

The River

Harriet, aged 9

Walking down the road waiting,
and watching for the animals to explode,
With herons and ducks, kingfishers and fish,
That's what we wish to find.

Along with the swans people get quite eager to seek,
It's an eek and a squeak from the younger ones there
Who always want to stand and stare.

The water comes rushing, flowing and splashing,
The ducks quack good bye
Quite shy after all it would be hard for me to deny,
Some go flying off, chasing the water
As their mothers call "Oh, what a bad daughter!"

It's time for me to go now as I plead my Mum to let me come tomorrow
It's cheerio for now though, until another day.