

From *First Day at School*

A billionbillionwillion miles from home
Waiting for the bell to go. (To go where?)
Why are they all so big, other children?
So noisy? So much at home they
must have been born in uniform
Lived all their lives in playgrounds...

I wish I could remember my name
Mummy said it would come in useful...
I wish she was here...
I think my name is sewn on somewhere
Perhaps the teacher will read it for me...

Roger McGough (b. 1937)

