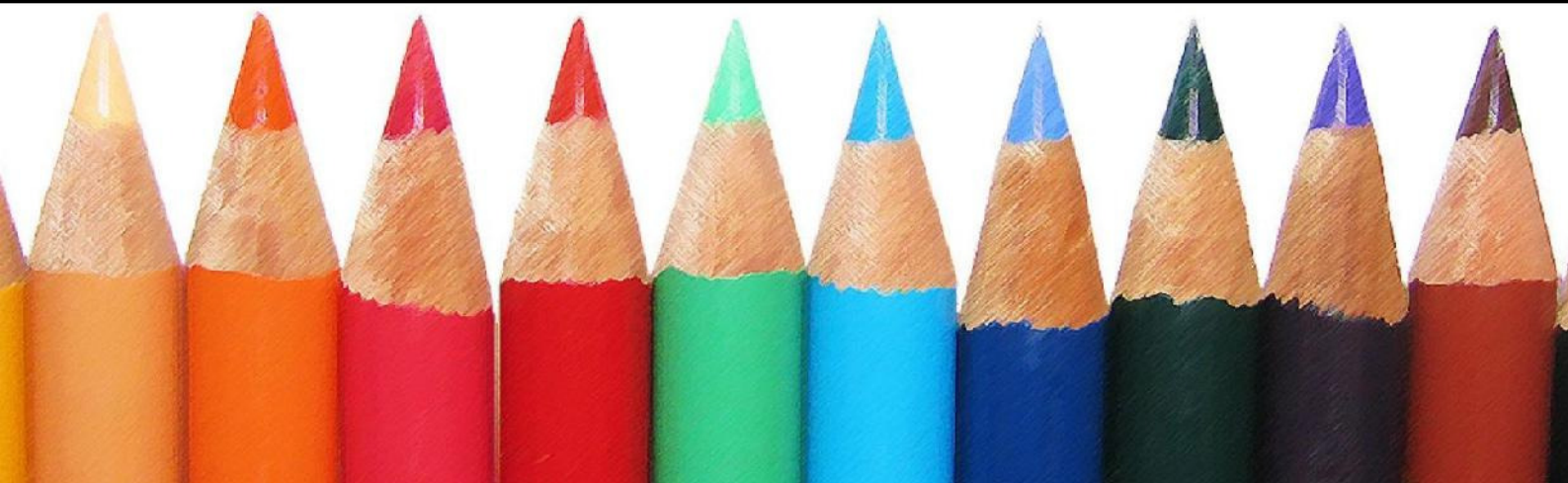




# Child-Speak

Only from the mouths of babes

Jovo Ćirković



### Author's message;

Since being diagnosed with parkinson's disease in 2011,  
I have retired from my property investment business,  
And focus my time on writing poetry.

My first book of poems was called "Shaken and not Stirred"  
... Living life with parkinson's disease.

The second book deals with suicide amongst teenage boys and young men.  
Called "Touching the Silence"

My third book is about gambling addiction.  
Aptly called "Know when to fold them"

My fourth book is about battling throat cancer.  
Aptly called "Finding my voice"

My fifth book is "No time for long goodbyes"  
... Murder, Madness and Mother Nature

My latest is "Child Speak"  
The wonderful things that children say and do

I hope you enjoy reading my books

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## Easter eggs

When my son was three years old  
I took him out shopping with me  
Off to the local supermarket  
To buy food for our family

Whilst putting food into a trolley  
I would avoid certain isles  
Chocolate Easter eggs and bunnies  
Staring back with toothy smiles

At the checkout I just could not  
Avoid them any more  
Chocolate eggs and bunnies  
Stocked throughout the store

My son he turned and asked me  
"Daddy what are they?"  
pointing at the Easter eggs  
Something I quickly had to say

"They're used the cleaning toilets son"  
From my mouth was all that came  
Trying to avoid commercialisation  
Even though it sounded lame

"She must have dirty toilets"  
He says pointing at the lady next to us  
Her trolley was full of Easter eggs  
It almost caused a fuss

## Drunk people

When I was a little kid  
My dad took me to the football  
I'm sure I used to enjoy it  
Don't really remember it at all

The stories that my father told  
One he would always tell  
I have heard him tell it so often  
I think I remember it as well

One day I turned around and said  
Called out loud without a care  
"Gee Daddy there seems to be  
Drunk people everywhere"

