

# Asaf Avidan, Poor Boy

As

One boy grew up different from the rest  
Without the insides of his chest  
He didn't know how he was blessed  
And all the little girls thought it a blast  
To shake his body really fast  
To see the impact never last

Some said "poor boy"  
Some said "lucky man";

He used to live with different families  
That nurtured his disease  
Then he'd float out with the breeze  
And he implanted kaleidoscopes instead of eyes  
To see the girls in multiplies  
To try to figure their disguise

Some said "poor boy"  
Some said "lucky man";

He tried to fill his chest with pretty jewels  
But then he figured out the rules  
And left the jewelry for the fools  
And one day the doctors said they found a cure