**The Kid**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| 1510152024 | Batman, big shot, when you gave the orderto grow up, then let me loose to wanderleeward, freely through the wild blue yonderas you liked to say, or ditched me, rather,in the gutter ... well, I turned the corner.Now I've scotched that 'he was like a fatherto me' rumour, sacked it, blown the coveron that 'he was like an elder brother'story, let the cat out on that caperwith the married woman, how you took herdowntown on expenses in the motor.Holy robin-redbreast-nest-egg-shocker!Holy roll-me-over-in the-clover,I'm not playing ball boy any longerBatman, now I've doffed that off-the-shoulderSherwood-Forest-green and scarlet numberfor a pair of jeans and crew-neck jumper;now I'm taller, harder, stronger, older.Batman, it makes a marvellous picture:you without a shadow, stewing overchicken giblets in the pressure cooker,next to nothing in the walk-in larder,punching the palm of your hand all winter,you baby, now I'm the real boy wonder. |

**Guiding** **Questions**:

How does the structure and form help reveal the attitudes and feelings of the speaker?

Who is this poem directed at?