

A short poem by Remoni

It was fun until...

Once upon a time there lived a boy named Jim.
He was in the park one day and a boy came up to him
and said "hey do you want to play?"
and Jim said "ok"
so they played to the 7th of May.
Until Jim was moving to a house near the bay
but we can still make things out of clay
because I'm moving on Sunday not today
are you ok
said Jim the boy said yeah I'm ok
I'm just sad and a little mad
but mostly important I am glad
that you're going to a place better than this place
thanks said Jim
and I met a boy
already he is very nice and kind
but I'm going to miss you
and I won't forget you.