

Bren's Woods

By Kyanna L.

My uncle Bren's dear woods,
You can hear many sounds.
The pit-pat of the rain,
Deer running on the ground.

You can see leaves falling,
Raccoons running free.
Maybe catch a squirrel
Running up a tree.

We made a little club house
Under a waterfall.
The rocks keep us dry,
So we can see it all.

The smell of maple sap,
The touch of dry leaves,
My uncle's woods are fit to please.