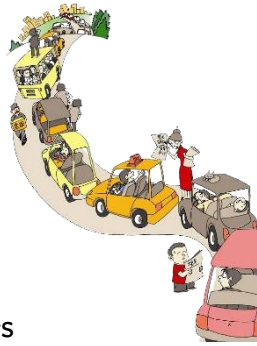


The Town Child
by Irene Thompson

I live in the town
In a street;
It is crowded with traffic
And feet;
There are buses and motors
And trams;
I wish there were meadows
And lambs.



The houses all wait
In a row,
There is smoke everywhere
That I go.
I don't like the noises
I hear-
I wish there were woods
Very near.

There is only one thing
That I love,
And that is the sky
Far above,
There is plenty of room
In the blue
For castles of clouds
And me, too!



Visualise the town

Underline all the words that help you form a picture in your mind.
Then draw a picture of the poem. Be sure to show all of the words
you circled.

