

## Backyard Imagination

Everyday as the sun  
Rises and shines,  
Children run  
And smell the fresh pine.

In the yard of about a million trees,  
The kids make friends with some of the bees.

It is a perfect place  
To sing, dance and play,  
Or to join a race  
In the mid autumn day.

In the colorful trees there are magical creatures,  
With dragons and monsters and fairytale features.

In the backyard woods  
When I was a kid,  
Neighbors and I would  
Forget what we did

The adventures and journeys came and went,  
But we would all come back and pitch a tent.

We would laugh and smile  
And catch fireflies,  
While making pig piles  
To win a goofy prize.

We thought about imagination  
Lying beneath the starry sky,  
Talking about this wonderful vacation  
And thinking how the time flies by.