**The Kid**

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| 1  5  10  15  20  24 | Batman, big shot, when you gave the order  to grow up, then let me loose to wander  leeward, freely through the wild blue yonder  as 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 father  to me' rumour, sacked it, blown the cover  on that 'he was like an elder brother'  story, let the cat out on that caper  with the married woman, how you took her  downtown 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 longer  Batman, now I've doffed that off-the-shoulder  Sherwood-Forest-green and scarlet number  for 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 over  chicken 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?