

Poem: Long Vowel Digraph Team



But what if I should make a leap
into the leaves,
into the heap
I could wave my arms
and kick my feet.
To sink into the leaves
would be such a treat.

As I daydream of how I would play
a gale force wind comes my way.
I watch the leaves fly west and east-
all over my yard to say the least.

And when the wind decides to cease
I take up my rake to tame this beast.

The very last leaf I watch
float down from the tree.
It lands on a pile of them next to me.

If the wind should come and blow
each leaf will scatter
that I know.

