

by Shel Silverstein, 1974

[Search Google for "Band-Aids Shel Silverstein"
to read Shel's version.]



by Sandor W., Chicago, 2016

I sit and linger in this glade,
After a shipwreck left me laid
On this thin island, and I'm afraid
No shrug or shake'll make this nightmare fade.
Holding a flambeau, I have prayed
For cappuccinos or lemonade;
For gemelli pasta with marinade;
For spiced chai and marmalade.
Behold! A gorgeous feminist mermaid,
Wearing just a quantum of eyeshade,
Appears and says, "Oui! I'm Adelaide."
Then sits to compose a serenade.
I make an appeal for medical aid.
As a placeholder she offers a balm, homemade.
"I hereby declare," she begins to persuade,
"You use this instead of a Band-Aid!"