Directions: read and annotate the poem below…look for great literary devices and inspiration!

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| **Sick** |    |
| by [Shel Silverstein](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/104)  |
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| "I cannot go to school today,"Said little Peggy Ann McKay."I have the measles and the mumps,A gash, a rash and purple bumps.My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,I'm going blind in my right eye.My tonsils are as big as rocks,I've counted sixteen chicken poxAnd there's one more--that's seventeen,And don't you think my face looks green?My leg is cut--my eyes are blue--It might be instamatic flu.I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,I'm sure that my left leg is broke--My hip hurts when I move my chin,My belly button's caving in,My back is wrenched, my ankle's sprained,My 'pendix pains each time it rains.My nose is cold, my toes are numb.I have a sliver in my thumb.My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,I hardly whisper when I speak.My tongue is filling up my mouth,I think my hair is falling out.My elbow's bent, my spine ain't straight,My temperature is one-o-eight.My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,There is a hole inside my ear.I have a hangnail, and my heart is--what?What's that? What's that you say?You say today is. . .Saturday?G'bye, I'm going out to play!" |  |