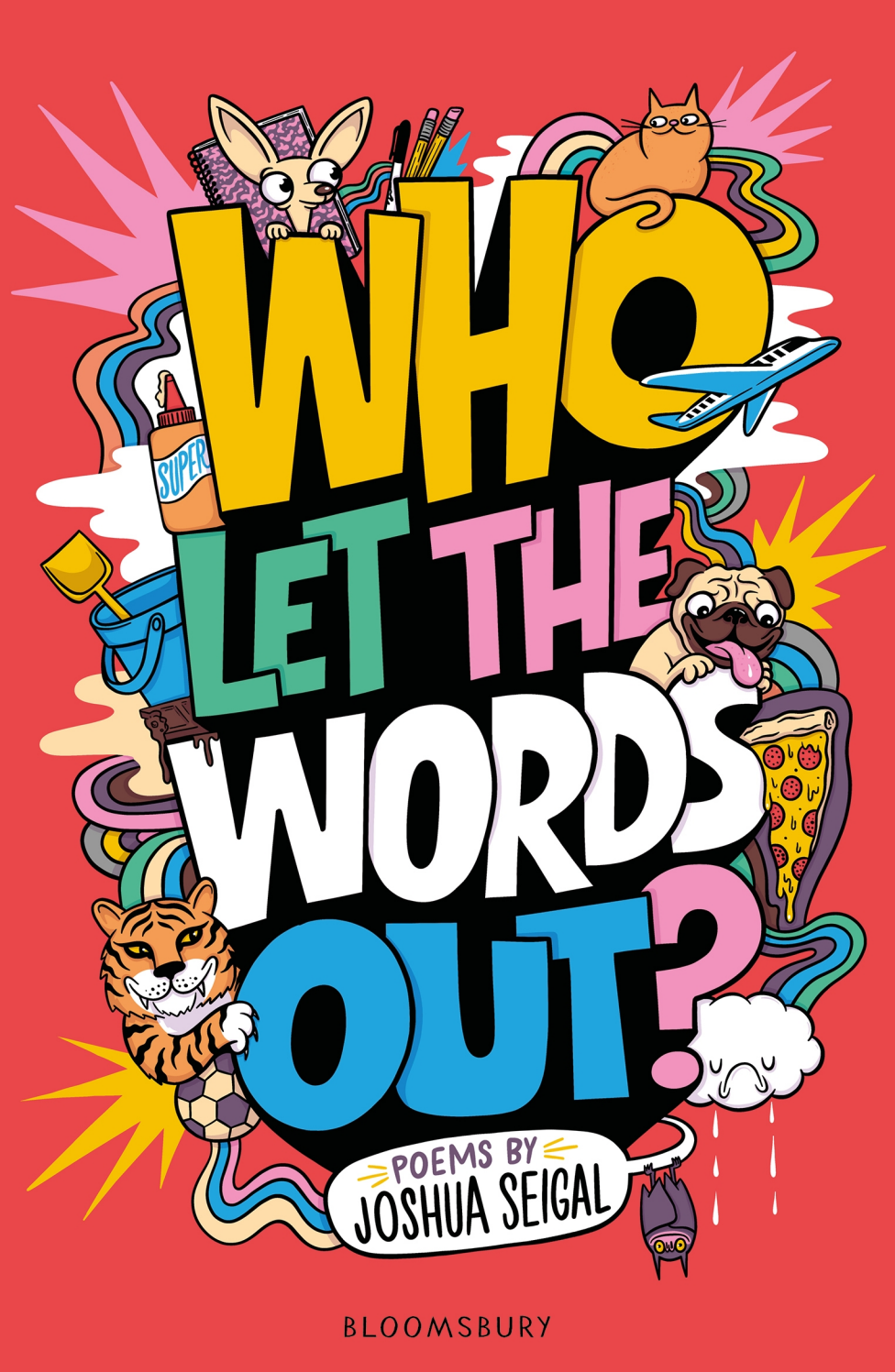
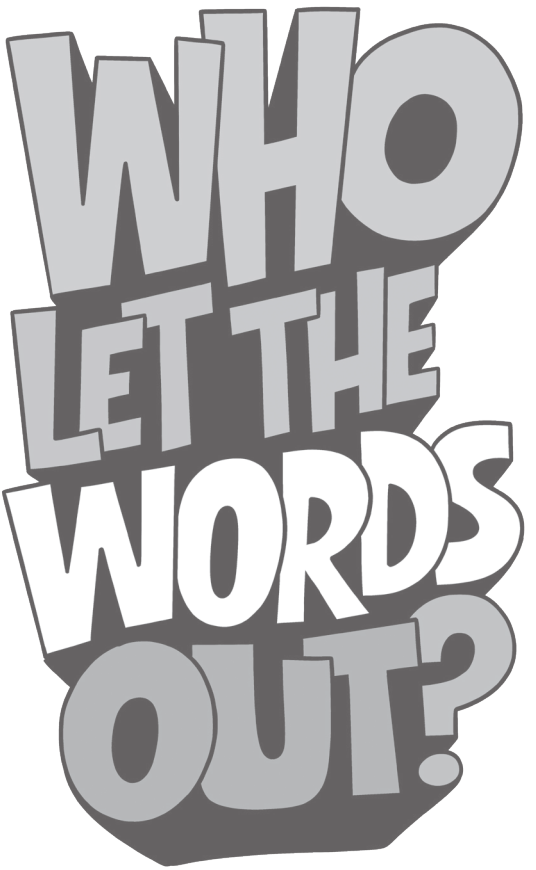

