

NATURE

Slithering on a dirt path,

A green snake rushed to safety.

Water is splashing, trees are whooshing.

Grass grows wild in the meadow.

Chirping, a robin sits in a tree.

Red and black, looking down at me.

The sun floats down, down, down.

I can see the moon's white eye.

By Richard Maola, age 9
River of Words