The Magic Pencil

As it twists and turns around me, the sounds fill the sky,

Birds soaring above me as the kite makes me fly,

Gusts of wind take me on my journey,

As I scribble onwards I won’t let my imagination return me.

A criss, a cross, oh no it’s a river,

The sight of crocodiles beneath me make me shiver,

But alas, it’s fine, no time to cry,

I’ll put on my flippers and merrily swim by.

Here it comes, the main event,

Can’t miss a detail, don’t want to misrepresent,

The sea, the stars, the moon, the sky,

The whole world is my creation, it’s time to fly.

It stops with a halt,

They’re here so I must bolt,

It’s now time for tea,

But that’s not the end for my magic pencil and me.