### My Town

### by Sharon Hendricks

**The leaves on the ground danced in the wind**

**The brook sang merrily as it went on its way.**

**The fence posts gossiped and watched cars go by**

**which winked at each other just to say hi.**

**The traffic lights yelled, ”Stop, slow, go!”**

**The tires gripped the road as if clinging to life.**

**Stars in the sky blinked and winked out**

**While the hail was as sharp as a knife.**