

Tea Towel Poems - Exclusive to All My Own Work

Sticky Grubby Me

There used to be so many
Of my fingerprints to see
On furniture and walls and things
From sticky, grubby me!

But if you stop and think a while
You'll see I'm growing fast
Those little handprints disappear
You can't bring back what's passed.

So here's a small reminder
To keep - not wipe away
Of tiny hands and how they looked
To make you smile someday!