

The Furniture Game

by Roberta, Year 8

Her hair is like a willow tree's leaves, hanging low and flowing in the wind
And her eyes are clumps of dirt and sand
With a shiny black pebble in the centre, sparkling
And her smile is the moon on a clear night, illuminating the darkness
Her cheeks are a tulip's petals
And her words are clarinet notes, expression in every crotchet
And her laugh is a joyful, high pitched sigh
It's a virus, uncontrollable and contagious in the most pleasant way