Unit 6

**John Ciardi**

***Mummy Slept Late and Daddy Fixed Breakfast***

Daddy fixed the breakfast.

He made us each a waffle.

It looked like gravel pudding.

It tasted something awful.

“Ha, ha,” he said, “I’ll try again.

This time I’ll get it right.”

But what I got was in between

Bituminous and anthracite.

“A little too well done? Oh well,

I’ll have to start all over.”

That time what landed on my plate

Looked like a manhole cover.

I tried to cut it with a fork:

The fork gave off a spark.

I tried a knife and twisted it

Into a question mark.

I tried it with a hack-saw.

I tried it with a torch.

It didn’t even make a dent.

It didn’t even scorch.

The next time Dad gets breakfast

When Mummy’s sleeping late,

I think I’ll skip the waffles.

I’d rather eat the plate!