

GRANDMA READ ME A POEM

By

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Clouds tumble through the sky
In the midst of them all I spy,
A great big dragon fire and all
It starts to fly and have a ball
I sit back and start to stare,
At his skaly back; not any hair
And then the dragon has to leave
It flies away and begins to bob and weave.



THE CIRCUS IS HERE

The circus has finally come to town

People come from all around

To see jugglers and acrobats

Magicians pull rabbits out of their hats

The high wire act, performing dogs,

Large elephants, and small horses