

“The Little Boy and the Old Man”

Said the little boy: “*Sometimes I drop my spoon.*”

Said the old man: “*I do too!*”

The little boy whispered: “*I wet my pants.*”

“*I do that too,*” laughed the old man.

Said the little boy: “*I often cry.*”

The old man nodded: “*So do I.*”

But worst of all, said the little boy,

“*It seems grown-ups don't pay attention to me.*”

And he felt the warmth of the wrinkled old hand.

“*I know what you mean,*” said the old man.

– from *A Light In The Attic*, by Shel Silverstein