

Fire

Fire

Golden ball of light and warth

Crackling

Cackling

Orange

Red

Yellow

destroying everything in her path

She is graceful like a swan on water

Powerfl red hot flames

Moving round quickly

Quietly, you never hear her coming

Like a small sun

Lighting the way or giving warmth

Ashes dance away in the wind

Something to roast marshmallows on

She licks the air for fuel with her long hot tongue

Fire

- by Rita Hynes

Fourth Grade

Telluride Intermediate School

Sue Hehir's English Class

Honorable Mention #11 2020 Rella Award

K-8 category