concerned about
the gravy on the chair,
my piles of model planes and trains,
my stacks of underwear.

I will admit some bits of clay
are sticking to the wall.
I scarcely even notice them
and do not mind at all.
Beneath my bed there's just a wedge
of last's week's apple pie,
and yet I have to clean my room . . .
I simply don't know why.



by Jack Prelutsky