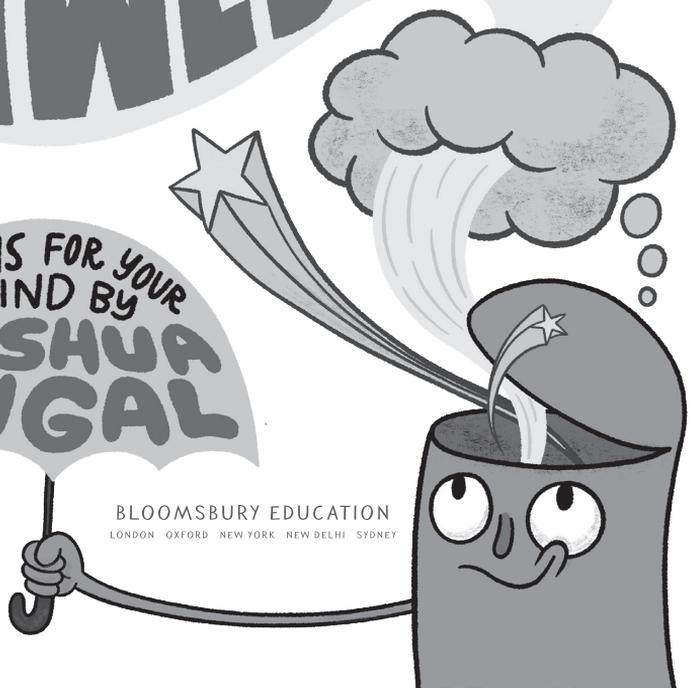


I TELL
MYSELF
I'M
AWESOME

POEMS FOR YOUR
MIND BY
JOSHUA
SEIGAL



BLOOMSBURY EDUCATION
LONDON OXFORD NEW YORK NEW DELHI SYDNEY

Welcome

Perhaps you are not feeling very awesome right now. That's OK. No one feels awesome all the time. In fact, lots of the time I don't feel awesome at all. Just like everyone, I sometimes feel anxious, upset, afraid. When I feel like this, one of the things I like to do is to write funny poems. I have included some of these poems in this book.

When I write, it helps me to feel a bit more awesome. Another thing that helps me when I'm feeling down is reading – funny stuff, yes, but also stuff that makes me think and reflect. I have included some of those types of poems in this book too.

When you read this book, I hope it helps calm the storm in your mind. It might make you laugh, it might make you think (or even cry), but my hope is that you come away feeling a bit better than you did before. The world can be a tricky place, but I think words, and poetry, can help us all feel just a little bit...awesome.

Backstage

I'm waiting in the dressing room.
It is a most distressing room.
I listen to the chatter
and the creaking of the door.

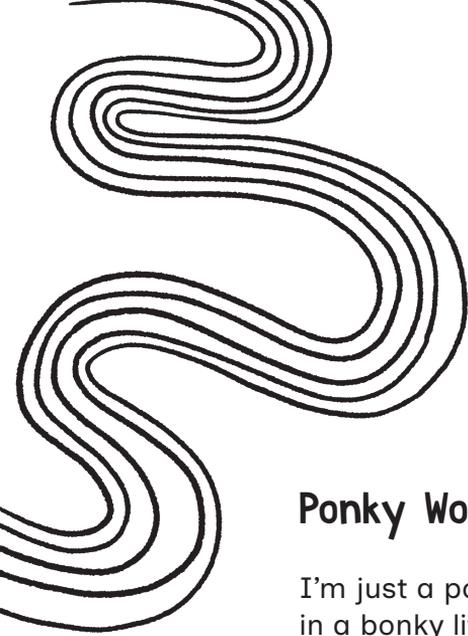
My heart is pounding loudly now.
Although I'm standing proudly now,
my hands are getting clammy
and we're on at half past four.

The costumes hang on railings
as I contemplate my failings;
have I memorised my lines
or will the doubt be on display?

My talent will be plain to see!
The people will believe in me!
I tell myself I'm awesome
while my nerves begin to fray.

But when the lights grow dimmer
I can sense my spirit shimmer
as the sunshine in my mind
and in my body blazes through.

