

Nose Tickles, a.k.a. The Swab

Poem by D. Ní Chróinín

She takes off my bib,
And tells a fib-
"Just nose tickles" she says.

Into the car-
The tent's not far.
"Nose tickles!" she says.

They poke and prod
Around my snot.
"Nose tickles?" she says.

I hate this task,
Done by men in masks.
"Nose tickles!" he says.

Someday my *srón*
Will be left alone.
Tummy tickles are best.

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