



An anecdote about my Neighborhood.

By: Larisa





I walked out into my neighborhood and

Seven lamp posts shining bright

Iris closed up for the night

Little ladybugs drifting off to sleep

Very brave raccons begin to creep

Every star is out in the night sky

Right by the north star I see an owl fly







Sixteen crows fly over the sunrise

Petried raccons creep by in disguise

Recycling truck comes by vroom-vroom

Trees begin to bloom

Now little kids str in their beds

Gently mothers kiss their heads

