

Pop Art Poem

The Jam

Kid walks down the street
Bumps into emptiness
Pow!
Kid looks at the sky
Looks at his watch
Decides to go home
Zap!

Kid spies pretty girl
Walks up to her
Kisses her
On the mouth
Where else?

And all day long I was thinking
I was thinking this, that and the other
And...
When!
So am I

I made this up as I went along
It's good innit?