

The Death of Mr Fly

In my backyard I see many busy bees that are buzzing away.

In the damp soil are many wriggling worms squirming today.

I watch the prickly green grass as it blows in the cold wind

I watch the flowers bloom and the scent flowing behind

As I look at the long graceful and swift dragonfly

I see a dark, dark place which belongs to a firefly

Eyes, Eyes is what I see yes many eyes is what I see

But I think I think what could this creature be?

But wait, just wait I see a flying fly in the sky

As it goes in the house, SLAP! Yes ...the fly has died

We gather here today to celebrate the death of Mr Fly

He was an innocent fly so let us all give a moment of silence.

By Sandy Chow, 6A