

A SMALL BOY

Words by Doug Berger, 3/83

(At the Manhattanville library)

There is a small boy who waits in the street.
He waits for the Ice Cream man to get
something to eat.

But his sister's too young to know any better,
So she cries and she drools, all over her sweater.

Well a Crabapple tree sits on the front lawn.
But the Ice Cream man's late
So the boy starts to yawn,
And he yawns and he longs
For a place to belong.