

Bluebells

Bright beautiful bluebells grow in the meadow,
Letting their tender frills shiver and flow.
Under the sun, they will lay,
Every petal rises in May.
Bright beautiful bluebells grow in the meadow,
Every bit likes to echo.
Likely wanted to be seen.
Lovely bluebells, now smell like gasoline.

Bluebells stood still, as a soldier,
When they grow, they get older.
Even thou they are lost,
Their tender frills are still crossed.

Samantha Tully age 10