



## Homework Stew

I cooked my math book in a broth  
and stirred it to a steaming froth.  
I threw in papers—pencils, too—  
to make a pot of homework stew.

I turned the flame up nice and hot  
and tossed my binder in the pot.  
I sprinkled in my book report  
with colored markers by the quart.

Despite its putrid, noxious gas,  
I proudly took my stew to class.  
And though the smell was so grotesque,  
I set it on my teacher's desk.

My teacher said, 'You're quite a chef.  
But still you're going to get an F.  
I didn't ask for 'homework stew,'  
I said, 'Tomorrow, homework's due.'

Kenn Nesbitt