

Use me as a stepping  
stone,  
When you're in despair  
Stomp with rage on me  
alone,  
Then, no books you'll have  
to tear.

With galloping leaps, you'll  
Come to me  
Besides your bed at night,  
But how in the morning—  
We'll have to see  
For God knows, it'll take  
all your might—

me.

If you're clever enough, you  
should be able to depict what  
I am and where to find me.  
I'll give you a hint — not  
out of your window.

Your Saturday morning  
breakfast  
Kauuch has made