WHO LET THE WORDS OUT?
POEMS BY
JOSHUA SEIGAL
BLOOMSBURY


WHO
LET THE
WORDS
OUT?

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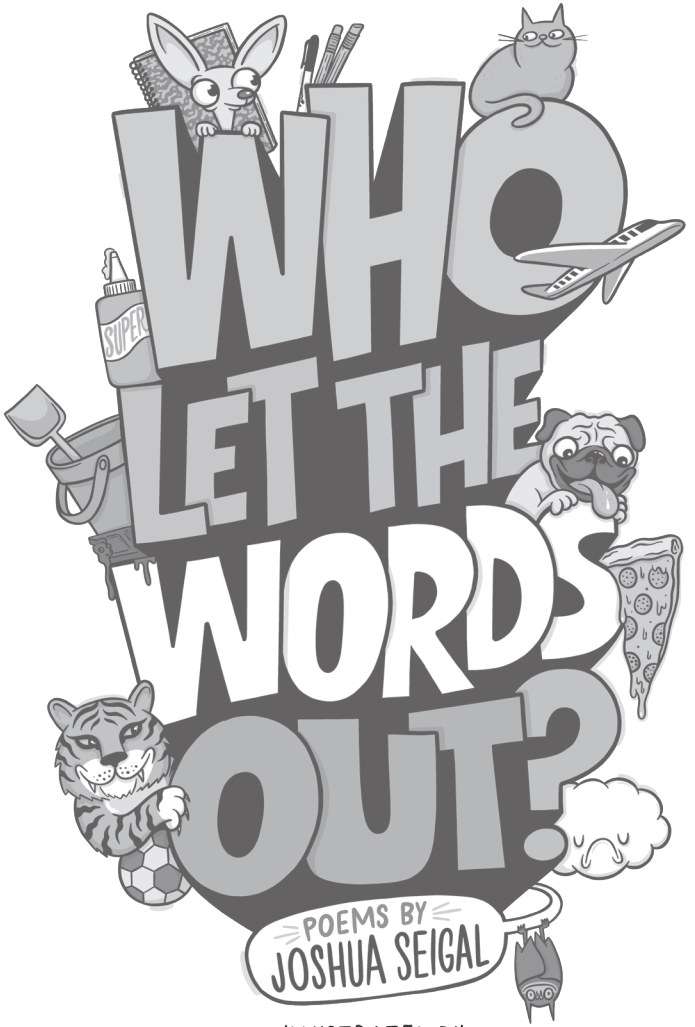
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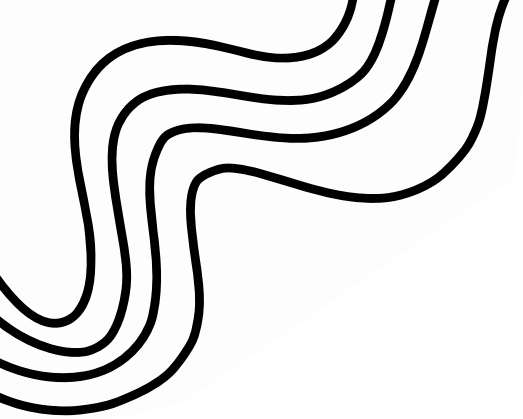
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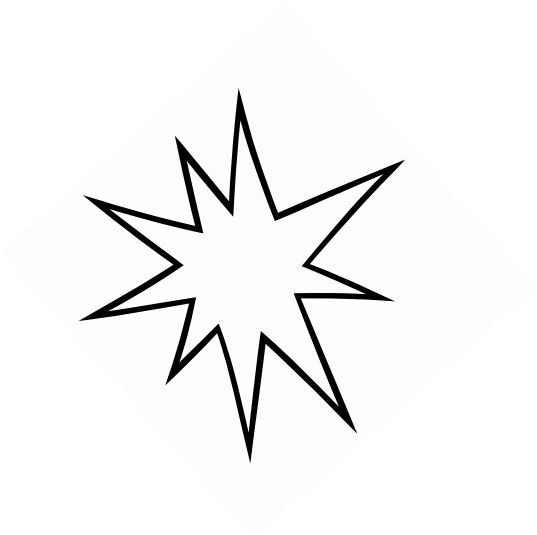
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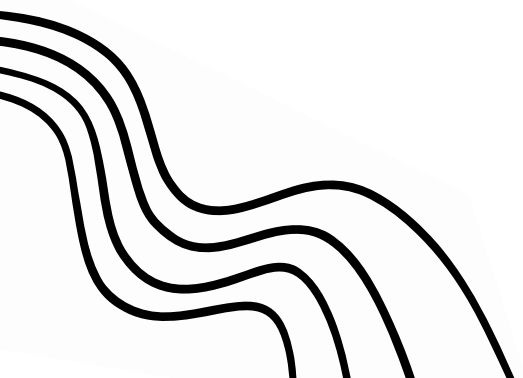
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WELCOME

My name is Joshua Seigal, or Josh for short. Welcome to my book, *Who Let The Words Out?*. Before we get started, I'll let you in on a secret: the person who let the words out is ME! In some places, this means I have used strange words that you may not have come across before. I love collecting words, and while you read this book you can do the same: make a note of any words or phrases you don't understand, and then look up their meanings online or in a dictionary.*

There are lots of different types of poem in this book. Some of the poems are funny, a couple are quite sad, and there is even a poem that will turn you green if you read it backwards (I'm not going to tell you which one that is). If you don't like a poem, simply skip over it until you find something you enjoy. There are poems about all sorts of things like food, school, family, hippos' tongues, itty kitty cats, and even about words themselves. When you get to the end of the book, go back to the beginning and read it again. Who would have thought that words could be so efficacious? (Look it up.)

*One or two of the words in this book are made up, so they won't be in any dictionary. I'm a poet, so I can make up words if I want to. No one can stop me. Fnarg.

EVERY PARENT'S WORST NIGHTMARE

Mother, Father, please sit down;
I've got some news for you.
It's quite the revelation
and I wish it were not true.

I've done some introspection
and I've analysed my mind.
I've fought my inclinations
but I have to be resigned

to be the person I must be
in order to fulfill
the destiny bestowed on me
by fate's unbending quill.

I know that it will cause you pain
but please try not to show it –
I've realised, when I grow up,

I want to be a poet.

WHO LET THE WORDS OUT?

I know a thing that might make you laugh:
a coffee-cup holder is called a ‘zarf’.

Here’s something else that I deem rather fine:
the prong on a fork is called a ‘tine’.

