

FIRE POEM

I can rampage through your house, clinging onto
your walls and devouring anything that stands in my
way.

I can flicker and dance as well as a Flamenco dancer
on my beautiful smelling stand.

I can suck on succulent sausages as they cook to
perfection on my flaming tongue.

One of my little babies can gobble down a whole
forest in a blink of an eye as they grow bigger and
bigger.

I can cook cool and creamy cakes as long as you
don't open the door before I am done.

If you spill water on me I die.

By Phoebe