

the stream

I like to play in the stream
It's right in my backyard
And when the rain falls heavily
The stream flows really hard.

We find all kinds of treasures
Like rocks and sticks and frogs
To get over to the other side
We build a bridge of logs.

In spring we pick up garbage
That blew in with the wind
And ended up in the stream
Instead of in a bin.

Plastic bags and coffee cups
Old cans and bits of screen
Please pick it up and help me
To keep my water clean!

By Lily B.

2021 Sackville Poetry Writing Contest
Winner Ages 5-6