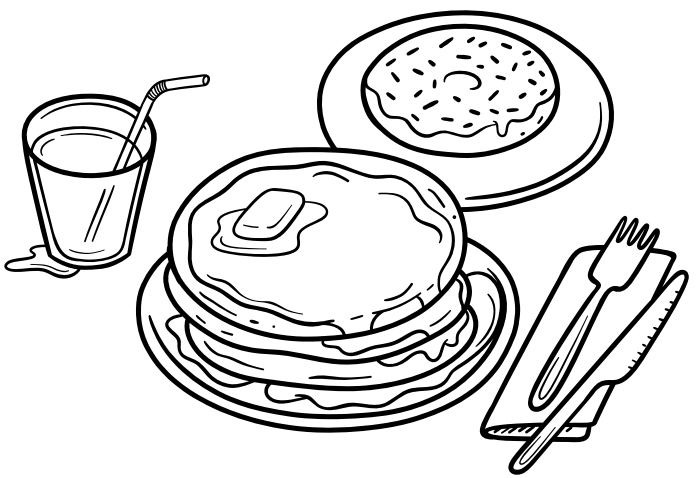
When it comes to odd words there are plenty of cases:
an ‘aglet’ is tubing attached to your laces;

when pieces of paper are what you desire
the sensible thing is to order a ‘quire’;

and how about this, it’s pretty spectacular:
eating your breakfast is rather ‘jentacular’.

Words can be ‘sterling’ and words can be ‘antic’;
when words are let loose they can be ‘corybantic’

so next time you learn of a word such as ‘ruddled’
you’d best look it up so you don’t get ‘befuddled’.



STRAP IN

Sometimes Dad is on the ceiling
and he can't get down at all.
When this happens I am blamed
because I drive him up the wall.

Other times he's past the corner.
I'm at fault, you could contend –
Dad can go in that direction
since I drive him round the bend.

Now and then he has a fall.
It's due to me, one might allege;
Dad is liable to topple
when I drive him to the edge.

Frequently he grows so crazy
that he cannot concentrate –
when I drive him to distraction
Dad cries out and turns irate.

These things crop up fairly often
and I think it's quite bizarre
my father gets so apoplectic
every time I drive his car...

On occasion I've denied it.
Dad's been adamant I've lied.
All in all, I must admit
I sometimes take him for a ride.



I don't really like you. *(I love you.)*
I'm not impressed. *(I'm in awe.)*
You're not my friend. *(You're my BFF.)*
You've not made the grade. *(You've done more.)*

I don't think you're pretty. *(You're stunning.)*

I can't say you're good. *(You're elite.)*
You're not very bright. *(You're blinding.)*
You're simply not nice. *(You're a treat.)*

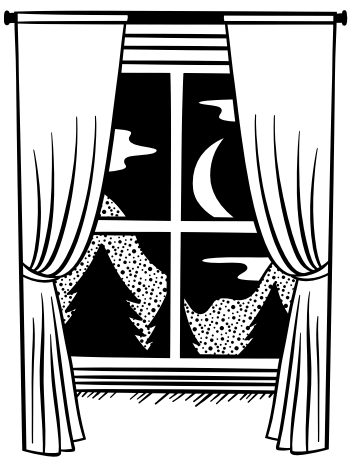
I don't want you. *(I need you.)*
I don't think you're kind. *(You're a saint.)*
You'll never be cool. *(You're on fire.)*
You're wicked. *(I have no complaint.)*

IDEAS

Ideas pitch up in the night
when you are half asleep.
They sneak in from your bedroom window
then begin to creep

deep inside your body
and arouse your drowsy mind.
You must sit up and catch them quickly!
If you don't you'll find

that in the morning they have scarpered
just as you had feared.
They came along so suddenly
but now they've



ADVICE

Greet each new day
the way your cat greets you
when you walk in from school.

For when you left
she had no idea
you'd return;

in her limited mind
each of your departures
could have been your last.

So greet each new day
the way your cat greets you
when you walk through that door:

a gentle smile,
a flick of the tail,
and carry on.