

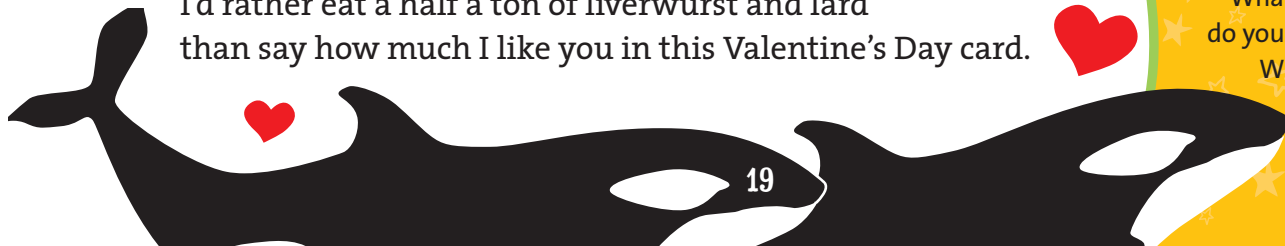


Valentine's Day Card

BY KENN NESBITT



I'd rather fight a tiger, covered head-to-toe in gravy.
I'd rather spend a decade scrubbing toilets in the navy.
I'd rather hug a porcupine; I'd rather wrestle eels.
I'd rather run a marathon with splinters in my heels.
I'd rather sleep on mattresses of razorblades and nails.
I'd rather try to skinny-dip with starving killer whales.
I'd rather be tormented by a gang of angry punks.
I'd rather share a bedroom with a family of skunks.
I'd rather dine on Brussels sprouts and spinach for a year.
I'd rather ride a camel race with blisters on my rear.
I'd rather eat a half a ton of liverwurst and lard
than say how much I like you in this Valentine's Day card.



POETRY PAL

The repetition in this poem makes it very clear the speaker doesn't want to send a mushy valentine! Stretching the truth also makes that idea clear. We know the speaker probably wouldn't do any of these things!

Making things seem worse or bigger or better than they really are is called **hyperbole** (hy-PURR-bow-lee).



SPEAK UP!

What feelings or ideas do you keep to yourself? Who would you like to tell them to?