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Grade: 3

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Would you like to enter your poem in the WML Poetry Contest?

YES

NO

The Wind Blows

The wind blows.

Heads bow down to the wind.

Eyes blink when it blows in faces.

Wind is made by nature.

I feel like I control it.

Never disappears.

Delaying plans when too strong.

Blowing through the air.

Letting me fly around.

Opens things with it's strength.

Wind is wonderful.

Slowing down when it's time.