

2M Assembly Poem

Streamers lighting up the night,
Treating our eyes to a beautiful sight.
Fizz, Bang, Whiz, Pop,
They keep on coming, never stop.

Screeching screamers pierce my ears,
People hear from far and near,
Fizz, Bang, Whiz, Pop,
They keep on coming, never stop.

Flaming colours bright and bold,
Winter's night that is so cold.
Fizz, Bang, Whiz, Pop,
They keep on coming, never stop.

The last display before the fire,
Last of the fireworks climb higher and higher.
Finally they stop.
No Fizz, Bang, Whiz or Pop.

The match is struck,
A whoosh of heat,
My cold nose tingles,
And my heart skips a beat.

The fire dies down,
The end is near,
But a whisper goes around,
"Can't wait till next year!".