V. MAYAKOVSKY

WHAT IS GOOD AND WHAT IS BAD
One fine day
	a tiny laddie
came

and asked his dad:

"Could you tell me,

Daddy,

what is good

and what is bad?"

All his daddy said

I heard.

Children,

gather near.

Daddy’s answer,

word for word,

I shall tell you

here.
If the wind behaves like mad, bringing hail and sleet, anybody knows it's bad—no walking in the street.
After rainfall comes the sun, driving off the cold. That is good for everyone, whether young or old.

When a boy’s as black as that—dirt on cheeks and chin, this is clearly very bad for the youngster’s skin.
If a boy keeps clean and neat,
washes twice a day,
he’s a darling, simply sweet,
a good lad, anyway.
When a bully,  
   Tom or Billy,  
thrashes  
   weaker mates,  
his behaviour's bad and silly—  
which everybody  
hates.

This one shouts:  
   “You mustn’t touch  
smaller boys  
   than you!”
I admire him  
   very much,  
and so,  
   I’m sure,  
   do you.
If you spoil a book and toy in a single day, "That's a baddish little boy!" everyone will say.
This one loves to work and read,
likes drawing in his pad.
He's a good one, yes, indeed,
the proper kind of lad!
This baby's scared to see a crow.
Shame upon the lad!
Cowardice, you ought to know,
is very, very bad.

This one shoos the bird away from a hen and chicks.
Good! A brave boy, we can say, though he's hardly six.
This one
  wallows in the dirt,
giggling with joy,
soils his trousers
  and his shirt,
bad,
  untidy boy!

This one
  cleans his shoes himself,
though
  just four years old,
puts his things
  upon a shelf.
He's
  as good as gold!
Remember, all who aren't yet big: if you're now a piggy, you'll become a downright pig when you grow up bigger.
Sonny beamed—he'd understood and he told his dad: "Dad, I'll always do what's good and never do what's bad!"