

Watershed

Last night as I went to bed
I dreamed this poem in my head.
I jumped out of my rest.
I hope this poem is the best!

These ideas that floated around
Jumped onto the paper without a sound.
Oh, what a beautiful place
We could save this green space!

World War II bunkers
They're hidden by dirt
The Stanton Sugar Mill
"Gosh!," this place has so many facts

Woodlands Trail plans to make a trail down the watershed
I'm so tired I want to go back to bed
All these facts in my head
My face is turning red.

That's what people can see
If they travel along with me,
When they come down the watershed
That's it! I'm going back to bed.

By: Elijah Whitten