

The woods

The woods was loud
but peaceful.

I walked through the
woods like a wolf.

I felt happy like
a bird.

Each step took me
closer to the end.

The wide wooden
trees went way up
high.

My shoes kept me
cool.

Walking through a
dream.

by finley



By
Thasnow

The Summer poem

The earth is warm, the sun's ables
it is time of carefree day; and
bee's abuzz that chance to pass
May see me snoozing in the
grass. Summer here! Another year
of school is at an end we've
learned a lot and grown a lot
of friend well say goodbye
now Summer here is for
us to park be'lle
remember all our friend and keep
them in our hearts. And Summer
makes's flower's grow