

# DIRTY DO BOOGIE

Written and illustrated by Loris Lesynski



**annick press**  
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For Dace, who helped make these poems sizzle.

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Read them all alone

or

read them all aloud.

Read them to your Mummysy  
or recite them to a crowd.

Change the words,  
arrange the words,  
or **rearrange** the beat.

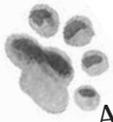
Know a poem?  
**Show it off**  
to everyone you meet.



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START HERE

A **boogie** is a dance

and a **boogie** is a jive

and a **boogie's** just another way of saying I'M aLive.

**Boogie** in an elevator.

**Boogie** in the street.

Anything's a **boogie** if it has a buh-buh-beat.

**Boogie** in a poem.

You can **boogie** when you're blue.

**Boogie** when you haven't got  
another thing to do.

**Boogie** on your bicycle.

**Boogie** in your bed.

ALways keep a **bit** of boogie going in your head!

**POE POE** POEM

**RAH RAH** RHYME!



YOU can DO one **ANY** time!  
Top dog, bottom dog, doggie in between.  
Rhyme about a dirty dog?  
Rhyme about a clean.

ALL the body listens.  
ALL the body hears.  
A poem isn't **only**  
for your doggie little ears.  
Feeling kind of crummy?  
Run a rhyme instead.

ALways keep a **bit** of boogie **going** in your **head**.

ALways keep a **bit** of boogie **going** in your head.

ALways keep a **bit** of boogie  
**going** in your head.



## Dirty Dog Boogie

I **had** a dirty dog  
and I **had** a dirty cat  
and I **took** them both to  
the laundromat.

The cat objected  
and the dog complained  
so I took them home  
in the pouring rain.

The cat got mad  
but the cat got clean  
and the dog was as shiny  
as I'd ever seen!

So even though they yell  
and even though they yowl  
I take them in the rain  
and I take along a towel.

If you have a dirty dog  
and you have a dirty cat  
**don't** take them  
**don't** take them  
**don't** take them to the laundromat.



# SOS

(Send Only Sausages)



SAVE OLD SANDWICHES, SOS!

Send only sausages

**S O S**

we want sausages

and nothing less

mash the best potatoes

in the very biggest pot

serve them with the sausages

nice and hot

send only sausages

please send fast

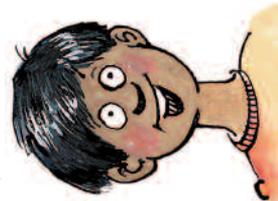
without a lotta sausages

**w e w o n ' t l a s t .**



SEVEN ORANGE SALAMANDERS, SOS!

SLEEPING OVER SATURDAY, SOS!!!



## Where the Sausage Rolls

The sausage rolls in the ocean  
the sausage rolls in the sea  
the sausage rolls in the frying pan  
then it rolls around in me.



NOW THAT'S JUST SILLY.

# Why...?

I did it because—  
well the reason was—  
it was really because...

## **because!**

I did it because —  
because everyone does —  
because because because.

I did it I said it  
I got it I get it  
because because because—  
because it was  
what it was because.  
Because **I don't know** because.



# I Hate Poetry!

I hate poems.

I hate verse.

Nothing makes me feel much worse  
than the *ratta-ta-tat*  
of the pounding rhyme  
beat-beat-**beating** on me all the time.

*Cat mat hat*

and *pink ink clink*

dump them all down the kitchen sink.

Teacher, teacher, what would you say  
if I read out loud at **you** all day?

I hate poetry.

I hate rhyme.

That's why I'm ending without one.

