We Are Family

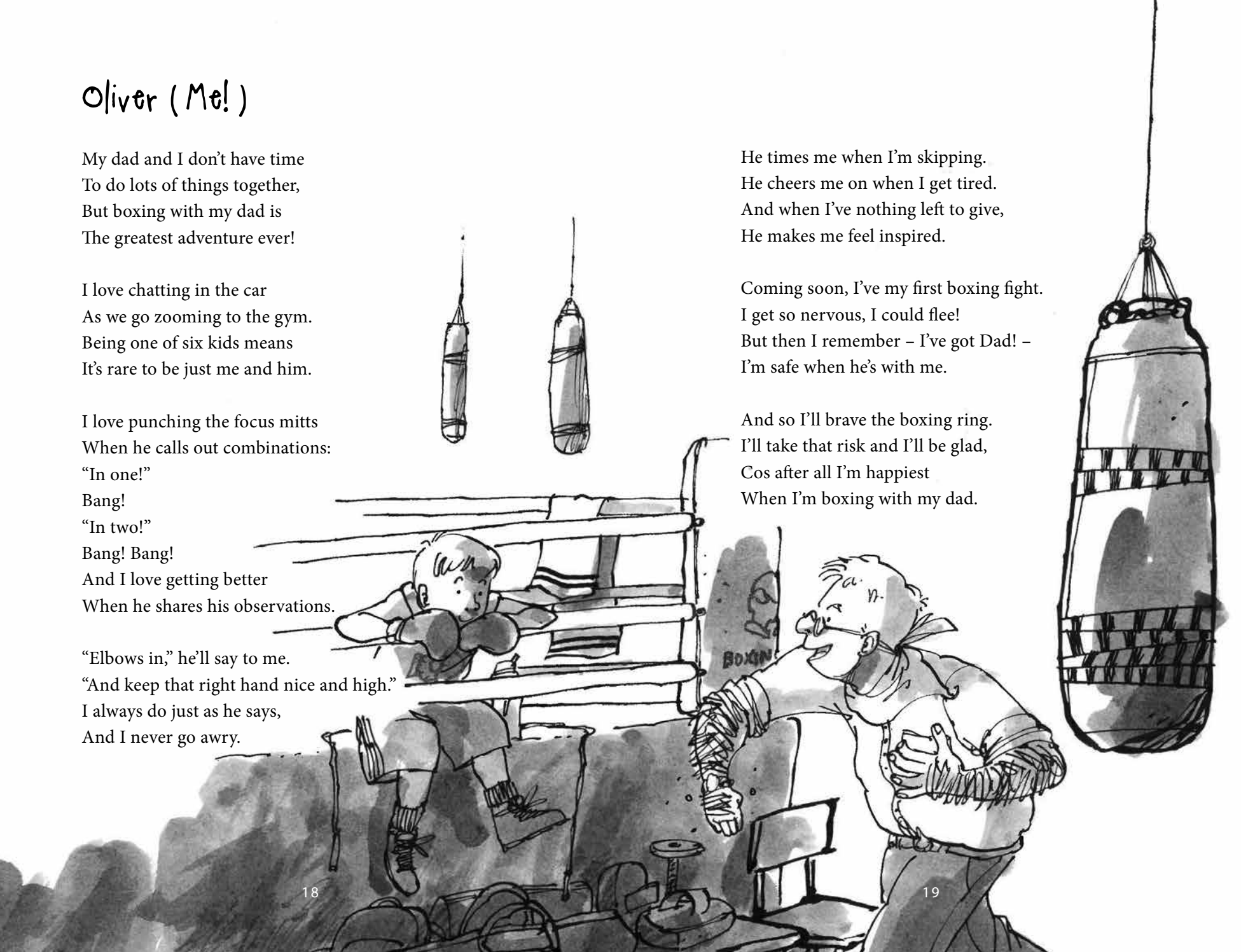
Oliver (Me!)

My dad and I don't have time
To do lots of things together,
But boxing with my dad is
The greatest adventure ever!

I love chatting in the car
As we go zooming to the gym.
Being one of six kids means
It's rare to be just me and him.

I love punching the focus mitts
When he calls out combinations:
"In one!"
Bang!
"In two!"
Bang! Bang!
And I love getting better
When he shares his observations.

"Elbows in," he'll say to me.
"And keep that right hand nice and high."
I always do just as he says,
And I never go awry.



