[Hiding](https://allpoetry.com/poem/8605367-Hiding-by-Dorothy-Keeley-Aldis) by Dorothy Keely Aldis 1927

I'm hiding, I'm hiding  
And no one knows where;  
For all they can see is my  
Toes and my hair  
  
And I just heard my father  
Say to my mother -  
"But, darling, he must be  
Somewhere or other;  
  
Have you looked in the inkwell?"  
And Mother said, "Where?"  
"In the INKWELL?"said Father. But  
I was not there.  
  
Then "Wait!" cried my mother —  
"I think that I see  
Him under the carpet." But  
It was not me.  
  
"Inside the mirror's  
A pretty good place."  
Said Father and looked, but saw  
Only his face.  
  
"We've hunted," sighed Mother,  
"As hard as we could  
And I am so afraid that we've  
Lost him for good."  
  
Then I laughed out aloud  
And I wiggled my toes  
And Father said —"Look, dear,  
I wonder if those  
  
Toes could be Benny's?  
There are ten of them, see?"  
And they WERE so surprised to find  
Out it was me!