

My poem

Doing nothing being lazy

Oh how I want to pick a daisy

Oh how I wish I could be in fresh air

Feeling the air in my freshly washed hair

Never in my life I thought it would be

Me without you as bored as can be

Tranced in my phone

I how I want to be out of my home

Sitting in my bedroom alone

Finally going downstairs

Just to see who is there

Talking to my mam conjuring up a plan

My cat on my lap

Looking fat

My dog pining at my feet

Should I give him a treat

Would that be sweet

They fought

And that taught

Listening to my tunes

Looking at the moon

Singing a song

Oh how long

By Jasmine Hardy year 7 7rw 7 Hilda 1