

My Feet Have a Beat

1-3

My feet like high-stepping
Zizzing and whizzing,
Mad-dashing and stomping
In things that they shouldn't.

4-9

Squish and glurp! Squelch, then burp!
Sticky shoe, pink goo.
I like the sound of gum.
Mama says that I'm in trouble...
My sneakers want to blow a bubble!

10-15

Wet cement, footprint crater.
Time to lickety split— Slowpokes catch me later.
Chalk dust on my toes. Chalk dust up my nose.
My feet worm around in dirt. Flower petals smush together.
Now Mama's mad at my feet. It's not my fault they have a beat!

16-21

Flip, don't trip. Sidewalk skip!

Jump the weeds with tiger speed.

Bad luck won't get me yet.

I stay away from sidewalk cracks.

I'm not breaking Mama's back.

22-27

My feet want to zazz, whizzle, splash, and slop.

Blue clouds are just fine.

Raindrops kerplopping, keeping time.

Mud puddle mess. Wade up my boots.

Whose feet like catawampusing in puddles? Guess!

28-32

Mama's feet walk and mine mad-dash,

But when it rains on our street,

Our feet

SPLASH!

[Illustration note: The narrator and Mama are splashing in puddles together in the final spread.]