About a dozen people stood  
Hoisted in the air their beers  
"Too right . . . little one"  
They announced to raptures of Cheers

## Soccer mad

My six-year-old is soccer mad  
Loves all aspects of the game  
He's taken to the falling down  
Which I personally think is lame

He has bought this ghastly skill  
Into our living room for all to see  
When I ask him to do something  
He practices it on me

He runs into the furniture  
Cries out loudly that he's hurt  
"Mummy why did you push me"  
His little mouth would spurt

"I thought you are my friend mum"  
He would call for all to hear  
"You shouldn't push me like that"  
As he sheds his crocodile tear

I'm sure people think I'm abusing him  
When he carries on like this I yield  
Have to get him back out there  
Onto his soccer field

## Nice Babe

My friend took his 18 month old boy  
Out shopping with him in a store  
He noticed a hot babe looking at him  
His young child she seemed to adore

He walked on but moments later  
In yet another isle  
He again bumped into her  
She gave her gorgeous smile

In the third isle where they met  
She bent down to reach  
Something from the bottom shelf  
Can of apricot or peach

As she bends to his surprise  
Her G string rode out from her jeans  
My mate looked quickly then turned away  
Thought he had his treat it seems

His baby boy had other ideas  
Reached out and grabbed the string  
Gave her a wedgie and flicked the elastic  
She cried out for it did sting

If you can imagine ... what happened next  
For the 18-month-old and my mate  
That's right he was too embarrassed  
To ask her out ... on a date

## Going to outer space

Last night my six year daughter cried  
"Daddy I am scared" as I held her in my embrace  
I asked her sweetheart why is that?  
We're going to outer space

I'm too little to go out there  
I'm afraid I will get lost  
My teacher says we're going Friday  
Five dollars it will cost

Next day when I went to school  
To the teacher I did speak  
She told me they'd been studying stars  
And planets all that week

On Friday to the planetarium  
She'd arranged an excursion for the class  
Each child was to find one planet  
So their project they would pass

I told the teacher of my daughters fear  
That she'd be lost in space  
We both had a giggle together  
I left with a smile upon my face



## Cheap petrol

My daughter is five years old  
She just learnt to question why?  
Every day she questions me  
About whatever catches her eye

We were at the petrol pump  
To help she pops up her head  
I reached for the green nozzle fuel  
Whilst bypassing the red

She turns to me and says "Daddy  
What's the difference between these two?  
Why do you choose the green one?  
What does the red one do?"

I say the red is the cheaper fuel  
Our car deserves the best  
That way our car won't break down  
Putting her questions to rest

To my surprise she looks and points  
At the lady next to us  
"Look daddy she is using the cheap fuel  
She might have to catch the bus"

As the woman turns and glares  
An awkward smile I throw her way  
I'm not the only parent embarrassed  
By what their children say

# Why is everyone so fat in here?

Driving down the interstate  
 With my first born at age 3  
 He puts his hand on his forehead  
 perfect imitation of his mother to me

"I can't handle this" he said  
 With her perfect tone of voice  
 I pulled into the next rest stop  
 For I felt I had no choice

In the diner everywhere I looked  
 Hoofs of meat on every plate  
 Like an overeaters anonymous meeting  
 We both noticed how people ate

My young fella says "Whooooa Daddy  
 Why is everyone so fat in here?"  
 I'm sure the people all around me  
 Bent towards us their ear

I looked at the trucker next to me  
 Hulk Hogan he resembled  
 I thought he was about to jump up grab me  
 Have my face reassembled

Fortunately no one heard  
 So I explained to my son that  
 You could hurt someone's feelings  
 If you point and call them fat

We get our ice cream as I notice  
 Hulk Hogan ... my boy he's glaring at  
 pointing at Hulk whilst silently mouthing to me  
 "Daddy he is really FAT"

## "Daddy I want wine!"

While sitting at the family table  
 A glass of wine I do enjoy  
 I allow my kids to dip in a finger  
 Even my three-year-old boy

I was brought up in an Italian family  
 Sipping Dago wine at the age of five  
 I figured there was nothing wrong  
 And I made it through alive

When out shopping the other day  
 A wine was offered up for taste  
 As we walk past I turn and look  
 My three-year-old went back in haste

There he was on tippy toes  
 Trying to dip his finger in the glass  
 I ran back and picked him up  
 I felt like such an ass

You'd understand this is a moment  
 I'd like to pretend that he is not mine  
 When at the top of his young lungs he cried  
 "Daddy I want wine!"