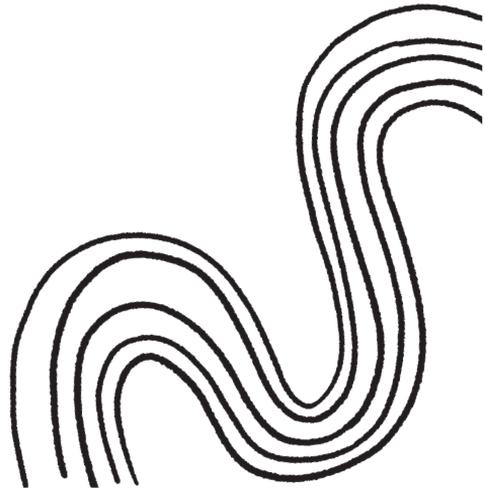
The curtains slowly come apart.
The spectacle's about to start.
Yes, this is where I'm meant to be –
it's what I'm born to do!

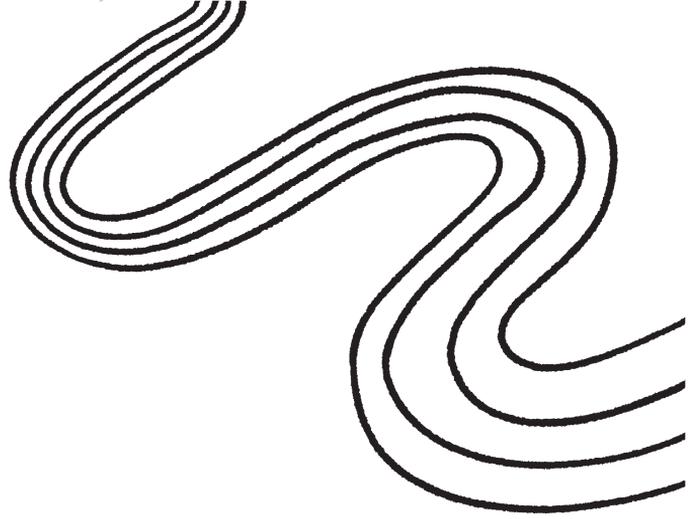


Ponky Woem

I'm just a ponky woem
in a bonky little wook.
I know you sink it's thilly
but just lome and have a cook.

My bords are rather wackwards
and my stread is not on haight.
Yes mome sight steem me dupid
but en thothers gray I'm seat.

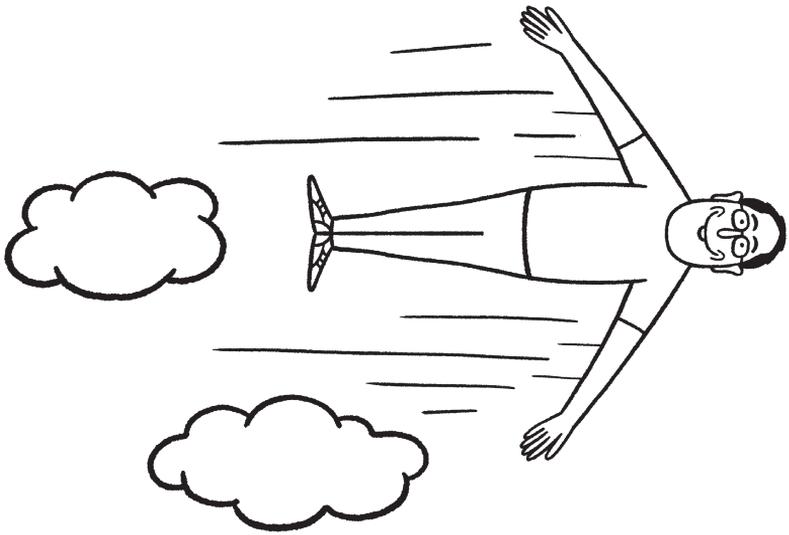




Ly mexicon jis umbled.
Ly metters are askew.
I know you wink I'm theird
but I'm gather rripping too.

I save to hay crim azy
and against all tommon caste.
I'm just a ponky woem
and sy mense bas heen pismplaced.





his lips buzzing like a crazy propeller,
his arms outstretched like stupid wings,

and maybe, just maybe, I'll begin to laugh.
Or at least smile. And then, if I'm feeling up to it,

if the mood somehow takes me,
if I can bear to leave my troubles behind,

I'll clamber aboard Dad's back.
He'll hold me in place with those big safe hands

and maybe, just maybe,
we both might fly.