

## Mud

By Christina Martin-Smith

I fell in mud today, it was unexpected.  
I tumbled down the hill,  
Feeling the squish, I was alive.  
the mud soaked in.

I tried to clean my clothes but it stayed.  
I went to my mother, she was no use.  
I went to my friends, they made it worse.  
I was left alone, I liked it.

My clothes were damaged,  
My hair wild,  
I roared to the wind,  
I was alive.

People stared, I felt the eyes.  
I felt worried inside.  
I grew uncomfortable and started to sweat,  
It was time to part with the mess.

I donated the clothes,  
washed the mud away.  
I was clean again.  
Now when I fall in mud, I am prepared.