



One furious night,
his rage reached a peak.
He tore and he broke
and he stamped with his feet.

Clamping their hands
firmly over their ears,
his parents called out
over all of the tears.
“WHATEVER YOU WANT
WE WILL BUY IT!”
they cried.



“I want the moon . . .” the small boy replied.

“We can’t give you the moon,” they nervously laughed.
“The moon’s not for owning, so let’s not be daft.”

But the boy was distraught and try as they might,
they couldn’t subdue him and his howls filled the night.

HEY! THAT
MOON'S MINE!

