

# Twisting Leaves

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I scream as I fall from the tree  
twisting and turning gracefully

The fireworks are yellow, gold and  
orange as they explode around me

The spiky conkers fall from the tree  
I have to dodge them carefully

I fear the night when the wind whisk wild  
And all of a sudden I cannot see

I lie in my bed the sun is ahead another  
day has gone

By Chloe Webber and Sophie Rose