

# These Are Not My Children

by Barry Louis Polisar

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They think it is so funny when they flatten my new hat.  
They think they are so clever when they try to dress the cat.  
They hide my car keys and my shoes. They kick and scream and fuss.  
And when do their homework, they leave it on the bus.

But these are not my children;  
My kids are polite  
I think someone switched them  
In the middle of the night

My kids never leave their clothes in piles on the floor  
And when they use the bathroom, they always close the door.  
My kids are so well behaved; they never ever fight  
They're patient and obedient and are extremely bright

My kids listen when I speak, they follow every rule  
My kids do not yell at me, they're never late for school  
My kids don't drop cookie crumbs when they eat a snack  
My kids wear clean underwear; my kids don't talk back