Super Smile by Heidi Bee Roemer

To keep my *teeth* from growing great big gobs of greenish moss, I *brush* them after every meal, and every night I *floss*.

Mom takes me to the dentist a couple times a year.

He checks my gums and pearly whites, and says, "Looks good in here!"

I drink lots of milk and water, but I skip the pop and juices.

I don't want my grin to be as toothless as a goose's!

And when I'm old, my teeth will stay exactly where they are, instead of— like Great-grandpa's— in a teeny tiny jar.



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Poem by Heidi Bee Roemer
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