

Tuesday 11th October 2016.

I can write my Autumn poem in a neat

Autumn is coming here.

The Leaves are falling one by one
The Leaves are like a little song.
The Conkers cracking, crunch, crack crinch
The Spiky top they pop and ping

The apples are dropping
And they are hopping.
Picking pumpkins all day long
You might carve a scary face on one.

Fireworks fizzing all night long
They are like a bell going ding dong!
At the end it starts to rain
And now the bonfire is in pain.

The frost is covering all the land
The ice reaches like hands.
Now the tawny owl comes to life
And it cuts through the air like a
Sharp knife. This is amazing!

Fantastic poem. I loved reading this poem

Q What are verses of poems called?
Stanza