

TEDDY BEAR POEM

By Cindy Pike Dunning

Teddy, I've been bad again,
My Mommy told me so:
I'm not quite sure what I did wrong.
But I thought that you might know.
When I woke up this morning,
I knew that she was mad;
Cause she was crying awful hard,
And yelling at my dad.

I tried my best to be real good,
And do just what she said:
I cleaned my room all by myself,
I even made my bed.
But I spilled my milk on my good shirt,
When she yelled at me to hurry:
And I guess she didn't hear me,
When I told her I was sorry.

Cause she hit me really hard, you see.
And called me funny names:
And told me I was really bad,
And I should be ashamed!

When I said, "I love you, Mommy"
I guess she didn't understand:
Cause she yelled at me to shut my mouth,
Or I'd get smacked again.

So I came up here to talk to you,
Please tell me what to do:
Cause I really love my mommy,
I know she loves me too.

And I don't think my Mommy means,
To hit me quite so hard;
I guess sometime, grown up forget,
How really big they are!

So Teddy, I wish you were real,

And you weren't just a bear;
Then you could help me find a way,
To tell Mommies everywhere.

To please try hard to understand,
How sad they make us feel:
Cause the outside pain goes away
But the inside never heals!

And if we could make them listen,
Maybe then they'd understand:
So other children just like me,
Wouldn't have to hurt again.

But for now, I guess I'll hold you tight,
And pretend the pain's not there:
I know you'd never hurt me,
So Goodnight, Teddy Bear!