

99 WRITING

# Irritating Noise

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**TYPE**  
**POETRY**

Oh, how it irritates me and my boys  
Can't even play with my toys,  
Man, I hate that noise.  
It echoes through the walls,  
I try to see who is making that noise—and no one  
calls,  
It kinda sounds like someone bouncing balls,  
watching  
them fall, ooooh I just wanna snatch them all.  
It irritates me, but it might soothe another.  
It irritates me, but it might soothe my mother,  
It irritates me, but it might soothe my brother,  
Man, I hate this noise, I wanna hide under my cover.  
This noise is driving me crazy; it makes me wanna cry  
like a baby,  
I wanna see what it is, but I'm too lazy.  
Maybe this noise is a baby crying because its parents  
are too lazy to  
get its food from the nice-going lady, but nah,  
that's crazy.  
Ugh. I gotta find out what this noise is,

This is some stupid boy biz,

I'm gonna fuss, scream, cry, and shout if I don't find out  
what this noise is about—that's it, what is this noise?

Turns out, it's just a bunch of

coins      falling