## Water chickens

Last week we decided to  
Take our children to the zoo  
Zack is three . . . his sister four  
And our baby who is two

We saw elephants and tigers  
Snakes and zebras too  
Monkeys and orang-utans  
Even saw a kangaroo

When we got to see the penguins  
We were in for a real treat  
Waiting for the feeding to start  
We sat there on our seat

Zack did point and look at me  
He said "Daddy what are they?"  
Before I could say they are penguins  
His four-year-old sister had her say

"They're water chickens you dummy"  
She bellowed out real loud  
We all burst out laughing  
As did the rest of the crowd

I asked her where she got that from  
She told us with a sigh  
"They're water chickens . . . they don't swim  
And you can see that they don't fly"

## Burping at the table

There's one rule that we have at home  
 When for a meal together we sit down  
 No belching or burping at the table  
 To do so would cause a frown

There is however one exception  
 When it's pizza and root beer night  
 On those nights you can belch away  
 To your heart's delight

One night I'd invited a client to dinner  
 To impress her I did try  
 Sit and eat with my whole family  
 Maybe my products she would buy

It was pizza and root beer night  
 The exception rule my mind it did slip  
 Halfway through our meal my daughters  
 Both let their belching rip

I quickly explain to my guest  
 As her root beer she did slurp  
 She just smiled and said its okay  
 And belched out an enormous BUUURP

## Old MacDonald had a Hymn

I was sitting in a Catholic church  
Twas my Sunday morning plight  
A father and his four-year-old son  
Were both sitting to my right

As the father walked down to the front  
Holy Communion on his mind  
Processional hymn was being sung  
He left his son behind

His son was in good voice that day  
Much to my surprise and joy  
He started singing his own hymns  
I thought . . . what a clever boy

Unfortunately the only song  
He knew how to sing I know  
Was Old MacDonald had a farm  
Ei Ei Ohh

At the top of his little lungs  
His song he bellowed out  
His father ran back chewing furiously  
Asked him politely not to shout

As the congregation left that day  
I watched father and son go  
I called out "Great singing son"  
He smiled and said "Ei Ei Ohh"

## Wooshie Cushie and boobies

Three mothers sat at morning tea  
 As they often do they had a chat  
 About the funny things their kids say  
 About both this and that

My daughter came back from her friends  
 Said on a talking pillow she had a play  
 I said what did it say to you?  
 Whooshie Cushie we laughed all day

The other mum said that my son  
 Learnt to say boobies to every pair he'd see  
 It did seem funny to me at first  
 Not amused was his granny

The third mum said her three year old  
 Went to the toilet by herself  
 As she flushed it overflowed  
 "Mummy it pee peed by itself"

It never ceases to amaze  
 The pearls you hear kids say  
 Often it can bring you joy  
 And send some laughs your way

## Stretch our legs

Was at my sister's wedding  
We gathered around outside  
Waiting for the wedding photos  
Of the new groom and bride

To wait is not a problem  
If it was just me  
But I had my two daughters  
One five the other three

They were playing around the garden  
Weren't causing any fuss  
The older guests were starting to  
Give disapproving looks at us

So I grab both my daughters  
I suggest we take a walk  
Just to stretch our legs I say  
And have a little talk

As we start to walk away  
My three-year-old sobs and begs  
"please mummy I don't want to go  
I'll look funny with stretched legs"



## Destructive potatoes

I asked my four-year-old son Thomas  
What he learnt at school today  
He said we learnt about potatoes  
I could see he had more to say

What did you learn about them?  
I said with watchful eye  
They can destroy house's mummy  
When they come down from the sky

I thought the money I was spending  
On private schooling might be a waste  
So I asked him please tell more  
Which he gladly did in haste

He said not only do they wreck houses  
They lift cars up off the ground  
Sometimes they can lift up people  
And then throw them all around

Potatoes are not the right word dear  
I think you mean tornadoes  
He just smiled and said oh yeah  
That's right it was TORM-A-TOES

## I'll pray for you

I took my four-year-old son  
Out shopping at the GAP store  
You never know with four-year-olds  
What's behind their minds door

