

The River

The River is a racer,
Whooshing through the town,
Rushing over rocks,
He is unstoppable.

The River's an explorer,
Who glides through towns and cities,
He is always scouting,
There is no rest for him.

The River's a sapphire,
Sparkling and shining along,
As it meanders through the village,
The River's always noticeable.

The River's a musical spirit,
As it peacefully sings its music'
It sings - the countryside echoes,
The River can always be heard.

By Kristina