



WHERE THE WILD THINGS SHOULDN'T BE

How would you like to live in a cage
That was just about ten feet square,
With no toys to play with and nothing to do,
Just you and a bed and a chair?

Oh, sure you'd be fed (unless they forgot)
And since you would never be going outside,
You wouldn't get cold, or too hot.

But oh, you'd be lonely, just sitting alone
With no one to talk to all day.

You'd remember the trees, and the grass and the breeze,
The places where you used to play.

You'd remember your friends, you'd remember the sky,
And games and strawberries and sun,
And you'd know you could never go skating again
Or go swimming, or ride bikes, or run.

You'd get mad and scream, and throw things around;
You'd kick and you'd pound on the wall.
And your owners would scold you, and say to themselves,
"He isn't a nice pet at all."

The more you got mad, the less they would like you,
The less they'd remember to care
About if you had water or if you got fed
Or if you were lonely in there.

And then you would know what it's like to be kept
As a pet when you're meant to be free
And you'd listen when wild things are trying to say
"Please don't make a pet out of me."

Beverly Armstrong

