

CHILD'S BILL OF RIGHTS

By Dr. Hoyt W. Allen, Jr.

This poem came to me with no author attached. I like it so I have edited it and added a conclusion.

My son came home from school one day, with a smirk upon his face.
He decided he was smart enough, to put me in my place.

"Guess what I learned in Civics Two, that's taught by Mr. Wright?
It's all about the laws today, The 'Children's Bill of Rights'

It says I need not clean my room, don't have to cut my hair,
No one can tell me what to think, or speak, or what to wear.

I have freedom from religion, and regardless what you say,
I don't have to bow my head, and I sure don't have to pray!

I can wear earrings if I want, and pierce my tongue & nose.
I can read & watch just what I like, get tattoos from head to toes.

And if you ever spank me, I'll charge you with a crime.
I'll back up all my charges, with the marks on my behind.

Don't you ever touch me, my body's only for my use,
not for your hugs and kisses, that's just more child abuse.

Don't preach about your morals, like your Grandma did to you.
That's nothing more than mind control, And it's illegal too!

Mom, I have these children's rights, so you can't influence me,
or I'll call Children's Services Division, better known as C.S.D."

Of course my first instinct was to toss him out the door.
(But the chance to teach him a lesson made me think a little more.

(Continued)