

POETRY OBJECT

Elizabeth, Year 8 The Forest High School clifford the big red dog

although his name says big he is quite small
his fur is red: head, body, and all
he smells of old clothes, in the attic for years
but he was always there to dry the tears

I remember the time I left him outside
he was covered in ants and I started to cry
I took him inside and mum washed him clean
then I was as happy as I had ever been

he was always quiet, never said a word
he's a soft toy after all: that would be absurd
although always silent he was always there
although never speaking I knew he'd care

I'll give him to my kids to help them when they're sad
he'll help them through tough times, show them its not that bad
I will not forget my special friend even as time goes on
and all our special times so far will not be forgotten

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