



The Groovy Groove Poem



Primrose grown, I felt soft grass
I hear bees,
Birds' nests are out
I see bees, I hear wind
I felt the warm sun
I see a frog, I hear birds
Shoots on the hedge, I smelt the flowers
I hear frogs
I felt the breeze
I hear leaves rustling in the hedge



Millie Butler

Written by

Class 3

