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Thank you for your interest in my work.



The Sippy Cup

By Michael William Hogan

What is this thing
that mum calls a cup?
It's hard as a rock,
and which way is up?

I cried 'cause I'm thirsty;
mum quickly appeared.
But then she brought this thing;
it sure does look weird.

I'm told, "Take a sippy";
whatever that means.
My mum's getting trippy;
says, I must be "weaned."

I need some assistance.
She helps lift the cup,
then stares from a distance
as I pucker up.

Hey, there's something in here;
I quite like the taste.
Reminds me of mum,
but no boob in my face.

No boob in my face?
Hey, wait just a minute!
This cup's not a trade-off,
no matter what's in it.

Now, give me a boob
and take this away.
I don't want your sippy;
not now, not today!

My mum looks quite shocked;
as I sit here and pout.
But I've won this battle;
a boob just popped out.