**Betty's Room by Denise Rodgers**

**There is no clutter cluttered up  
more closely, I presume,  
than the clutter clustered clingingly  
in my friend, Betty's room.  
  
Her mother mutters mawkishly  
and fills her with such dread.  
She mutters on about the muss  
that messes Betty's bed.  
  
At bedtime, Betty bounces all  
her objects to the floor.  
Each morning, when she wakes up, they  
go on her bed once more.  
  
There's papers, pencils, potpourri.  
It piques her mother's stress.  
She pouts. She plies and yet her cries  
do not clean Betty's mess.  
  
There's partly broken plastic toys,  
each with a missing part,  
some worn and withered whistles, which  
are close to Betty's heart.  
  
Old ballet shoes she cannot lose,  
and photos of her friends,  
a burnt-out fuse, some fruity chews,  
a box of odds and ends.  
  
Old magazines and school reports  
(the ones that got the A's),  
her worn out jeans, some socks to sort,  
the programs from three plays.  
  
Each object is an artifact,  
a personal antique.  
She cannot bear to throw them out;  
they make her life unique.  
  
There's feathers, fans, and fairy dolls --  
and mother-daughter strife.  
Her mother lives for neatness, but,  
well, mess is Betty's life.**