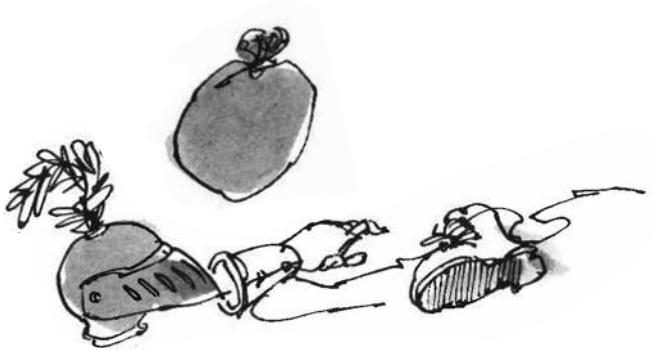
He times me when I'm skipping.
He cheers me on when I get tired.
And when I've nothing left to give,
He makes me feel inspired.

Coming soon, I've my first boxing fight.
I get so nervous, I could flee!
But then I remember – I've got Dad! –
I'm safe when he's with me.

And so I'll brave the boxing ring.
I'll take that risk and I'll be glad,
Cos after all I'm happiest
When I'm boxing with my dad.



SCRIMPING & SCRAPING



The Haircut

One day my fringe grew so long
that I just could not see.
I wanted to go to the barbershop,
but Dad said, "We've no money."

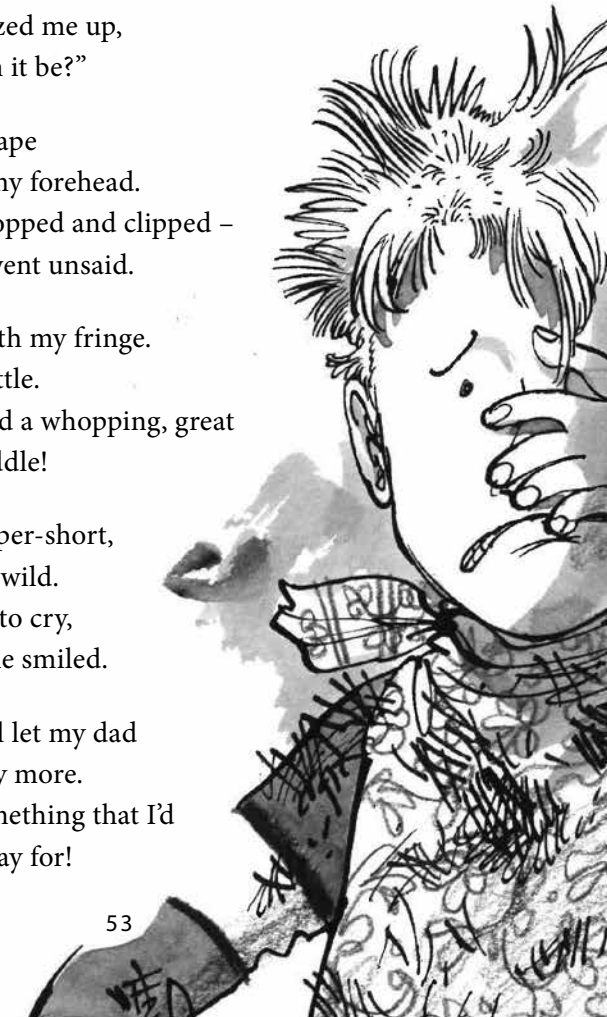
He pulled a pair of scissors
out the side of the settee,
blew off the dust, sized me up,
said, "How hard can it be?"

He took the sticky tape
and stuck some to my forehead.
Then he cut and chopped and clipped –
While my worries went unsaid.

Soon he finished with my fringe.
He cut the sides a little.
And then he snipped a whopping, great
bald spot in the middle!

He cut some bits super-short,
left others long and wild.
And just as I began to cry,
he stood back and he smiled.

I don't think that I'll let my dad
give me haircuts any more.
No, haircuts are something that I'd
prefer to save and pay for!



Bin Bags

My clothes come in bin bags
from people all round town.
Last week I got two T-shirts
And a brand new dressing gown!

Yesterday, to my surprise,
I got some footie boots!
One new coat! Two beanies!
And three expensive suits!

I don't know where they come from,
these glad rags that I wear,
I'm just super grateful
that people out there care.

And so I wrote this poem.
It seemed the thing to do,
To honour neighbours' charity
and say a big THANK YOU!



PRICELESS PRANKS



Ghost

Sometimes I dress up like a ghost.
It's a simple costume.
I find a white bed sheet to wear
And wait inside our room.

In walks my brother, Number Four,
I jump out, yes, I do!
And I get the room all to myself,
By simply shouting, "Whooooooooooo!"

