

THE MIRACLE OF THE BEGINNING READER

by,
Jane Miller

*I wiggle and I jiggle
And I rock upon my chair.
I wiggle my loose teeth,
And I twirl a strand of hair.*

*I chew on several fingers
And I sometimes suck my thumb.
I tap the reading table
Like I'd play upon a drum.*

*I kick my foot with rhythm,
Lose the place where I should look,
I rub my nose and clear my throat,
And sometimes drop my book.*

*I look outside the window
And I look down at the floor.
I pay very close attention
When someone's at the door.*

*I close my eyes and rest my head;
My teacher's heart must bleed.
But in spite of all of this
I'm learning how to read!*

