

An Itchy Poem

by Amanda Collins

I have a little pet,
Her name is Florence Flea.
Although it's hard to spot her,
She's with me constantly.

The first time that I met her
She bit me on the nose!
And then the tickling started . . .
Tummy, tail, and toes.

Scratch, scratch, scratch . . .

The itching drove me crazy,
So for a bath I went:
Lotions, potions, powders
Of every floral scent.

At first it seemed to do the trick,
I didn't scratch all day.
But then I started missing her —
I'd sent my friend away!

Scratch, scratch, scratch . . .

I have a little pet,
Her name is Florence Flea.
And now that she is back
She's with me constantly.