As we were walking through the isles  
On display for all to see  
Were a pair of legs on a mannequin  
Just waist down and no body

My son turned with startled look  
He took his cap right off his head  
Touched a mannequin with his hand  
"I'll pray for you" he said

As we walked to the check out  
I pull my purse out to pay  
A thought occurred to me right there  
I received a special GAP discount that day

## Old and wrinkly

When its Bath time in our house  
It's a fun time of our day  
My six year old son once he's in  
Is there for the long stay

He often likes to hold his breath  
And to my great surprise  
When I walk into the bathroom  
I see toys and a pair of eyes

There is one part he doesn't like  
That's when I wash his hair  
Often trying to jump out first  
To high-tail it out of there

Tonight I managed to catch him  
Sat him back down in the Bath  
What came from his mouth next  
Caused us both to have a laugh

When sitting down he took a look  
At his wrinkly fingers and hands  
He said "Great now I'm getting old  
My fingers look like Grans"

## Grandad the pilot

When my granddaughters come to visit  
 They ask to play a game  
 I smile at them and say which one?  
 You know Grandad . . . Aeroplane

I always get to play the pilot  
 The five-year-old is cabin crew  
 Seven-year-old is a passenger  
 Each time the game starts new

Yesterday Michaela asks  
 In her best air hostess voice  
 Excuse me captain would you like lunch?  
 Whilst I make an aeroplane noise

Sorry dear I call back  
 I cannot eat the lunch  
 Must hold my hands upon the wheel  
 Special buttons I must punch

She puts down the imaginary tray  
 Gives me her best hostess smile  
 Why don't you just throw that switch?  
 Engage autopilot for a while

Then the sky Marshal Nanna walked in  
 Said land this plane if you are able  
 All on-board must wash up now  
 For your dinner is on the table

## Sultanas up the nose

My two boys Sam and Tom  
Born just a year apart  
Both are very competitive  
But I knew that from the start

Sammy liked to play football  
Whilst soccer was Tom's game  
They always would tell each other  
The other's sport was lame

At bath time Sam decided to  
Pour shampoo down Tom's throat  
Thought it funny when Tom hi-cupped  
From his mouth would bubbles float

One day Sam went a bit too far  
Before going off to bed  
A sultana he pushed up his own nose  
Tried to lodge it in his head

Quick drive to emergency  
Sam I was able in to squeeze  
See a doctor who got it out  
By getting Sam to sneeze

This is a poem for my little friends  
at the Chiang Mai Orphanage.

These children are so happy . . . They are well  
fed well clothed, but what they miss most of all is the  
hugs and kisses that our children were brought up with.

If you enjoyed "Child - Speak"  
all I ask in return is that you visit my foundation  
called "Happy Hands Foundation" and make  
a donation to help my little friends.

[www.happyhandsfoundation.com](http://www.happyhandsfoundation.com)

# What I'd give for a bedside story read to me by Mum or dad

When I wake up in the morning  
I look around and something just not there  
No mommy ... No daddy to wake me up  
It really isn't fair

I have 60 friends to share my time  
And there are my carers too  
Sometimes we get volunteers  
For excursions at the zoo

My clothes are all packed away  
In my slide-out draw  
My shoes are stacked in a row  
With 59 others ... at the door

I have food in my belly  
Bath twice a day ... it's really not so bad  
But what I'd give for a bedside story  
Read to me by Mum or dad

At least I am healthy  
Unlike some children ... Who have HIV  
Sometimes they cry out late at night  
I'm glad it's them not me

What did I do that is so wrong?  
What have I done so bad?  
That I should have to live my life  
Without both mum and dad

I have lived here since I was one  
That was five years ago  
Sometimes life just flashes by  
But some days it goes real slow

I wake up often in my sleep  
I'm afraid of to lose my toys  
When I turn seven ... Is time to move  
To live with 175 older boys

No more girls to play with  
I won't be the big boy any more  
I've heard from other boys who've moved  
And I'm afraid of what's in store

For 10 more years I need to wait  
Until the day that I'm set free  
When I can finally leave this orphanage  
And rely just on me

I promise that when I have children  
I will be there ... To take care  
To tuck them in to bed at night  
And let them know I'm there

If you can share some of your wealth  
For a better future is my goal  
Knowing your money is helping orphans  
Will be like feeding your own soul

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