

by Shel Silverstein, 1974

Spaghetti, spaghetti, all over the place,
Up to my elbows—up to my face,
Over the carpet and under the chairs,
Into the hammock and wound round the stairs,
Filling the bathtub and covering the desk,
Making the sofa a mad mushy mess.

The party is ruined, I'm terribly worried,
The guests have all left (unless they're all
buried).
I told them, "Bring presents." I said, "Throw
confetti."
I guess they heard wrong
'Cause they all threw spaghetti!

by Wil Z., Chicago, 2016

