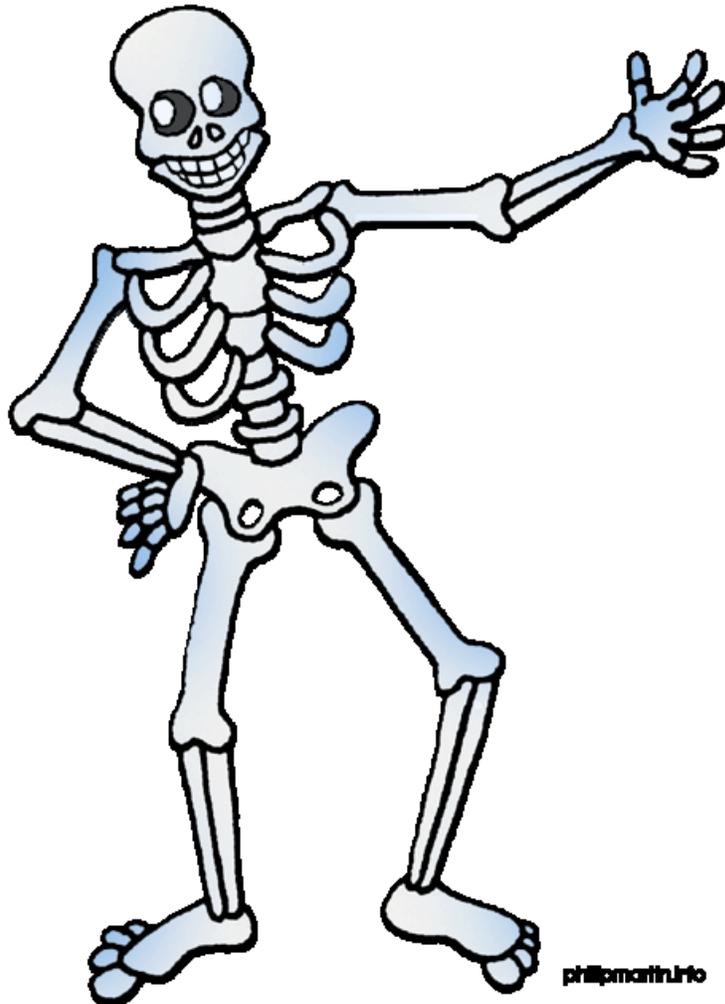
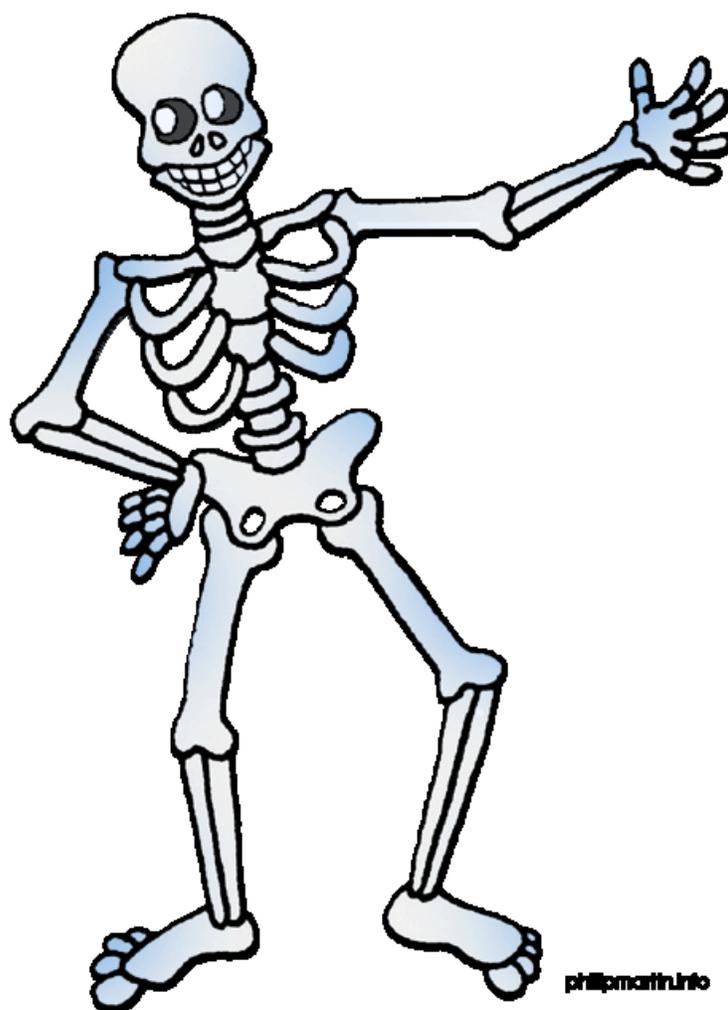


# My Skeleton

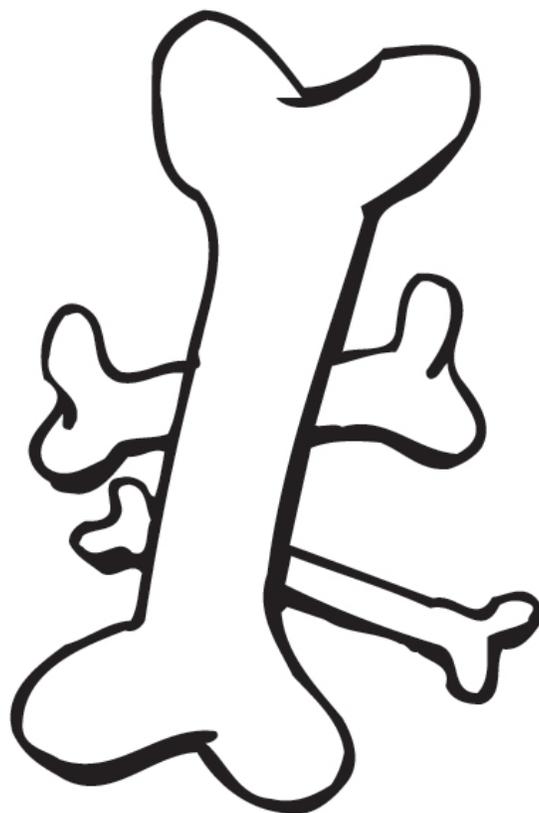


philipmarino

Adapted from a poem by Sue LaBella



My skeleton is made of bones,



lots of them, I know.



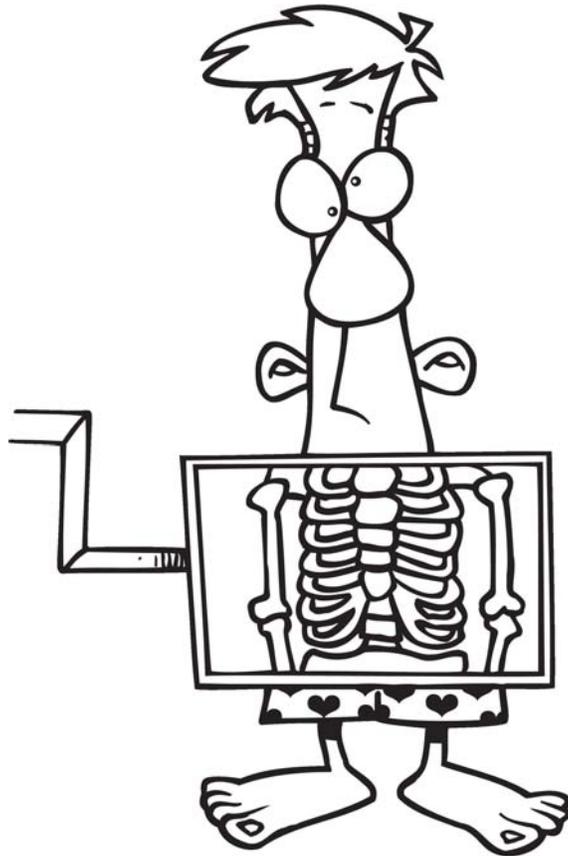
They're in my arms and legs,  
and my fingers and my toes.



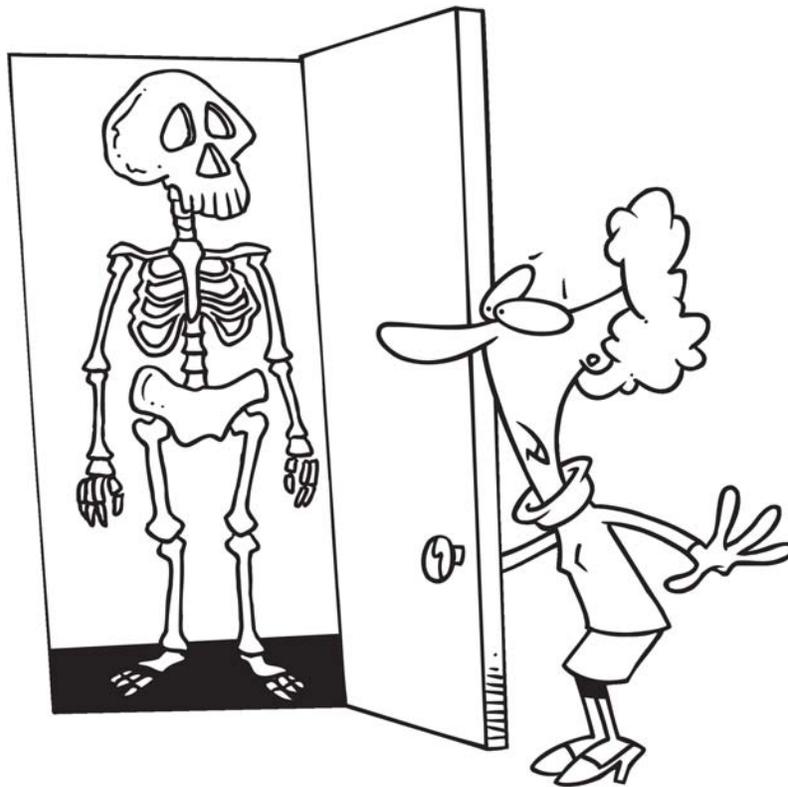
My skeleton holds me up  
so I can walk and run,



and do lots of other things  
that are so very fun.



My skeleton keeps growing  
right along with me.



I never want to lose it  
'cause then where would I be?